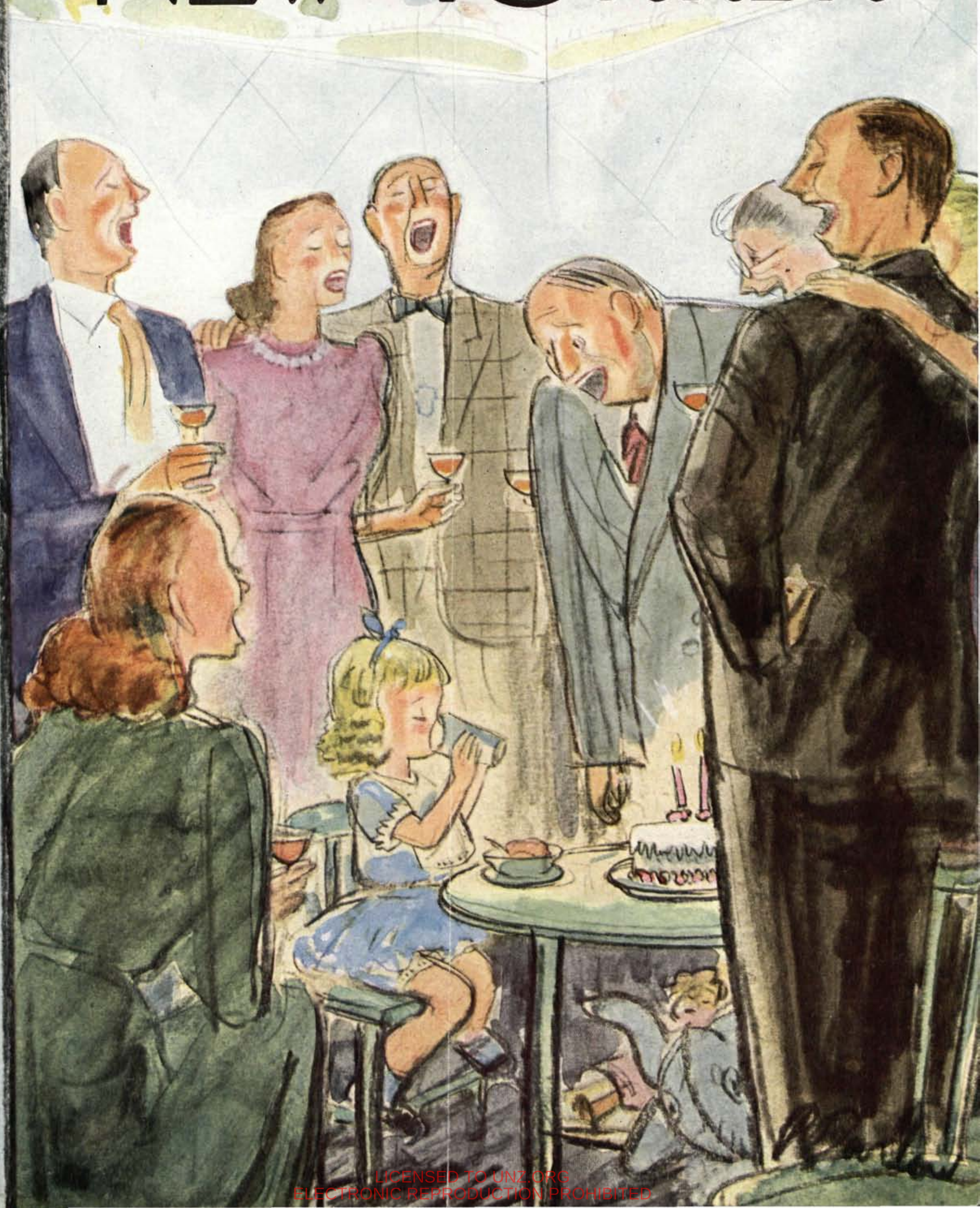
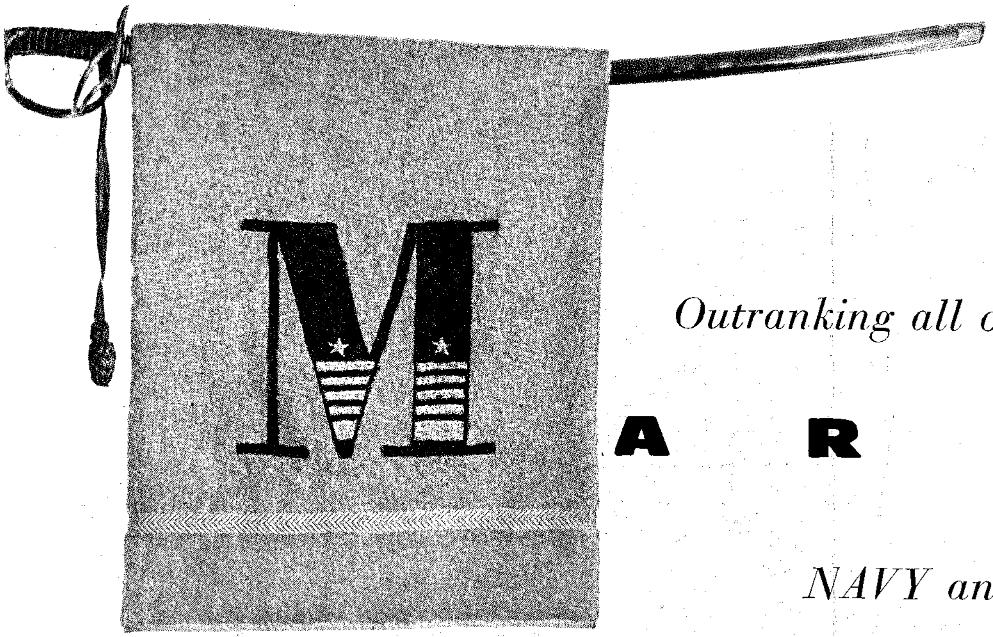
* Sept. 19, 1953

THE NEW YORKER

Price 20 cents





Outranking all other colors this season . . .

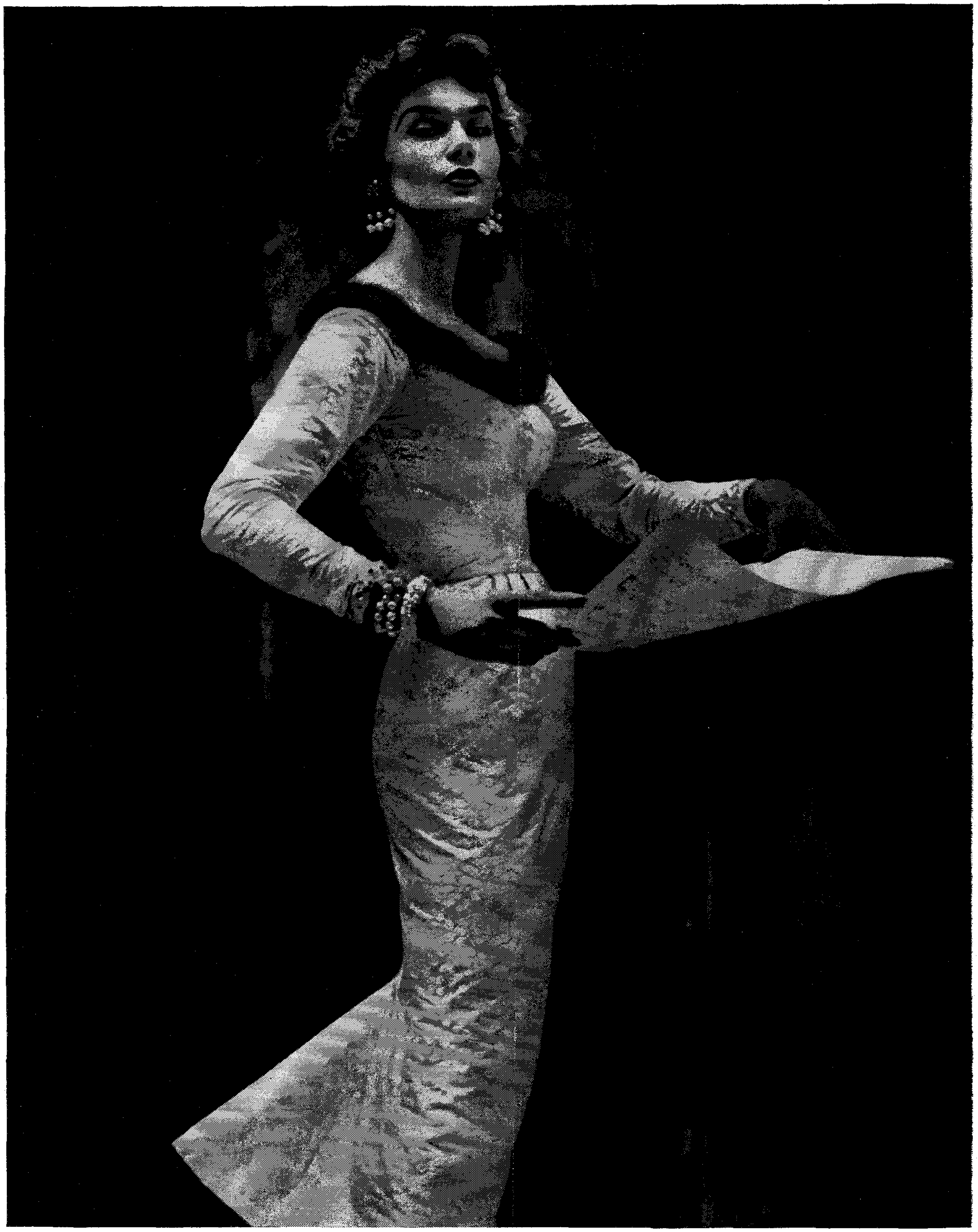
MARTEX

NAVY and TOP BRASS

Newest shades of the Martex Forecast Color line which is setting the style for towel colors across the country. Navy and Top Brass are a decorating duet destined to be top towel fashion colors for this or any season. See these new colors in Martex towel ensembles at fine stores everywhere.

Martex, 65 Worth Street,
New York 13, N. Y.
Product of West Point
Manufacturing Company.

JEWELS BY CARTIER



SHARLAND

Grace Note in Ivory Brocade and Mink $125

Designed by that singer of sweet lines — Ceil Chapman — in antique ivory imported Italian silk brocade. Necklaced with ranch mink, molded skin-tight — the skirt breaking into a little dance-step in back. Sizes 8 to 16.

BERGDORF GOODMAN
5th AVE. at 58th ST. • NEW YORK 19
ON THE PLAZA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Fifth Season—Fun among the denizens of the Seventh Avenue garment belt, with Menasha Skulnik providing most of the laughs. Richard Whorf shares the showroom with Mr. Skulnik. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays and Friday, Sept. 18, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays, except Sept. 19, and Sundays at 2:40.)

My 3 Angels—An excellent comedy, derived by Sam and Bella Spewack from a French original. It concerns some droll convicts in Cayenne who want to see justice done according to their own eccentric notions. Boris Aronson has contrived an admirable set, and Walter Slezak, Jerome Cowan, Carmen Mathews, Henry Daniell, and Joan Chandler fulfill the authors' fondest expectations. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Picnic—Sex running like a grass fire through the lives of some ladies in a Kansas town. A fine play by William Inge, which was directed by Joshua Logan and has Janice Rule, Ralph Meeker, and Peggy Conklin in its cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**dial "m" for murder:** An English melodrama, by Frederick Knott, about a man (Maurice Evans) who hires an old college mate to murder his wife. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the seven year itch:** George Axelrod's comedy dealing with a middle-aged man who gets more or less carried away with his own fantasies about being a Valentino. Tom Ewell plays the protagonist and Vanessa Brown is his inamorata. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Sept. 20.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

A Red Rainbow—A play written and directed by Myron C. Fagan and produced by Bruce Fagan. The cast is headed by Howard Smith. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Anna Russell and Her Little Show—Miss Russell parodies practically all the musical eccentricities you can think of, but her performance is a little familiar and attenuated for the theatre. Her supporting company includes a man who swallows razor blades and another who imitates locomotives. (Vanderbilt, 48th St., E. CI 5-7175. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Can-Can—The choreography by Michael Kidd, the scenery by Jo Mielziner, and Motley's costumes are chiefly responsible for the appeal of this play about Montmartre in the nineties. Cole Porter wrote the music and lyrics, Abe Burrows did the book, and the cast is distinguished by the presence of Lilo, Gwen Verdon, and Peter Cookson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hazel Flagg—A musical concocted from Ben Hecht's movie of a dozen or more years ago called "Nothing Sacred." Some of the bite of the original is missing, but Thomas Mitchell, Helen Gallagher, and Jack Whiting keep the proceedings reasonably sprightly. The piece, you may remember, concerns a girl who thinks she's dying from radium poisoning. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Me and Juliet—That favorite theme, backstage life, has now been given the Rodgers and Hammerstein treatment. The best things about the result are the breezy choreography by Robert Alton and the inventive settings by Jo Mielziner, a busy man around town these days. With Isabel Bigley and Joan McCracken. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Equity Welfare Fund Sunday evening, Sept. 20.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Oklahoma!—A reappearance here for five weeks of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, which has been taking curtain calls for almost all of the past ten years. In the present company are Florence Henderson and Ridge Bond. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Through Saturday, Oct. 3.)

Porgy and Bess—On its third time around, the Gershwin folk opera seems brighter than ever. With Porgy played in rotation by LeVern Hutcherson, Leslie Scott, and Irving Barnes, and Bess by Leontyne Price and Urylee Leonardos, and with Cab Calloway taking the part of Sportin' Life and John McCurry that of Crown, the music and attendant uproar are in good hands. Directed by Robert Breen, the revival has the services of Alexander Smallens as conductor. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 10.)

Wonderful Town—"My Sister Eileen" again, on this occasion with music by Leonard Bernstein, lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, and direction by George Abbott. Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov, who dramatized the Ruth McKenney stories in the first place, concocted the lively book, and Rosalind Russell proves to be a versatile comedienne, with plenty of humor to compensate for a rather sketchy knowledge of singing and dancing. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

	Page
BOOKS	100
THE CURRENT CINEMA	87
MUSICAL EVENTS:	
POPULAR RECORDS	88
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
ABOUT THE HOUSE	72
ON THE COURTS	77
THE RACE TRACK	71
THE SKY LINE	91
TEE AND GREEN	97
TELEVISION	98
THE THEATRE	68

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

Long Runs—**guys and dolls:** Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics for this musical comedy based on a story by Damon Runyon. Julie Oshins, Iva Withers, and Susan Hight portray some of Runyon characters. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **the king and i:** The Rodgers and Hammerstein view of Siam. Yul Brynner is the King; Constance Carpenter is the English teacher. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **south pacific:** Went over big with the Druids. Now with Martha Wright and George Britton. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **wish you were here:** Life in a summer resort in the Catskills. With Sheila Bond, Jack Cassidy, Patricia Marand, and Paul Valentine. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

A Pin to See the Peepshow—Joan Miller in a British play by F. Tennyson Jesse and H. M. Harwood. Produced by Nancy Davids and directed by Peter Cotes. Opens Thursday, Sept. 17. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

At Home with Ethel Waters—Miss Waters, accompanied by Reginald Beane, in a program of twenty-two songs and monologues. Presented by Charles Bowden and Richard Barr for a six-week engagement. Opens Tuesday, Sept. 22. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Take a Giant Step—This drama by Louis Peterson has Frederick O'Neal and Maxine Sullivan at the top of a cast directed by John Stix. Produced by Lyn Austin and Thomas Noyes. Opens Thursday, Sept. 24. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

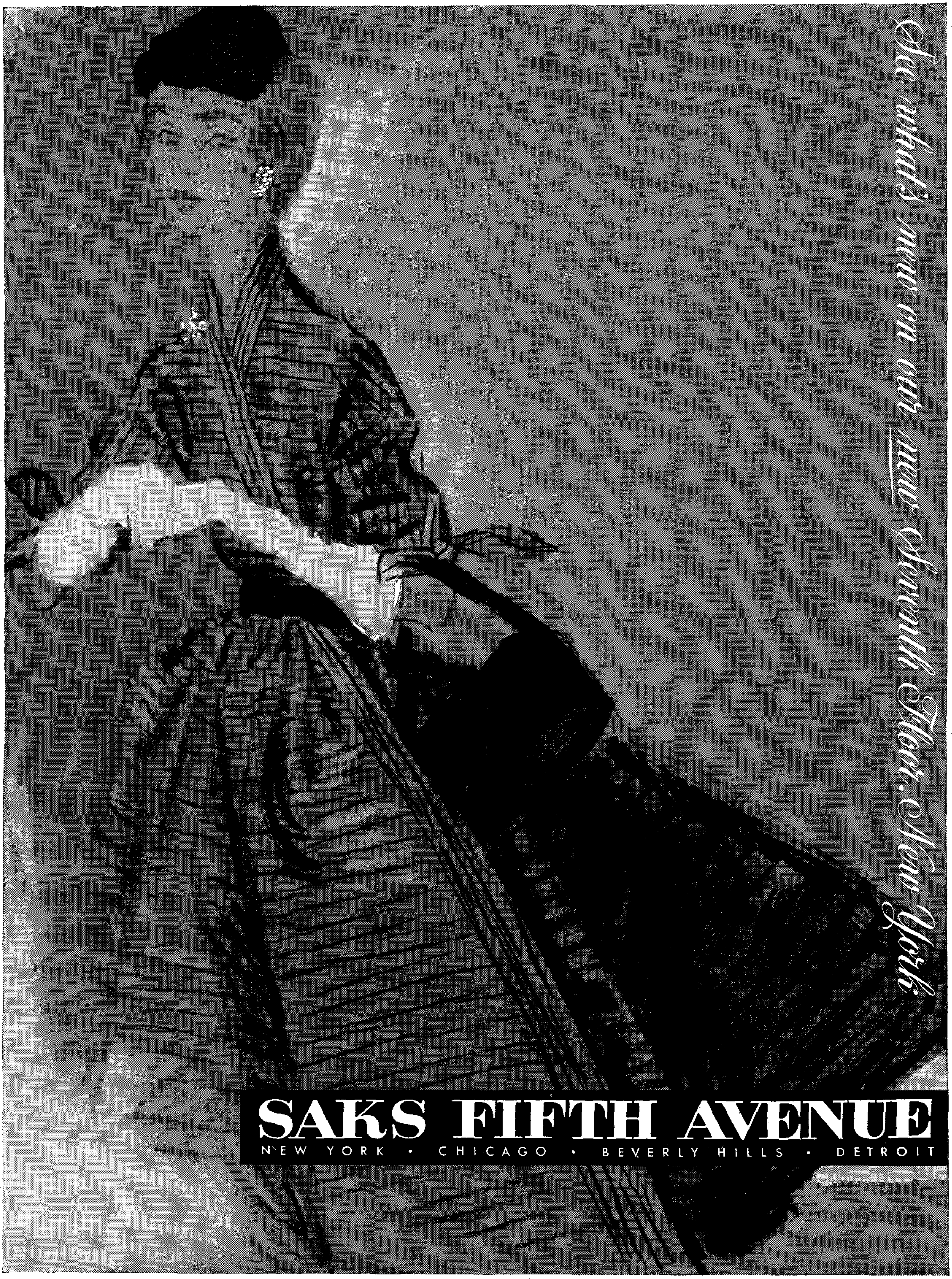
BALLET

Sadler's Wells Ballet—A limited engagement that will run through Sunday, Oct. 11—Thursday evening, Sept. 17: "Sleeping Beauty." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 18: "The Shadow" and "Homage to the Queen" (American premières) and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Sept. 19: "Le Lac des Cygnes." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, Sept. 20: "Le Lac des Cygnes." . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Sept. 22-23: "Sleeping Beauty." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 24: "Checkmate," "Don Juan" (American première), and "Homage to the Queen." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 25: "Don Juan," "Daphnis and Chloë (American première), and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Sept. 26: "Sleeping Beauty." (Metropolitan Opera House. CH 4-4594. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

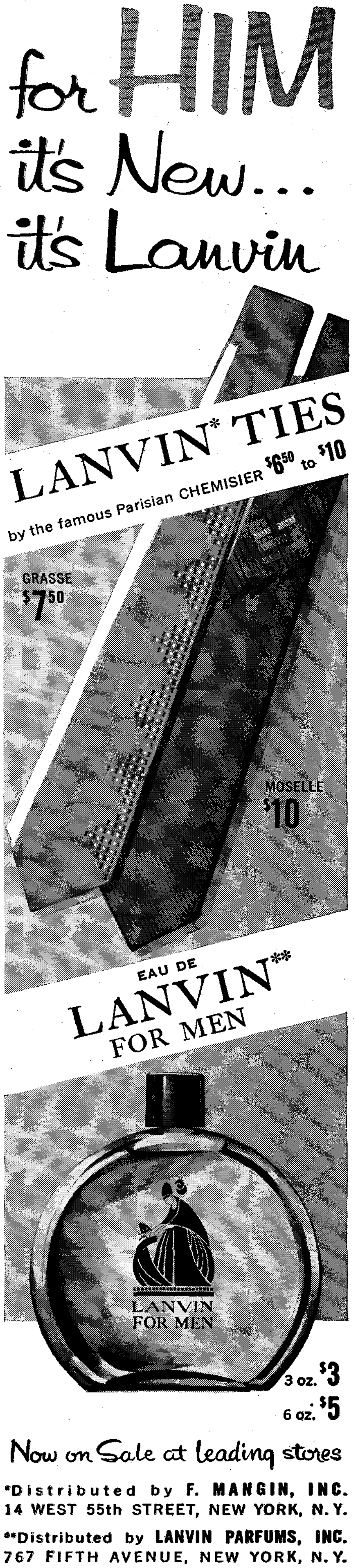
MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Capades of 1954," produced by John H. Harris and made up of ten numbers that include, for some reason, a badminton game, as well as an abbreviated version of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Week-

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXIX, No. 31, September 19, 1953. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1953, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.


See what's new on our new Seventh Floor. New York
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK · CHICAGO · BEVERLY HILLS · DETROIT

S. F. A's SILK-WRAP COVERS THE CITY: the full-blown wraparound in gleaming corded silk—wonderful dressing for afternoon, cocktails and-on. Brown, red or blue, velvety-belted. Sizes 8 to 16. 39.95. Designed by David Crystal for our New Seventh Floor. New York. Mail and phone orders filled.



for HIM it's New... it's Lanvin

LANVIN* TIES by the famous Parisian CHEMISIER $6^{50} to $10

GRASSE $7^{50}

MOSELLE $10

EAU DE LANVIN** FOR MEN

LANVIN FOR MEN

3 oz. $3
6 oz. $5

Now on Sale at leading stores

*Distributed by F. MANGIN, INC.
14 WEST 55th STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y.
**Distributed by LANVIN PARFUMS, INC.
767 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days at 8:30 and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 20.)

Rodeo—No space men, but perhaps Gene Autry will make up for them. Starts Wednesday, Sept. 23, and will be around through Sunday, Oct. 18. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra strums away at dinner and supper, except Sundays, in the opulent Garden, buried deeper under Park Avenue than any time capsule. Now and again, there's even concert piano.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The brass rings for this perpetual merry-go-round are, of course, platinum-plated. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—To almost no one's utter astonishment, there's an ice show in the Terrace Room. A group of energetic skaters whirl around, letting the ice chips fall where they may. Bernie Cummins' orchestra makes the music. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room reopens Tuesday, Sept. 22, with Hildegarde, a past mistress of all the tricks of coquetry, an artful singer of songs, and a nervously eager student of the piano. As is customary, Stanley Melba's and Chico Relli's bands will turn out the music. Only a dinner show Sundays, and nothing at all Mondays. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, dancing from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is usually Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Marge and Gower Champion, specialists in the art of walking on air, are doing the dancing in the Persian Room, and a group of youngsters called the Cheerleaders are doing the singing. The music is provided by Ted Straeter, the world's best-dressed pianist, and his collection of virtuosos, as well as by Mark Monte's group. Closed Sundays. Thursday, Sept. 24, is a benefit night. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room goes on serving dinner and supper in the good old-fashioned way. Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's tinkling dance music starts at eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's group plays for cocktails (but not for dancing) every day but Monday in the Palm Court.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Dancing in the Grill to Lenny Herman's quintet and other music. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the grand duchy called the Maisonette, Constance Moore sings ardently at dinner and supper and Milt Shaw's band and the St. Regis Ensemble play for dancing. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening, Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to.

Sherry Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room will reopen on Thursday, Sept. 24, with the songs of Amru Sani, Hindustan's contribution to night life, and the dance music of a Lester Lanin orchestra and Jan Brunesco's group.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The Café Rouge will reopen Friday, Sept. 18, with Frankie Carle's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Not as old as Groton, but it gets most of its graduates into Yale just the same. One of Hugo Pedell's cheery little orchestras and a rumba band play for dancing.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—In a rustic setting that is all hand-grown, there's outdoor dancing to summer-hotel music after eight on weekdays and after seven on Sundays if the weather is at all virtuous.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Some very funny people, notably Fay DeWitt, Georgie Kaye, and Lou Nelson, and some very beautiful ones, notably Margie Duncan and Linda Lombard, are mixed up in a George White miniature musical comedy that makes a lot of its points in words of one syllable. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra play for dancing after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Andalusian romance, handled sometimes with American name-band flummery and sometimes with a pure Castilian accent. The music and voices are the work of Los Chavales de España; the dances are done by Trini Reyes. The locale is the Starlight Roof, where Emil Coleman's band and Mischa Borr's boys reel out dance music for the guests. Sundays, there's no show, but Mr. Borr's band plays until twelve. . . . ¶ On Wednesday, Sept. 23, the new Peacock Alley will open, with dancing to Michael Zarin's orchestra from seven to one every evening.

Note—The Rainbow Room, the largest and loftiest plateau in Manhattan's High Sierras, offers cocktails and modest non-dance music from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The best seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

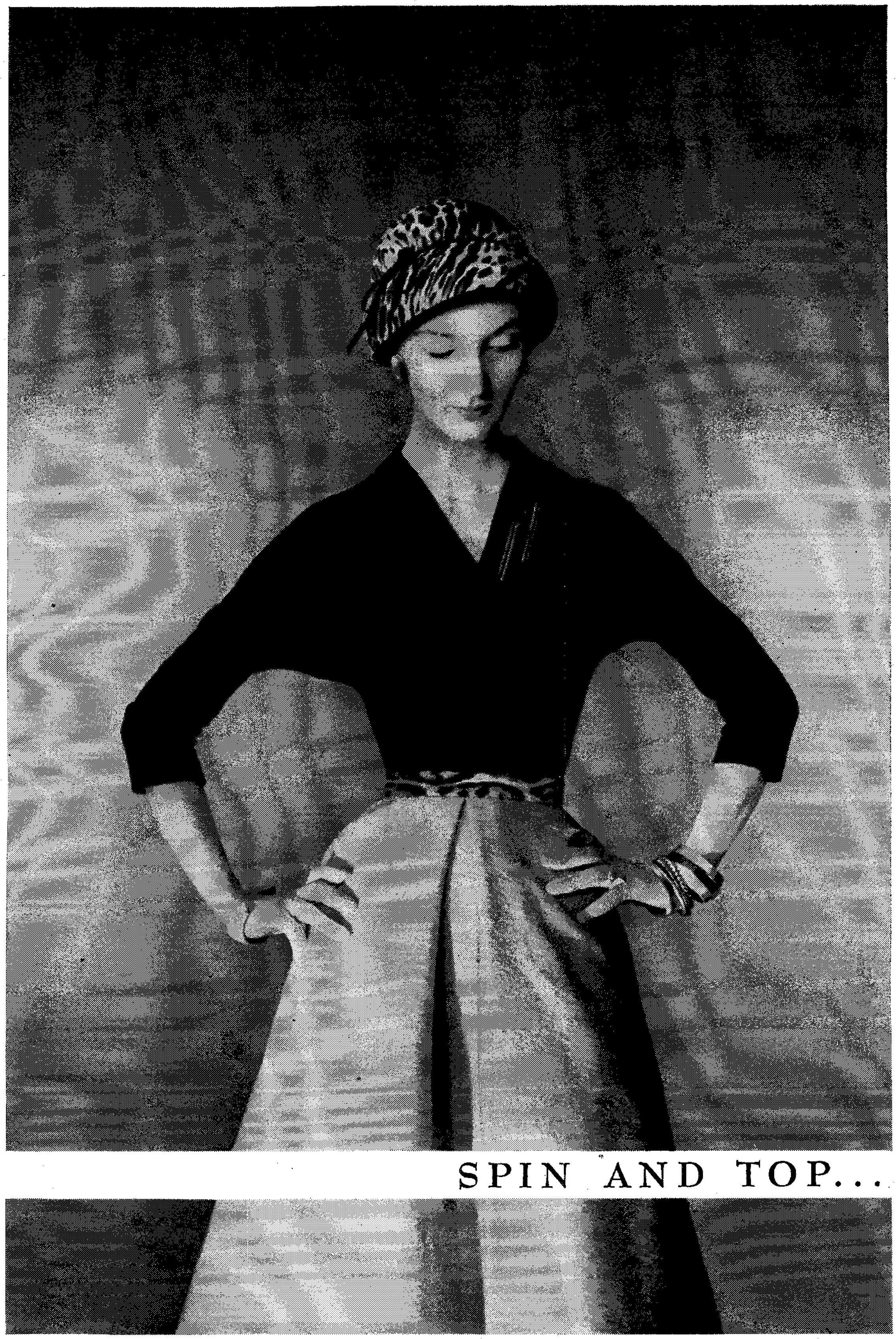
(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, who was playing deb parties when Jenny Lind was considered a parvenu, is still rattling off his smooth, débutante-speed dance tunes after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Life the way it looked (and especially sounded) in the days of the Ignoble Experiment. There's piano, except Sundays, at both dinner and supper. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): A piano and a violin discourse decorously after nine-thirty in a room where everybody seems to know everybody else, often out loud. Closed Sundays. . . . **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): At the end of the dinner hour, Jim Mahoney begins his nightly piano recital of the good show tunes, past and present. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Surrounded by a certain subdued splendor, Addison Bailey caresses the piano during dinner and supper except Sundays, when John Kelley, Jr., looks in. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latins from Manhattan and the old country mingled in a pleasant outburst of Spanish song and dance, with the clients joining in the latter. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this decorator's *nuit blanche,* Herman Arminski turns out cocktail piano and Rudy Timfield does the same at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless fun on a campus where the boy and girl students all like to sing and play the piano. There are sofas and armchairs from which to watch the commencement exercises. . . . **WEYLIN ROOM,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): A dignified but pretty segment of an indoor garden that makes a happy setting for dinner and supper piano by a trio of performers, the best-known of whom is José Poniera. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): John Kelley, Jr., does his quiet, romantic piano for cocktails, dinner, and supper every evening but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): There are songs by Betty Reilly, a bumptious extrovert, and humor by Al Bernie, who never risks the stop-me-if-you've-heard-this-before gambit. The ladies of the chorus are still the happy-go-luckiest in town. On Thursday, Sept. 24, a new pageant, headed by Joe E. Lewis, the Mayor of East 60th St., and Janis Paige, one of the more recent pinup girls. . . . **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000):



SPIN AND TOP...

BONWIT TELLER

an important
Bonwit look done with a fresh '53 fashion zest.
A complete circle skirt in wool zibeline with a real jaguar fur waistband.
Honey beige or gray 39.95 Wrap-around wool jersey top, white, black, gray 11.95
Sizes 10 to 16 by Cabana Sportswear

New York Chicago Cleveland Boston White Plains

DISTINCTIVE FALL SPORTWEAR
featuring our own exclusive styles

Brooks Brothers' sportwear is noted for being casual in appearance...yet exacting in quality and workmanship. This season's selection includes:

(left) Grey wool sport hose with red-and-black Argyll panel, designed by us and made in Scotland exclusively for us. Also natural, brown, medium blue, black, medium and dark grey, green-lovat, navy; contrasting panels. 10½ to 13, regular or slack length. $5.50

(center) Attractive new flannel sport vest, exclusive with us. Red with red-and-black, or green with yellow-and-black Tattersall collar lapels. 39 to 48, regulars and longs. $25

(right) Lightweight, washable Viyella* flannel sport shirt with neat houndstooth checks of navy on red; blue, tan, grey or yellow on white.† $16.50

*55% wool, 45% cotton. †14½ to 17½. State sleeve length.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

This gatekeeper's lodge for the George Washington Bridge affords a Jerseyite's-eye view of the timeless Hudson and the topless towers of New Ilium, N.Y. Inside, Frank Sinatra is still the wistful waif, the neat and easy showman, the knowledgeable actor, and the tasteful singer of tasteful ballads; George de Witt, though vehemently high-pressure, is still an unmistakable comedian. On Monday, Sept. 21, Eddie Fisher will start being the headliner of a rather more conventional uproar.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): This showcase offers its customary blend of suavity and rambunctiousness—Kaye Ballard's highfalutin, high-frequency tomfoolery, Leo de Lyon's explosive but inventive humor, Peg La Centra's sad and fashionable ballads, and the disarmingly innocent guitar and folk music of a placid but pleasing newcomer named Odetta Filious.... **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): The Three Riffs are again joyously twisting familiar lyrics by the tail, Bud McCreery is breezing through some patter songs with an original turn of mind, and the incomparable Norman Paris trio is sprinkling everything with happy grace notes. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A brand-new décor and two fine old favorites—Sylvia Syms, a queen bee among the blues singers, and Orson Bean, an original and funny thinker. Also aboard are some newcomers—the Concords, who are folk singers, and Enid Monier, a ballad singer. The dance music is once again being bleated by Clarence Williams' trio, which has Karl Lynch on guitar. Closed Mondays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Marion Harris, Jr., who sings, heads up the small show here. As usual, there's lively double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, and solo piano by Hazel Webster. Ancient movies on Sundays, when Miss Harris is off; amateur nights on Mondays.... **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer sings, in her sad, loving voice, her very special *chansons d'amour* for a very special audience. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Her salon is upstairs over the febrile Show Spot Lounge.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The cheerful idiocy that pervades this Village cellar is exemplified by the barrel-house songs of Mae Barnes, the pin-point parodies of Charlotte Rae, the stuff and nonsense of Kirkwood and Goodman, the rampant music of the Three Flames (headed by Tiger Haines), and the deadpan foolishness of Bruce Kirby. Jimmie Daniels, the ringleader, and Norene Tate sing ostensibly nostalgic ditties, but they're not averse to occasional war whoops, either. Closed Mondays.... **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Dinah Washington is filling this hurried bus terminal with splendid sound. She departs on Sunday, Sept. 20. Next evening, Josh White, easily the dean of American folk song, checks in. Dancing.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open until late, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): The top brass here is Wild Bill Davison's trumpet. Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, Cliff Leeman, and Mr. Condon provide him and it with glittering support. Tuesday nights, when other American primitives drop in, are especially rugged. Ralph Sutton has the solo-piano assignment. Closed Sundays.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): At nine, Joe Bushkin's new quartet (Johnny Smith, Ed Shaughnessy, and George Duvivier) and a trio composed of Jo Jones, Hank Jones, and Tommy Potter report for duty. The room is comfortable, and the music is fast but not too furious. All that's lacking is a touch of good hot brass. Ronnie Selby does a neat stint of high-style dinner piano from six to nine. Closed Sun-

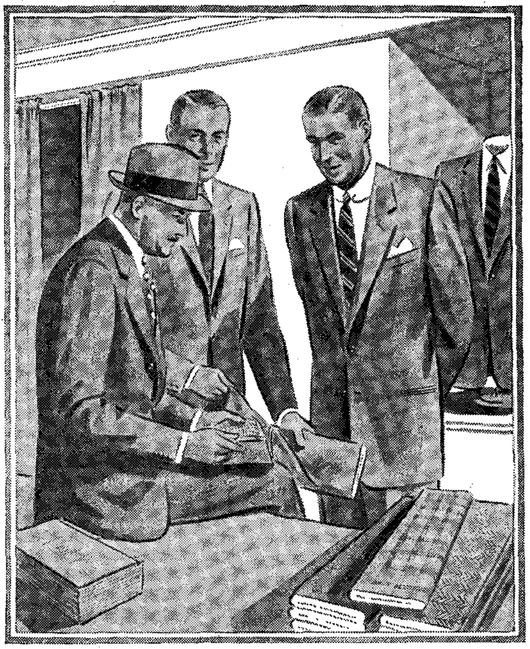
Palumbo

Peck and Peck

Our reversible wrap-coat is terrific!

Sophisticated zibeline or pleasure-loving velvet—theatre coat or town coat—the *one* coat that was made for feminine gestures! (A dramatic drape, the sudden hug when a crisp breeze whips down the Avenue.) Completely elegant in black, taupe or gray zibeline, all with black velvet. In sizes from 10 to 18 . . . 69.95

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • BALTIMORE • DETROIT • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS • MINNEAPOLIS • ST. PAUL
INDIANAPOLIS • WASHINGTON, D. C. • ATLANTA • CINCINNATI • KANSAS CITY • MILWAUKEE • HARTFORD • BUFFALO • PROVIDENCE



ROGERS PEET'S MADE-TO-ORDER CLOTHES OFFER MANY ADVANTAGES

For the man who wishes to have his clothes cut and made to his own special order, Rogers Peet's Special Order Department offers many advantages.

You pick your own favorite material from one of the country's better collections, including many of the finest woolens that America and Britain can weave. You specify any Rogers Peet Style you prefer, designed by our own Master-Designer. And you have whatever you want individually cut and tailored to your own individual measurements.

Luxurious as can be . . . tailored to the highest standard the industry recognizes . . . yet surprisingly reasonable in price, for clothes of this character.

Suits from $125
Topcoats from $105 • Overcoats from $120
Sport Jackets from $80 • Slacks from $35
Dinner Jackets and Trousers from $120

Rogers Peet Company
Makers of fine clothes

In New York: 600 Fifth Avenue *at* 48th Street
479 Fifth Avenue *at* 41st Street
258 Broadway *at* Warren Street
In Boston: 104 Tremont St. *at* Bromfield St.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band is again tenting on its old campground. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's congregation, which involves Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Zutty Singleton, is putting out just about the finest and most traditional jazz to be heard on this onetime street of dreams. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Through Wednesday, Sept. 23, the music of Terry Gibbs' quartet and a quintet in which Allan Eager is involved. The trio of Bud Powell, whose delicate imagination finds full expression in the piano, stays on, to be joined next evening by Dinah Washington and the Tito Puente orchestra. Mondays are jam-session nights. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Freewheeling music resounds in the echo-chamber grill Tuesdays through Saturdays until after midnight, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. Conrad Janis and his tailgaters are responsible. On Sunday, Sept. 20, from five-thirty to nine, there'll be a jam session in which Lou McGarity and other square shooters will help out. Dancing. . . . **BANDBOX,** 1680 Broadway (CI 5-5970): One of the catches of the season, the long-awaited Sauter-Finegan band, is here at last. Paul Quinichette's quintet is also around. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **JACK DEMPSEY'S,** 1619 Broadway (CO 5-7875): The music here is served in piping-hot Dixie style by George Wettling, Pee Wee Russell, and other bright birds of that feather. They are on hand after eleven every evening but Sunday. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): After nine-thirty, Marian McPartland, a fine broth of a girl, plays real pretty progressive piano at the head of her trio. They're around except Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Saturday, Sept. 19, the loud but wholesome hullabaloo will probably be made by Bobby Hackett, Oran Page, Jimmy Archey, Tyree Glenn, Cecil Scott, Albert Nicholas, Willie the Lion Smith, and Arvell Shaw. Dancing.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays. . . . **BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (HIcksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CLOSTER, N.J.:** Closter Manor (Closter 5-9777); closed Mondays. . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394). . . . ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 9-7384). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** Mori's (GReat Neck 2-3600); closed Tuesdays. . . . **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . ¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044). . . . **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-1604); closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-6500); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-9371); closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Stonehenge (Ridgefield 6-6511); Peter Walters at the piano, except Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 6-7628). . . . **ROSLYN, L.I.:** Blue Spruce Inn (ROslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays. . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays. . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Villa Victor (SYosset 6-1706). . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tap-

"Some one lovely* has just passed by!"

*Some one wearing

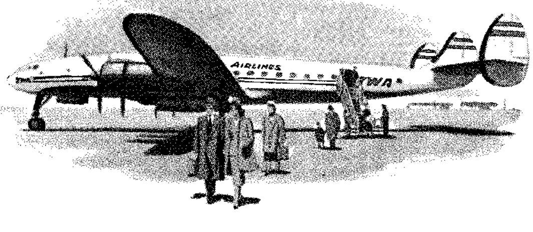
Intoxication

D'ORSAY

Dreams span the seas sometimes

TWA DOES IT TEN TIMES A DAY

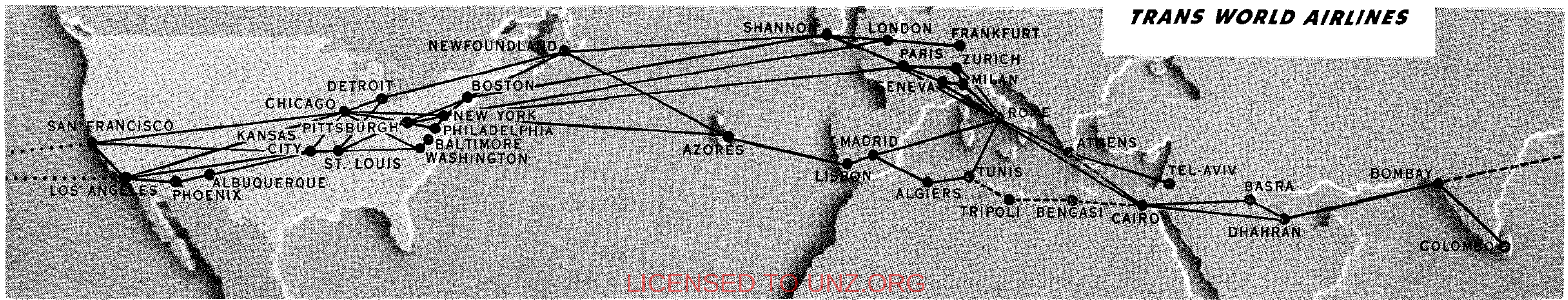
A boy and his thoughts by the side of the sea! Do you remember when *your* imagination wore seven-league boots and carried you off to fabled cities in far-off lands, where languages and distances didn't matter? Maybe it's time to *live* those dreams. For today is the age of the swift TWA Constellation—the modern magic carpet that can speed you almost anywhere a dream can go in less than a single day. Yes, today the whole world is yours to enjoy when you follow your flights of fancy . . . via TWA.


AIRLINES
TWA

*Where in the world do **you** want to go? For information and reservations, call TWA or see your travel agent.*

Fly the finest . . . FLY TWA

TRANS WORLD AIRLINES


SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES
PHOENIX
ALBUQUERQUE
KANSAS CITY
CHICAGO
DETROIT
PITTSBURGH
ST. LOUIS
WASHINGTON
BALTIMORE
PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK
BOSTON
NEWFOUNDLAND
AZORES
SHANNON
LONDON
FRANKFURT
PARIS
ZURICH
GENEVA
MILAN
ROME
MADRID
LISBON
ALGIERS
TUNIS
TRIPOLI
BENGASI
CAIRO
ATHENS
TEL-AVIV
BASRA
DHAHRAN
BOMBAY
COLOMBO

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

pan Hill (TArrytown 4-3030); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings.... **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (WEstbury 7-2184).... **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Westport 2-6204).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

LUCIEN DAY—Wood-block prints of landscapes and animals, mostly, all done in Vermont during the summer; through Sept. 19. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

GLEN KRAUSE—Trees and water birds depicted in oils and water colors; through Oct. 10. (Levitt, 35 E. 49th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 1 to 5:30.)

PHILIPPINE CULTURAL EXHIBITION—Sixty canvases, a group of small metal sculptures, and a varied display of crafts by Philippine artists; through Sept. 30. (Carnegie Endowment International Center, First Ave. at 46th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 3 to 8.)

STAINED GLASS—A travelling show of eighteen new panels designed by contemporary Americans, among them Hans Moller, I. Rice Pereira, and Abraham Rattner; through Sept. 26. (Borgenicht, 61 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: About twenty contemporaries, including Henry Botkin, John Costigan, and Jean Liberte, each represented by an oil or a water color; through Sept. 30.... **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: The Thirty-first Annual Founders' Exhibition, with over a hundred paintings and sculptures by William R. Leigh, Jean Bowman, Roy Mason, and a raft of others; through Nov. 5. (Closed Saturdays.)... **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: Modern French paintings by Soutine, Bombois, Picasso, and about ten others whose work the gallery regularly shows; through Sept. 28.

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, starting at noon and continuing until dark; through Saturday, Oct. 10.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Hundreds of archeological items and art objects from Palestine, many of them only recently discovered, in an exhibit that traces the history of Biblical countries from prehistoric times through the Byzantine period. Included are a seven-ton porphyry statue of a Roman emperor (circa 200 A.D.), a Neanderthal skull, and ancient manuscripts, implements, weapons, and pottery. A travelling exhibition presented by the American Fund for Israel Institutions. Through Oct. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective show of over a hundred graphics by Jacques Villon, some of them dating back to the eighteen-nineties; through Nov. 15. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—No special exhibition; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—The first fall show here consists of sculptures, paintings, water colors, and drawings, all by contemporary Americans and all belonging to the Museum; through Oct. 11. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460.)

QUARTETTO ITALIANO—Starting two identical series of three chamber-music concerts. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Opening performances, first series: Sunday, Sept. 20, and Tuesday, Sept. 22, at 8:40. Opening per-

TIFFANY & CO.

STERLING SILVERWARE

IN DESIGN, weight, craftsmanship, and the important detail of fine finish, Tiffany Silver for more than a century has reflected the highest standards of the silversmith's art.

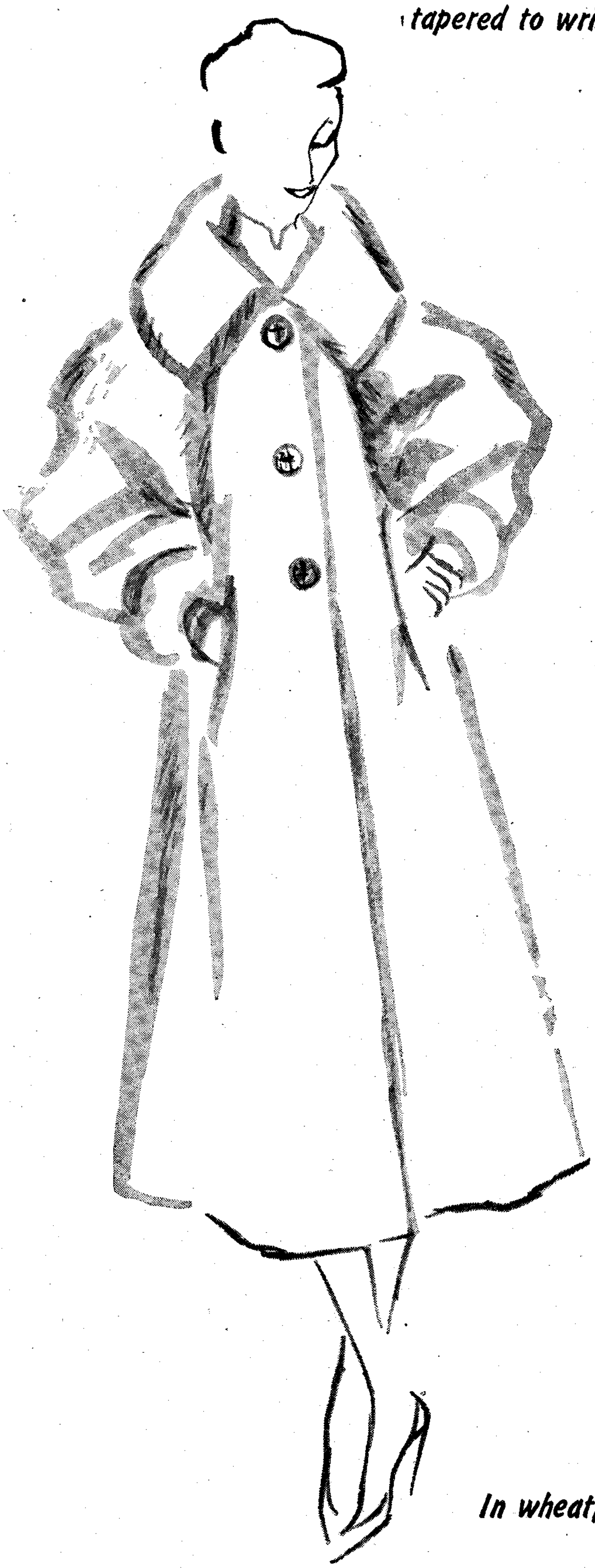
Three piece Coffee Set . $ 220. Tray, 11 in. dia. . $ 88.
Cigarette Box for Regular or King Size Cigarettes . . . 80.
Prices include Federal Tax

Besides being available in our store in New York, Tiffany Silver is now on display and for sale in the following fine stores—

Birmingham	Bromberg & Co.
Boston	Bigelow, Kennard Company
Chicago	C. D. Peacock
Cleveland	The Cowell & Hubbard Co.
Dallas	Linz Brothers
Denver	Bohm-Allen Jewelry Co.
Detroit	Charles W. Warren & Company
Indianapolis	Charles Mayer & Company
Los Angeles	Brock and Company
Milwaukee	Schwanke • Kasten Co.
Minneapolis	J. B. Hudson Co.
New Orleans	Coleman E. Adler & Sons
Philadelphia	J. E. Caldwell & Company
Pittsburgh	The Hardy & Hayes Company
Portland, Ore.	Zell Bros.
San Francisco	Shreve and Company
Seattle	Friedlander and Sons
Washington	Galt & Bro.

Young-Timers find all the virtues expected of a good coat in this worsted-back alpaca. Luxurious deeply-surfaced fabric... major details keyed to ease and amplitude. Straight of hang... stand-away collar... generous sleeves tapered to wrist snugness.

89.95



Young-Timers
Fourth Floor

Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY

In wheat, navy, black ...sizes 8 to 14.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

formances, second series: Monday, Sept. 21, and Sunday, Sept. 27, at 8:40.) . . . ¶ The first of two chamber-music concerts. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Sept. 26, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Interval Concerts—David Randolph directing the Randolph Singers in a program of madrigals. The third in a series of four programs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Sept. 22, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concerts—At Carnegie Hall—Ella Fitzgerald, Gene Krupa, Oscar Peterson, Flip Phillips, Charlie Shavers, Roy Eldridge, Benny Carter, Ben Webster, Lester Young, J. C. Heard, and others. (Saturday, Sept. 19, at 8:30 and at midnight.) . . . ¶ Stan Kenton's orchestra, Billie Holliday, and Dizzy Gillespie's band. (Saturday, Sept. 26, at 8:30 and at midnight.)

IN THE COUNTRY

South Mountain—The thirty-fifth anniversary festival of chamber music—Wednesday, Sept. 23, at 4: The Berkshire Quartet and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 24, at 11 A.M.: Lukas Foss, piano; the Bel Arte Trio; and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 24, at 4: Robert Hufstader directing the Hufstader Singers. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 25, at 11 A.M.: The Kroll Quartet and the Berkshire Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 25, at 4: Milton Katims conducting a chamber orchestra, with Vera Zorina reciting Hindemith's "Hérodiade." (South Mountain, Pittsfield, Mass.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. St. Louis, Thursday, Sept. 17, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, Sept. 22, at 8:30, and Wednesday, Sept. 23, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, Sept. 25, at 8:30, and Saturday, Sept. 26, at 2. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Saturday, Sept. 19, at 1:30 (doubleheader), and Sunday, Sept. 20, at 2. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Sept. 19, at 1:30, and Sunday, Sept. 20, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Tuesday, Sept. 22, at 1:30.

Boxing—Rocky Marciano vs. Roland La Starza, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Polo Grounds. Thursday, Sept. 24.)

Fencing—All-Eastern Outdoor Open Competition, men's individual épée. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Sunday, Sept. 20, at 10:30 A.M.)

College Football—Saturday, Sept. 26, all at 2: Brown vs. Amherst, at Providence. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Lehigh, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, at Lynn, Mass. . . . ¶ Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Lafayette, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven.

Professional Football—Giants vs. San Francisco Forty-Niners; an exhibition game for the benefit of the Free Milk Fund for Babies. (Polo Grounds. Thursday, Sept. 17, at 8:30.)

Golf—Westchester Seniors' Golf Association Championship. (Westchester Hills Golf Club, White Plains. Through Thursday, Sept. 17.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Rockville Country Club, Rockville Centre, L.I. Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 22-24.)

Horse Shows—Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley, L.I. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 17-19.) . . . ¶ Bryn Mawr-Chester County Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 23-26.)

Hunt Racing—Foxcatcher Hounds. (Fairhill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 19.) . . . ¶ Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club. (Flourtown, Pa. Saturday, Sept. 26.)

Motorboat Racing—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 19-20.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury. . . .

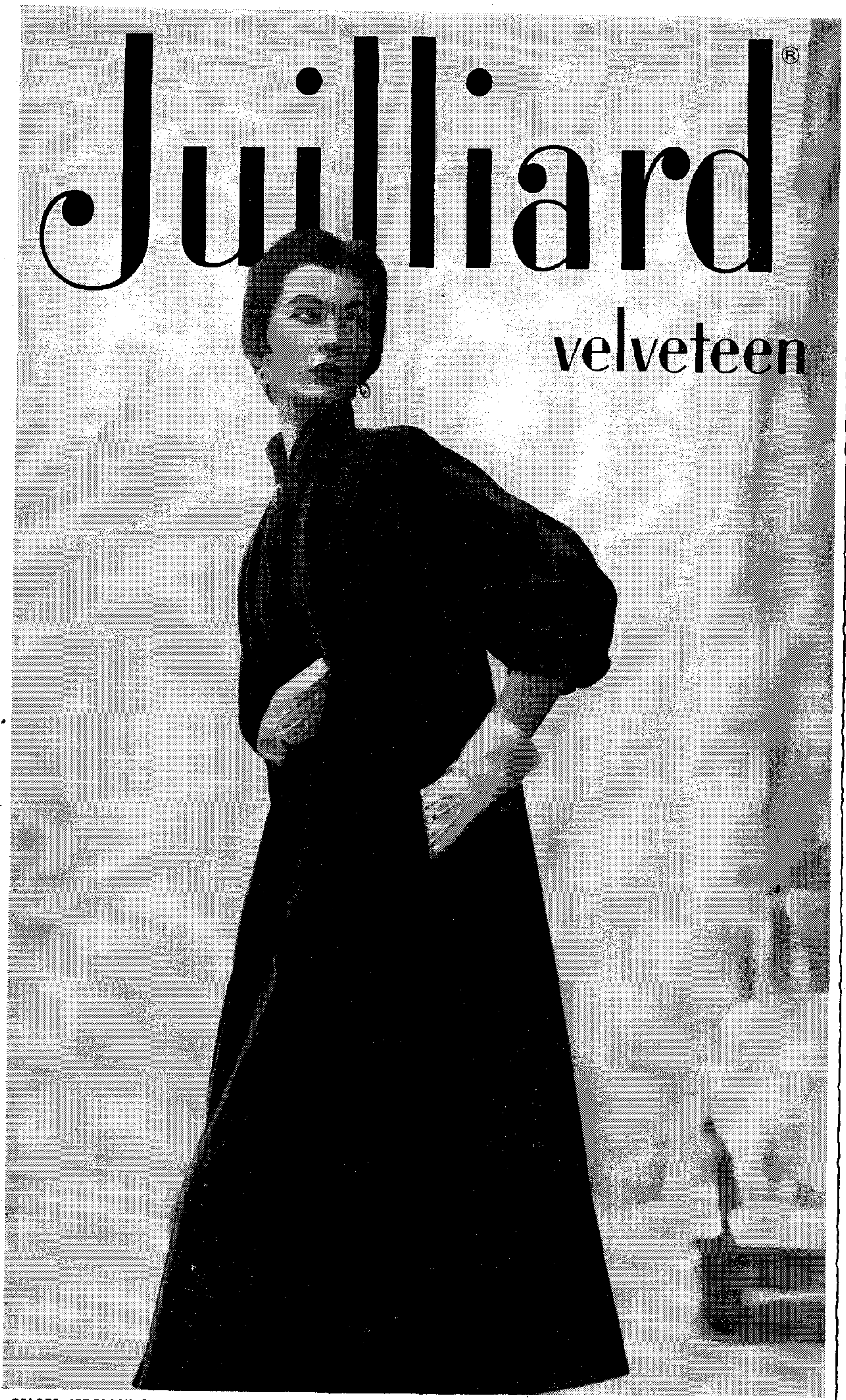
Joan of Arc

...fine sterling silver in a rich French provincial design. An International Sterling pattern of enduring loveliness...created by artisans in silver-crafting. (Place setting shown with hollow-handled butter spreader, $33.00. Fed. Tax Incl.)

Sterling by International

Created in the great traditions of Early American silversmiths...in Connecticut since 1825

Copyright 1953, The International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn.



COLORS: JET BLACK, REGAL NAVY, CAVIAR GREY, STAR RUBY, HENNA. SIZES: 7-17; 8-20.

In this stunning **Weatherbee** coat, Juilliard JULIETTE velveteen laughs at Fall's capricious weather. Treated with the exclusive SUPER NEVA-WET® finish, this luxuriously soft, lustrous fabric is water-repellent, spot-resistant and shape-retaining. About $50 at Lord & Taylor, New York; The Addis Co., Syracuse; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Miller's, Knoxville; Bon Marche, Seattle. For other stores, write A. D. Juilliard & Co., Inc., 40 W. 40th St., N. Y. C.

Look for this label

Juilliard
Juliette
TWILL BACK VELVETEEN

because...

"fine fabrics are the foundation of fashion"®

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Westbury: The second match of the National Open Championship, Sept. 20.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Daily at 1:15; through Saturday, Sept. 19. The Beldame Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 19. (Trains will leave Penn Station for the track on Thursday and Friday between 10:45 and 1, and Saturday between 10:30 and 1:15.) . . . **BELMONT PARK**: Weekdays at 1:15, from Monday, Sept. 21, through Saturday, Oct. 10. The Fall Highweight Handicap, Monday, Sept. 21; the Jerome Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 23; and the Sysonby and the Matron, Saturday, Sept. 26. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Wednesday, Oct. 7. The United Nations Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 26. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 10:30.)

SPORTS-CAR ROAD RACING—Over hill, over dale for the Seneca Cup, the Queen Catharine Cup, and the Grand Prix. (Watkins Glen, N.Y. Test runs on Friday, Sept. 18; first official race Saturday, Sept. 19, at 10:30 A.M.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:25; through Saturday, Sept. 26. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 7:04; additional trains Friday and Saturday at 6:49.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 10.

OTHER EVENTS

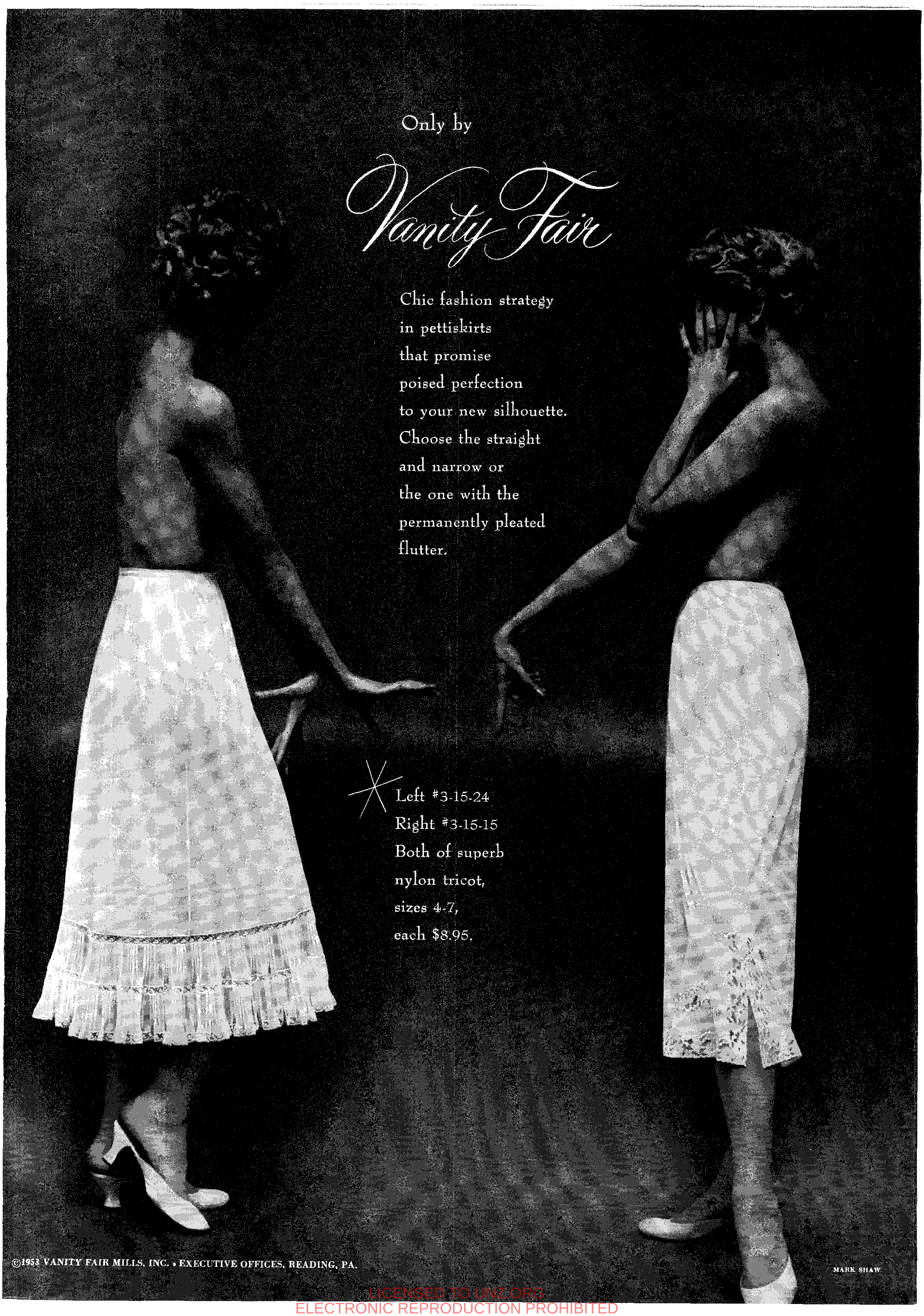
UNITED NATIONS—Weekdays, visitors are admitted to the occasional plenary and (if there is room) committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and sessions of various commissions and committees. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St. For tickets, call PL 4-1234, Ext. 634, or write to Admissions Office, United Nations, New York, ten days in advance.) . . . ¶ General Assembly meetings are shown Mondays through Fridays, on WCBS-TV from 4:30 to 5 or later. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building about every ten minutes, daily from 9:30 to around 4:30.

FLOWER SHOW—A display of dahlias, presented by the American Dahlia Society and the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 157 W. 58th St., at Seventh Ave. Tuesday, Sept. 22, from 4 to 10, and Wednesday, Sept. 23, from 10 to 10.)

NATIONAL HOMEFURNISHINGS SHOW—Right down to mousetraps. (Grand Central Palace, Lexington Ave. at 47th St. Thursday, Sept. 17, through Sunday, Sept. 27. Weekdays, 11 to 10:30; Sundays, 1 to 10:30.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 23-26, at 1:45: Eighteenth-century French furniture and decorations, eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century English furniture, seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Beauvais and Brussels tapestries, a black and gold lacquer Chinese screen (circa 1780), as well as Georgian and other silver, Audubon prints, bibelots, paintings, and other objects of art; from the estates of Grace Jones Stewart and Frederic A. Delano and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 19.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through Sept. 20, showings at 3: "Marie Antoinette" (1938), with Norma Shearer, Tyrone Power, and John Barrymore. . . . ¶ Starting Sept. 21, showings at 3 and 5:30: "The Lost Weekend" (1944), with Ray Milland and Jane Wyman. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them *in person* at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)



Only by

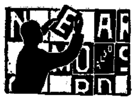
Vanity Fair

Chic fashion strategy
in pettiskirts
that promise
poised perfection
to your new silhouette.
Choose the straight
and narrow or
the one with the
permanently pleated
flutter.

Left #3-15-24
Right #3-15-15
Both of superb
nylon tricot,
sizes 4-7,
each $8.95.

©1953 VANITY FAIR MILLS, INC. • EXECUTIVE OFFICES, READING, PA.

MARK SHAW



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Band Wagon—A garrulous musical but one that does have the sense to hold its tongue whenever Fred Astaire is inspired to do a dance. Mr. Astaire has Cyd Charisse as his partner this time out, and Jack Buchanan and Nanette Fabray are among the others happily present. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; through Sept. 22.)

Call Me Madam—A movie musical based on the Lindsay-Crouse work about a jaunty American Ambassadress abroad. It has the solid virtue of employing Ethel Merman in the principal role. Donald O'Connor, Vera-Ellen, George Sanders, and Billy De Wolfe are also helpful. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Sept. 18.)

The Cruel Sea—A deeply moving, almost documentary English version of the Monsarrat novel about British heroism and doggedness at sea during the Second World War. Jack Hawkins is outstanding as Captain Ericson. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Face to Face—Joseph Conrad's "The Secret Sharer" and Stephen Crane's "The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky" yoked together in a highly satisfactory movie. James Mason is excellent as one of Conrad's mariners, and Minor Watson, as a drunken old gunman in the Crane item, is one of the funniest characters that ever emerged from the sagebrush. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Sept. 22.)

Fanfan the Tulip—The France of Louis XV explained in terms of a burlesque drama in which the hero takes a page from the book of the late Douglas Fairbanks, and love and war are wryly appraised. With Gérard Philipe and Gina Lollobrigida. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 22, tentative. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Sept. 23.)

From Here to Eternity—Life in the Army, according to James Jones' novel on the subject. The scene is Schofield Barracks in Honolulu, the time is just before Pearl Harbor, and the picture is excellent. With Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

Julius Caesar—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, in which the former shows a commendable appreciation of the majesty of the latter's lines but too little appreciation of what the camera can do for his action. James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien read the sonorities with skill. (Booth, 222 W. 45th, CI 6-5969. Showings at 2:45 and 8:45; extra performances Sundays at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Man on a Tightrope—Fredric March, as the proprietor of a Czechoslovakian circus, leading his troupe across the border into Bavaria. Believable, lively, and engaging, and aptly directed by Elia Kazan. Mr. March has the help of Gloria Grahame, Terry Moore, and Adolphe Menjou. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; through Sept. 22.)

Martin Luther—An engrossing account of the life and times of the priest (played by Niall Mac Ginnis) whose theological speculations resulted in the establishment of the Protestant Church. The production is the work of the Louis de Rochemont Associates. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Master of Ballantrae—R. L. Stevenson's tale of Scottish castles, pirate captains, family pride, sliding doors, and almost continuous swordplay keeps Errol Flynn and a large cast cheerfully occupied in this lusty Technicolor item. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; starting Sept. 23.)

The Moon Is Blue—F. Hugh Herbert's comedy about a girl from Brooklyn who talks too much about her virginity. Sporadically entertaining. Maggie McNamara, William Holden, and David Niven are in the cast. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Roman Holiday—Audrey Hepburn makes something quite wonderful out of a trite story about a royal princess on the loose in Rome. Gregory Peck plays an American newspaperman, and it's all good fun. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Rome, 11 O'Clock—The melodramatic story of a number of young Italian girls who are plunged into tragedy when the stairway on which they have been standing collapses. Written by Cesare Zavattini and directed by Giuseppe de Santis, this Italian picture is made up of a series of vignettes, most of them incisive. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Sword and the Rose—Court doings in Henry VIII's time, with Henry ordering his sister to marry the King of France. She has different, less regal plans. Dull in spots, exciting in many others. With Glynis Johns, Richard Todd, and James Robertson Justice. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633; through Sept. 20.)

REVIVALS

All the King's Men (1949)—An adaptation of the Robert Penn Warren novel having to do with a politician very similar to the late Huey Long. With Broderick Crawford. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 20.)

Black Narcissus (1947)—Some nuns on a Himalayan mountain peak. An English picture, with Deborah Kerr, David Farrar, and Flora Robson. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Sept. 20-21.)

The Brave Bulls (1951)—Bullfighting in Mexico, with Mel Ferrer as a melancholy matador. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 20-22.)

Brief Encounter (1946)—A British cinema expansion of Noel Coward's one-act play "Still Life." With Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Sept. 18.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards (leopards). (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 20-22.)

Cry, the Beloved Country (1952)—Alan Paton's adaptation of his novel about interracial problems in South Africa. With Canada Lee. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Sept. 22-23.)

Fame Is the Spur (1949)—An English film that follows the fortunes of a politician patterned after Ramsay MacDonald. With Michael Redgrave. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Sept. 22-23.)

The First Film Concert (1939)—Alfred Cortot, Alexander Brailowsky, Gregor Piatigorsky, and others. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 17.)

Great Expectations (1947)—An English version of Dickens' story. With Valerie Hobson and John Mills. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; Sept. 17.)

His Girl Friday (1940)—"The Front Page" warmed over. Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 20-22.)

I Know Where I'm Going (1947)—Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey stormbound in the Hebrides. An English film. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Sept. 18.)

Laura (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews involved in homicide. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 17.)

Limelight (1952)—An aging music-hall comedian in love with a waif. Charles Chaplin and Claire Bloom. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 19.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—Ronald Colman and Margo in Shangri-La, where people live forever. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 22.)

The Mikado (1939)—Kenny Baker, along with Martyn Green and other D'Oyly Carte people. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 17.)

Oliver Twist (1951)—John Howard Davies as Oliver and Alec Guinness as Fagin. An English picture. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 22-23.)

The Pennywhistle Blues (1952)—A genial thief trying to dispose of forty pounds in the native section of Johannesburg. Formerly called "The Magic Garden," and with a cast of amateurs. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Sept. 22-23.)

The Seventh Veil (1945)—A dash of psychiatry and an earful of classical music. A British film, with James Mason and Ann Todd. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; Sept. 17.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Tennessee Williams' story of a shabby New Orleans family. With Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Sept. 19.)

Wing and a Prayer (1944)—Carrier warfare in the Pacific. Don Ameche and Dana Andrews. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Sept. 20-21.)

The Winslow Boy (1950)—How a father rectifies an injustice done his son at an English naval academy. A British picture, with Cedric Hardwicke and Robert Donat. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Sept. 19.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—See listing under "Other Events," page 14.

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Stalag 17," William Holden, Don Taylor.

Booth, 222 W. 45th. (CI 6-5969)
JULIUS CAESAR.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
FROM HERE TO ETERNITY.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"I, the Jury," a 3-D film, with Biff Elliot and Preston Foster.

Holiday, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530)
"Arrowhead," Charlton Heston, Rhonda Fleming.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Caddy," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
ROMAN HOLIDAY.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Sept. 22: "Island in the Sky," John Wayne, Lloyd Nolan.
From Sept. 23: "A Lion Is in the Streets," James Cagney, Barbara Hale.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Sept. 20: **THE SWORD AND THE ROSE.**
From Sept. 21, at 8:30: "Little Boy Lost," Bing Crosby, Claude Dauphin. (Opening night will be a benefit sponsored by the Overseas Press Club of America.)

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The Robe," Richard Burton, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Return to Paradise," Gary Cooper, Roberta Haynes.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE MOON IS BLUE.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," a demonstration of the new movie-projection technique. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
ROME, 11 O'CLOCK (in Italian).

LEADERS OF INDUSTRY KNOW *the Value of Time*

PRESIDENT MUNDY I. PEALE WEARS A ROLEX

Pilot, production specialist, administrator, and far-sighted executive . . . President Peale's concept of defense needs is stressed by Republic Aviation's delivery of nearly 4500 Thunderjets . . . to the U. S. Air Forces and our allies overseas.

A dynamic leader whose day starts with an 8:00 A. M. plant tour correlating the multiple problems of more than 22,000 employees, Mundy Peale heads the company which, in 1952, built more than half of all our jet fighter aircraft.

Recognition of Republic's vital contribution to our expanding defense pattern is emphasized by the backlog of more than a billion dollars in defense orders . . . with the new Thunderstreak now coming off production lines.

It is basically to guard the precious moments, even seconds, of such men . . . and for you . . . that the incomparable Rolex Datejust and other Rolex chronometers are made available throughout America.

The tale of this wonderful watch is available in a sincerely written and beautifully illustrated booklet . . . "The Blueprint of Supremacy" . . . which will be mailed free to those applying on business or personal stationery.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Rolex Red Seal, at left, identifies each Rolex chronometer as an incomparable gem of watchmaking skill, guaranteeing that it has passed the impartial Swiss Government tests and been awarded an Official Timing Certificate.

The watch is the incomparable Oyster Perpetual DATEJUST.

In this one handsome wrist Chronometer are combined all successful inventions conceived and developed by Rolex since the introduction of the wrist watch over 50 years ago. The date of the month appears automatically and clearly in a small window without the encumbrance of an extra hand. It is rotor-self-winding, has an Officially Certified Chronometer movement . . . completely protected by the famous, imported Super-Oyster Case. 18 Kt. Gold Case and Bracelet . . . $1,000.

Other Rolex Chronometers priced from $145.

OFFICIAL TIMEPIECE OF PANAGRA

ROLEX

A Landmark in the History of Time Measurement

THE AMERICAN ROLEX WATCH CORPORATION • 580 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

have you met Walter-Morton?

You've probably seen Walter-Morton often . . . in the front row of the most popular musical in town . . . lunching at the important clubs . . . getting out of a cab along Madison Avenue . . . applauding a double-play from a box at the Stadium . . . sitting at the desk in the office marked "President". Our distinguished **Walter-Morton** clothes are a modern achievement in tailoring for modern men of achievement.

Walter-Morton suits, 110.00 to 150.00 coats, 115.00 to 168.00 made-to-measure service, slightly higher

B. ALTMAN & CO. SHOPS FOR MEN

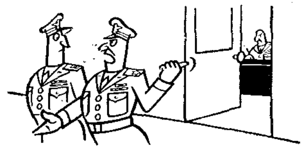
sixth floor . . . fifth avenue at 34th street

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

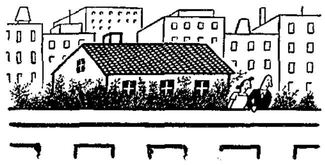
General Ridgway began his term as Chief of Staff of the Army by expressing the fear that the civilian public has become insufficiently respectful of Army officers (Ridgway was in Europe last Election Day, and has presumably not yet heard the news), and by specifically deploring the widespread use of words like "brass," which he holds to be derogatory. Our own experience is inadequate to weigh the merits of his complaint but the use of words is something we care about, so we turned for enlightenment to a blunt-speaking friend whom the fortunes of recent wars threw into fairly close contact with a number of high-ranking soldiers. "Very common word, 'brass,' " he replied to our inquiry. "Used more by soldiers than by civilians, I should say, and more by officers than by enlisted men. Never heard it used more often than by a brigadier general I knew who thought a major general and his staff had it in for him. The way that brigadier would grouse about the 'big brass'! He called himself a 'buck general,' by the way, just as a lot of full colonels called themselves 'bird colonels' and a lot of lieutenant colonels called themselves 'light colonels.' All very derogatory, I suppose, but it was their own doing. Don't see how any reformation on the part of the civilian public could alter their habits. Ingrained since West Point, you know."



If General Ridgway really hopes to do away with "brass," the Military Academy would probably be as good a place as any to begin, since it is under his direct control and since its tenants are accustomed to strict discipline. The Chief of Staff will find his task difficult, though. For instance, what action does he propose to take with regard to a book of military reminiscences that came out a year or so ago and is doubtless firmly enshrined in the West Point library? It was written by a retired sergeant who had served faithfully and respectfully at the Academy for over fifty years, and its publication was hailed as a splendid accomplishment by a slew of distinguished officers he had known when they were cadets—Eisenhower, MacArthur, Bradley, Ridgway. Its title is "Bringing Up the Brass."

Tom's Place

From our office window we look out over a pretty little penthouse on top of the sixteen-story building at 19 West Forty-fourth Street. The penthouse has dazzling white walls, green trim, and a gabled roof of red tiles, and is surrounded on three sides by terraces, planted with shrubs and vines. The prospect from our window is mostly a jungle of wooden water towers and tarred roofs, and it does our heart good to gaze at that snug and cheerful house, so small in scale and so unlike everything else in the neighborhood that it might have come straight out of a fairy story, with the roof not of red tiles but of almond paste. On learning last week that the occupants are real, live human beings, named Mr. and Mrs. Alfred L. Rose, we telephoned and were invited by Mrs. Rose to come over and pay a visit, which we promptly did. She welcomed us on a side terrace, from which we got a fine, oblique view of Fifth Avenue. "Come right in!" said Mrs. Rose. "I mean come right out! Isn't this air marvellous? I love to sit out here in the early fall and keep my tan tan." She led us along a narrow terrace in front of the house and onto a much broader terrace facing west. An inch of Hudson glittered in the sun, and beyond the Hudson lay the steep cliffs of Hoboken. Below the railing of the terrace was the roof of the Harvard Club. "My husband's a Princeton man," said Mrs. Rose.



"We took this place so we could look down on Harvard. That's what we always *say*."

One day last spring, six hundred and eighty-seven members and guests of the City Gardens Club visited the Rose terraces. Among them was an old party who informed Mrs. Rose that the penthouse was the first ever to be built on top of an office building in New York. "I don't know whether that's so or not," said Mrs. Rose. "I do know we have the biggest green-and-white penthouse garden in town. *Every*thing's green and white, you'll notice." We noticed, and everything was. Dozens of green ivy plants in white pots were marshalled along the terrace railings, white geraniums bloomed among high privet hedges, and chives and mint chove and minted in a bed by the kitchen door. "Sticking to certain colors is a stunt of mine," said Mrs. Rose. "At our house in Lake Placid, everything's red and yellow—even the rugs and furniture. On our farm in Dutchess County, everything's red, white, and blue. Except the cows, of course. They're Holsteins, which means they're black and white."

Mrs. Rose took us inside and showed us through the penthouse, which consists of seven small rooms. "Did you ever see so much glass?" she asked, and we were obliged to reply that we never had, for there were mirrors to the right of us, mirrors to the left of us, glass bricks in front of us, and glass heating panels in the wall behind. "The reason is this place used to be rented by the Glass Container Association of America," she said. "They wanted to show all the different ways glass could be used in the home, and, my, they certainly did! There are even mirrors in the floor, but my husband and I couldn't stand them. We've covered them all with carpets." The Roses have been living in the penthouse for ten years and like it far better than where they used to live, on Park Avenue. Mrs. Rose does some of her marketing right on Sixth Avenue. Mr. Rose is the Rose of Proskauer, Rose, Goetz & Mendelsohn, lawyers, and he was one of the owners of the 19 West Forty-fourth Street building for several years. The penthouse was built by the late Thomas Slocum, a partner in the drygoods firm of Minot, Hooper & Co., a member of the Harvard class of '90, a Harvard Overseer, and long an officer of the Harvard Club. He was a bachelor, and when the 19 West Forty-fourth Street building was under construction, in 1916, he leased the roof and put up what he called a bungalow, in order to be as close as possible to his beloved club. In his day, the interior walls of the house were panelled in teak, and the entrance hall was decorated with murals of his hundred-and-forty-foot steam yacht, Ranger, which picked him up at the Battery every afternoon during the summer. He and his friends would spend the night aboard. In the living room was a big bust of John Paul Jones. A bridge table and a poker table were always set up and at the ready. The night elevator man got to know all Slocum's Harvard cronies; he had a seat in the elevator, and to cushion it he used a well-worn *Harvard Alumni Directory*. Mrs. Rose says she doesn't dare to think what Mr. Slocum would say if he could see all those mirrors and little green-and-white potted plants. Neither do we.

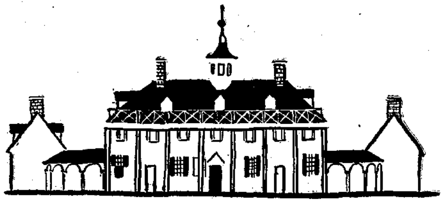
•

CONTINENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The French edition of Boswell's "London Journal" is entitled "Amours à Londres."

Incorporeal

HARRY KESSLER, of St. Louis and 10 Park Avenue, a blue-eyed, gray-haired metallurgical engineer who may or may not referee the Rocky Marciano-Roland La Starza fight next Thursday at the Polo Grounds, was in town a day or so ago, and we had a talk with him in a midtown restaurant. Kessler, who we could see moves quick as a cat and who is authorized to referee in seven states, including this one, told us that whenever there are big fights, the referees instructed to show up don't know until the last minute which bout, or bouts, they've been assigned to. In this state, they sit down at ringside and aren't told who will referee a fight until just before it goes on. Kessler, who is in his early fifties and referees about thirty times a year, is very neat. "The sportswriters have called me 'the best-dressed referee,'" he told us. "I wear a gray silk shirt, gold cuff links, gray slacks, and a dark-blue bow tie. In this state, the Commission makes a bow tie compulsory. In some states, you have a choice between a bow and a four-in-hand. In Illinois, a tie isn't compulsory, but I wear a bow anyway, and advise my colleagues to do the same. It lends éclat. I had my nose broken six times in collegiate and amateur boxing bouts—I never boxed professionally—but I've only been hit once as referee. A boxer stepped in with a left hook, his opponent slipped away quickly, and it circled until finally it hit me square in the mouth. I had loose teeth for days. The crowd giggled for fifteen minutes. They felt it was a sort of lagniappe."

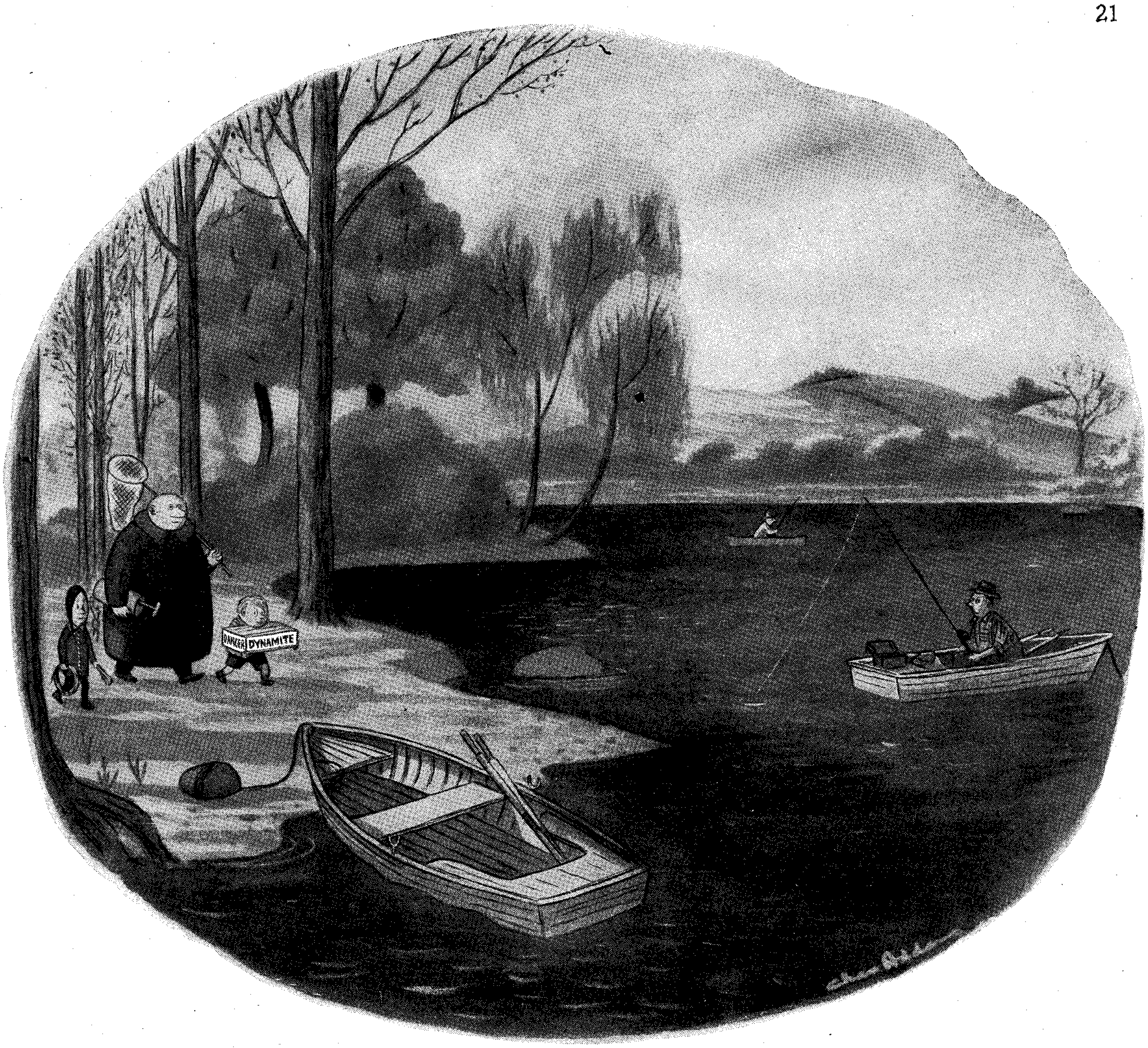
According to Mr. Kessler, a referee has to have, among other assets, a comptometer mind. "There are nine different point systems for scoring a fight," he said, "but they all amount to the same thing. The boxer who scores the greater number of effective punches is awarded the round. When I boxed, my best punch was a right-hand counter. 'He who hits and runs away—' I was never defeated in four years of boxing at the Missouri School of Mines. The clock, I find, is the best friend the referee has. I look at one of them—there's one on each side of the ring—at the end of every minute to determine which boxer has been more effective for that time. Sometimes a boxer dogs it notoriously until the final minute, and then launches a great flurry; I penalize him for his inaction during the first two minutes. One sportswriter has called me 'the great dissenter' because I disagreed with the decision of the judges in the De Marco-Araujo fight. Actually, I vote with the majority ninety-five per cent of the time. There are different ways a referee can move around in a ring; there are shufflers, dancers, bobbers-and-weavers, hoppers, and gliders. I'm a glider. That way you can stay on top of the fight without getting in the crowd's way or distracting the spectator's eye. A referee is supposed to be incorporeal. When I push fighters apart, I give each the same amount of pressure. But generally I try to talk them out of clinching: 'Stop clinching, John.' If one fighter is stuck in a corner and he's trying desperately to hold, I say, 'Fight your way out of it, John.' I don't break semi-clinches, because infighting is the forte of many good boxers and it's a *gaffe* to penalize somebody for it. You have to watch for glazed eyes, rubbery knees, and slowed-down reflexes. Danger signals. When a fighter butts, hits with the heel of his glove, or gouges, I say, 'Look, John, you're not listening to me.' I always have a smile for the fighters, but if one of them persists in ignoring the rules I take the round away from him."



Mr. Kessler flies two hundred thousand miles a year in pursuance of his business. (He is a lecturer on metallurgy, the owner of three steel foundries, and the co-inventor of a metal-casting process called Sorbo-Mat, which is used by fifty-three foundries in this country, Mexico, and Canada.) Born in St. Louis, he spends three days a week in his Natchez-type mansion there—where he has a wife, three children, and five hundred rosebushes—and the rest of the time visiting his Eastern foundry in New Brunswick, New Jersey, or making trips to the widely scattered plants that use his metal-casting process, and straightening out any metallurgical bugs they've got. At the time we saw him, he'd just helped fix the steering mechanism of a cruiser in Vancouver. He tries to make New York City every Friday, when there's a chance he'll referee a bout at the Garden, St. Nicholas Arena, or somewhere. He gets from fifty to a hundred dollars a bout, which he turns over to charity.

Lady and a Bank

A VASSAR graduate who was enjoying, all at once, her first summer in New York, her first job, and her first bank account, found herself without funds on a recent payday morning, but with her savings-account passbook cozily in her handbag. She went to her neighborhood bank, made out a withdrawal slip for the fifteen cents she needed for subway fare, and handed it to the teller. He explained that the bank doesn't permit withdrawals of less than a dollar. Accordingly, she made out a withdrawal slip for $1.15, got the dough, and then made out a deposit slip



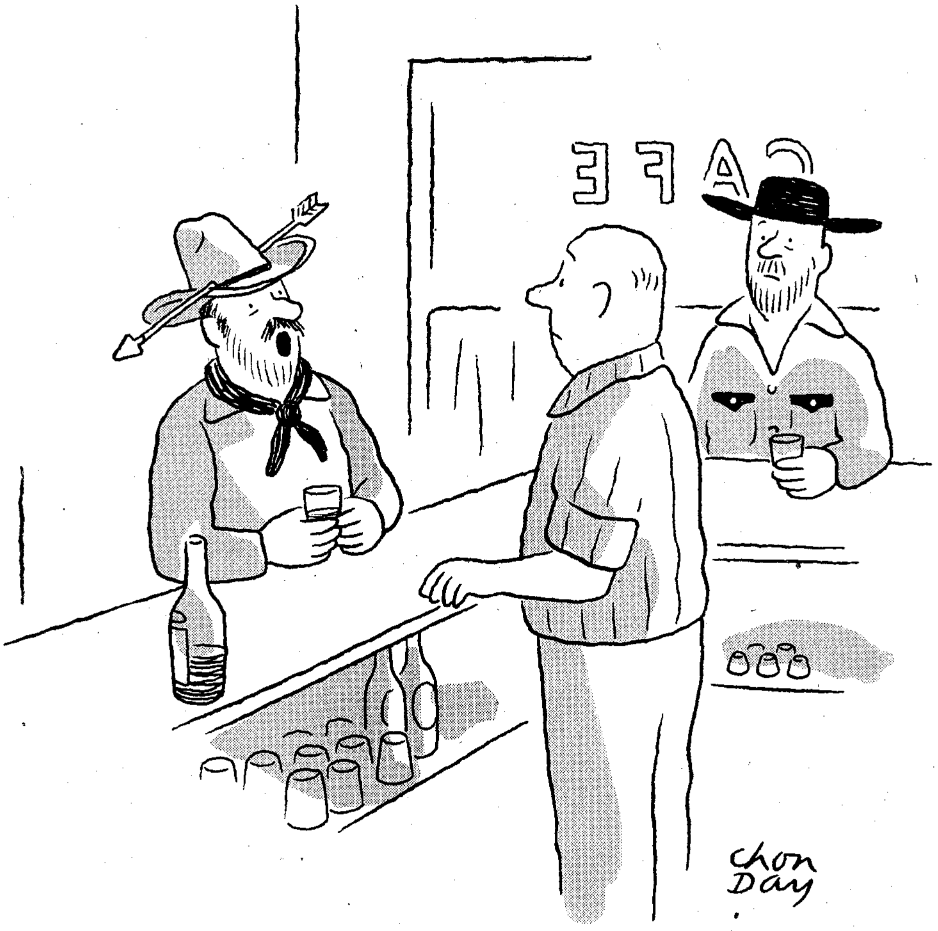
for the dollar and put it right back into the bewildered bank.

No Hiding Place

ALONG about now, the number of travellers returning from Europe reaches its annual peak, and it's only to be expected that the number of incoming smugglers does the same, a cardinal rule of successful smuggling being the bigger the crowd one mingles with, the more hard-pressed the customs inspectors and the fewer one's chances of getting caught. For the past two years, the local customs office, which is fairly hard-pressed even in the off seasons, has been aided in its work by a cumbersome but extremely effective fluoroscopic device known as the Inspectoscope. Any traveller arriving here by plane or ship and suspected of concealing contraband of one sort or another is apt to be whisked to the local headquarters of the Customs Agency Service, at 201 Varick Street, and subjected to the uncannily close scrutiny of this one-eyed monster, which is capable of detecting undeclared objects not only in secret compartments of suitcases and the folds of old Inverness capes but inside the human body as well. Horrid, but that's smuggling for you.

There's a special squad of customs men assigned to ferreting out international gold and diamond smugglers—cut diamonds are currently favored in smuggling circles—and Thomas G. Duncan, the man in charge of the squad, was good enough to talk to us the other day about his problems and demonstrate the Inspectoscope. Stocky, reserved, and given to wearing sunglasses indoors, Duncan is the sort of customs agent casting offices dream about. He explained that the purpose of smuggling cut diamonds into this country isn't to duck the ten-per-cent duty on them but to keep the government from knowing they're here and thus avoid the much higher federal excise and income taxes in any transactions involving them. The duty, indeed, amounts to only a trifle more than the insurance premium and smuggling fee that an owner or shipper of diamonds must pay to the leader of a smuggling ring, who in return guarantees prompt delivery of the merchandise or reimbursement at full value. (Diamond smuggling is a highly organized business, with the set prices and strict ethics characteristic of quite a few crooked enterprises.)

Mr. Duncan said that leads on smuggling suspects are received from United States customs agents all over the world and from amateur informers as well. The leads from the latter are evaluated with great care, since the motives for peaching on people are almost uniformly bad. If a suspect is found to have a history connecting him with West Forty-seventh Street, the city's diamond cen-



"First noticed it when I tried to tip my hat."

• •

ter, or with diamond centers abroad, customs agents keep an eye on him, and in doubtful cases they submit him and his baggage to the Inspectoscope. There are busy years and slack years in the diamond-smuggling business, and 1953 appears to be one of the slack ones—so slack that Duncan's men have yet to turn up a big haul. One might argue from this not that few diamonds are being smuggled in but that Duncan's men are failing to catch the big smugglers. Duncan's answer is that when illegal shipments of diamonds are placed on the local market, it tends to fluctuate wildly, and there have been no such fluctuations this year. Most carriers of diamonds are hired functionaries, rather than big shots in the trade. They are generally seasoned travellers, whose ocean crossings have made them familiar with customs practices. Favorite places to hide diamonds are in the body, in toothpaste tubes, and in bars of soap.

To top off our visit, Mr. Duncan led us to the rear of the building and showed us the Inspectoscope, which is approximately eight feet long by seven feet high, weighs as much as an elephant, is manufactured by a San Francisco firm called the Sicular Inspectoscope Company, costs seven thousand dollars, and consists of a low platform with a cabinet full of unspeakably complicated electrical equipment at one end and a control booth at the other. It is widely used in prisons, he said, to determine whether convicts or supposedly innocent visitors are concealing knives, blackjacks, files, and the like. He placed an empty leather suitcase on the platform, ushered us into the control booth, and fiddled with a couple of knobs; through a small, square window we saw the fluoroscopic image of the suitcase. He dropped a hammer and a pair of pliers into the suitcase and bade us look again, and, sure enough, there were the hammer and pliers. Next, he slipped a key into a trousers pocket and stepped onto the platform. We had no difficulty spotting the key in a wilderness of blanched cloth and bone. The only drawback to the Inspectoscope, Duncan said, is its size. He's hoping a portable model will be on the market soon—one that his squad could trundle about from pier to pier. That should clean up the diamond-smuggling racket in no time.

•

OVERHEARD at the Hotel Carlyle dining room, one young matron to another: "Oh, everyone knows he married Phyllis for his psychoanalysis. I understand his doctor charges fifty dollars an hour."

More Pizzicato

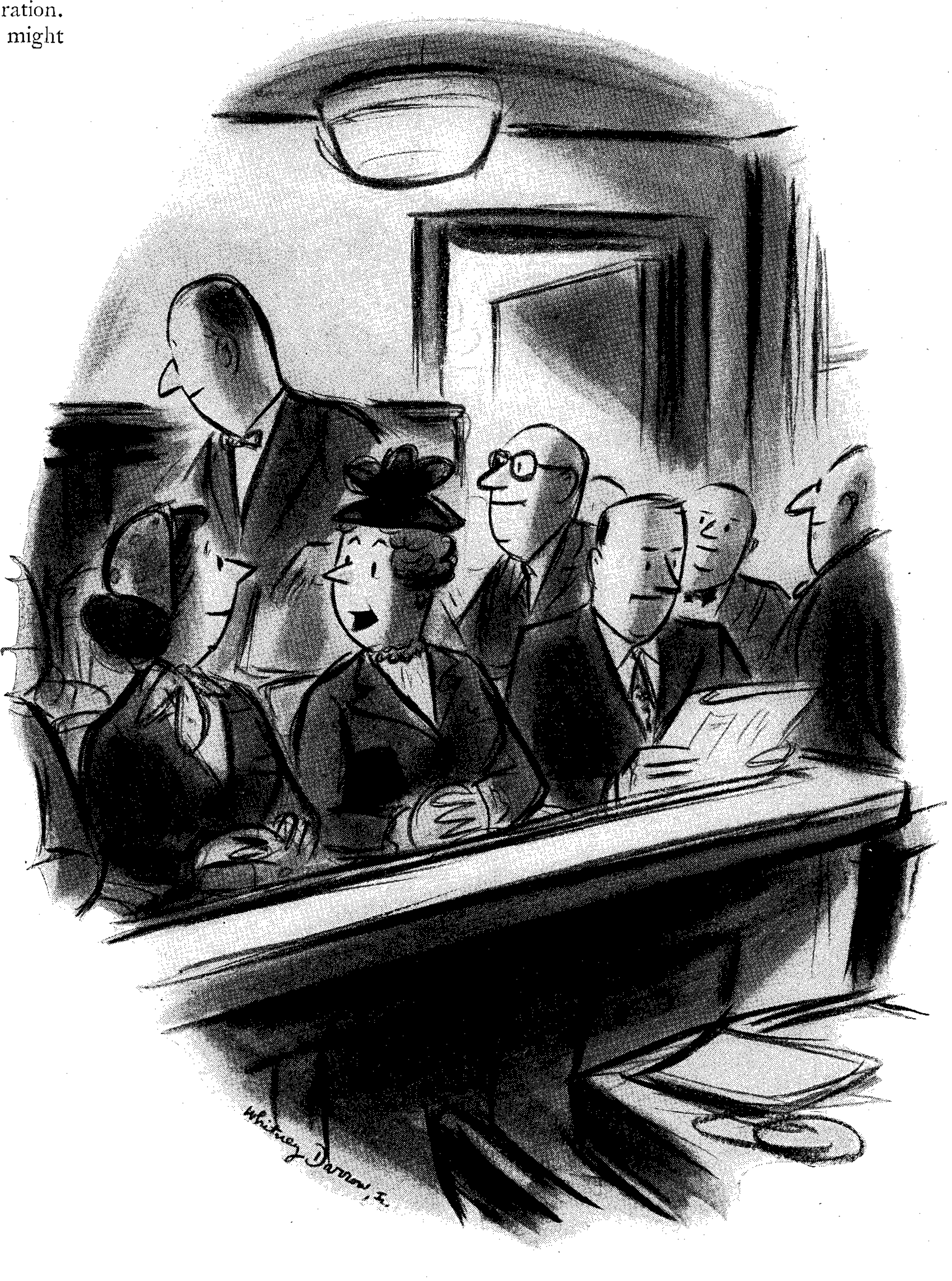
WE'RE somewhat abashed to report that New York, according to its foremost lay authority on noises, Ernest Henry Peabody, founder and president of the League for Less Noise and a member of the National Noise Abatement Council, is no less clamorous today than it was a decade ago; the noises are a little bit different in timbre, but their volume is the same, and as far as control over hornblowers is concerned, the city can't hold a candle to London, Paris, Rotterdam, Brussels, or, for that matter, Colorado Springs. We were apprised of this situation recently when we called on Mr. Peabody, a white-haired, hazel-eyed, resourceful man of eighty-four, in his offices at 580 Fifth Avenue. Mr. Peabody is also president of the Peabody Engineering Corporation, which turns out oil-pump-and-heater sets, oil and gas burners, gas scrubbers and coolers, and other combustion devices. He had just returned from Europe, where he had gone to visit several of his firm's foreign agencies, and he said that London now has the noise problem so thoroughly licked that its Noise Abatement League has been dissolved. "Lord Horder, who was one of King George's physicians, was the founder and Sir Christopher Lynch-Robinson was president," Mr. Peabody went on, proffering us a fine cigar and lighting up one of his own. "In London, you never hear a horn, day or night. Costermongers are quiet. Manhole covers are tightly fixed. Dogs are considerate. I got Lord Horder to write the Mayor here that since unnecessary horn-blowing had been stopped in London, the accident rate had fallen way off. Lord Horder is a handsome man of eighty-two, with a mustache. Naturally, a driver has to be more careful when he can't blast a pedestrian out of the way. I haven't blown my horn in New York City in twenty years. In Paris, they've stopped the horn-blowing at night. In Rotterdam, nobody would think of blowing a horn except in a great emergency. New York is full of jaywalkers; nobody is going to wait a full minute—Hear that? Hear that horn?" Mr. Peabody inclined his head toward the window till the honking had subsided. "Nobody is going to wait a full minute for a light to change to green," he went on. "What's against New York, mainly, is its geography. In Los Angeles, where traffic flows equally in four directions and where jaywalkers may wind up in the cooler, horn-blowing is kept to a minimum. In Colorado Springs, they don't allow horn-blowing and they allow a train whistle only once a year—when the rodeo train comes in. Memphis is called the Silent City. I'm a busy man, but every once in a while I take ten minutes off and time unnecessary horn-blowing. *All* horn-blowing is unnecessary. I find there's an unnecessary blast every second and a half. I established the League in 1935, and the main change I've noticed since then is that nowadays motorists blow just as often but the blasts are of shorter duration. More pizzicato than legato, you might say. We helped get the doormen on Park Avenue to use colored flashlights instead of whistles, but the doormen on West End Avenue, I learn from John Zellers, treasurer of the League, who lives there, still blow their whistles. I think it gives them a sense of power."

Mr. Peabody, who flew to Europe and came back on the Mauretania, drinking a little wine and playing a little deck tennis en route, presides over meetings of the League about once every two months and hears suggestions from members on such things as how to cut down the noise of horn-blowing by wedding parties (greater police enforcement of an ordinance passed in 1936 and endorsed by Mayor LaGuardia and Lord Horder), of noisy neighbors (call the police), of squeaking auto brakes (get them fixed), and of autos with loose mufflers (get *them* fixed). The League also thinks up slogans and occasionally passes out pamphlets. "I'm a manhole-cover zealot," Mr. Peabody, who lives in South Norwalk but often stays over at the Commodore, informed us briskly. "When I hear a flapping one, I get its number and notify the company or city department responsible. Most auto horns are too loud, though I will say they're getting more musical. I knew a salesman once who claimed he had a twelve-mile horn. I consider that man a public enemy. In South Norwalk, I once— Listen to that honk! Paralyzes you! I once gave money to a boat club with the stipulation that they use it to muffle their outboard motors. Little devils, I call them. I play the flute and cello, and I'm collecting some of my verses for a volume called 'A Book of Random Verses.' Percy Mackaye wrote a very flattering introduction. A few years ago, when Lord Horder was here on a visit, I presided over a meeting of the League at the Astor and arranged to have the lights grow dim as the applause for the speakers mounted. Naturally, the clapping was kept to a minimum. It was a grand meeting."

Mr. Peabody inclined his head toward the window again. "Hear that! Hear that honk!" he invited us. "Eighty decibels or I'm a butcher."

Preparing for Life

MAN stopped in at a Village delicatessen the other night and found the proprietor shooing a band of subteen-agers away from the vicinity of the beer displays. "Got to watch them every minute," he said, "or they're in here stuffing the Miss Rheingold ballot box."


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Oh dear! We __would__ get stuck with a patent infringement."

IN THE ZOO

KEENING harshly in his senility, the blind polar bear slowly and ceaselessly shakes his head in the stark heat of the July and mountain noon. His open eyes are blue. No one stops to look at him; an old farmer, in passing, sums up the old bear's situation by observing, with a ruthless chuckle, that he is a "back number." Patient and despairing, he sits on his yellowed haunches on the central rock of his pool, his huge toy paws wearing short boots of mud.

The grizzlies to the right of him, a conventional family of father and mother and two spring cubs, alternately play the clown and sleep. There is a blustery, scoundrelly, half-likable bravado in the manner of the black bear on the polar's left; his name, according to the legend on his cage, is Clancy, and he is a rough-and-tumble, brawling blowhard, thundering continually as he paces back and forth, or pauses to face his audience of children and mothers and release from his great, gray-tongued mouth a perfectly Vesuvian roar. If he were to be reincarnated in human form, he would be a man of action, possibly a football coach, probably a politician. One expects to see his black hat hanging from a branch of one of his trees; at any moment he will light a cigar.

The polar bear's next-door neighbors are not the only ones who offer so sharp and sad a contrast to him. Across a reach of scrappy grass and litter is the convocation of conceited monkeys, burrowing into each other's necks and chests for fleas, picking their noses with their long, black, finicky fingers, swinging by their gifted tails on the flying trapeze, screaming bloody murder. Even when they mourn—one would think the male orangutan was on the very brink of suicide—they are comedians; they only fake depression, for they are firmly secure in their rambunctious tribalism and in their appalling insight and contempt. Their flibbertigibbet gambolling is a sham, and, stealthily and shiftily, they are really watching the pitiful polar bear ("Back number," they quote the farmer. "That's *his* number all right," they snigger), and the windy black bear ("Life of the party. Gasbag. Low I.Q.," they note scornfully on his dossier), and the stupid, bourgeois grizzlies ("It's feed the face and hit the sack for them," the monkeys say). And they are watching my sister and me, two middle-aged women, as we sit on a bench between the exhibits, eating popcorn, growing thirsty. We are thoughtful.

A chance remark of Daisy's a few minutes before has turned us to memory and meditation. "I don't know why," she said, "but that poor blind bear reminds me of Mr. Murphy." The name "Mr. Murphy" at once returned us both to childhood, and we were floated far and fast, our later lives diminished. So now we eat our popcorn in silence with the ritualistic appetite of childhood, which has little to do with hunger; it is not so much food as a sacrament, and in tribute to our sisterliness and our friendliness I break the silence to say that this is the best popcorn I have ever eaten in my life. The extravagance of my statement instantly makes me feel self-indulgent, and for some time I uneasily avoid looking at the blind bear. My sister does not agree or disagree; she simply says that popcorn is the only food she has ever really liked. For a long time, then, we eat without a word, but I know, because I know her well and know her similarity to me, that Daisy is thinking what I am thinking; both of us are mournfully remembering Mr. Murphy, who, at one time in our lives, was our only friend.

THIS zoo is in Denver, a city that means nothing to my sister and me except as a place to take or meet trains. Daisy lives two hundred miles farther west, and it is her custom, when my every-other-year visit with her is over, to come across the mountains to see me off on my eastbound train. We know almost no one here, and because our stays are short, we have never bothered to learn the town in more than the most desultory way. We know the Burlington uptown office and the respectable hotels, a restaurant or two, the Union Station, and, beginning today, the zoo in the city park.

But since the moment that Daisy named Mr. Murphy by name our situation in Denver has been only corporeal; our minds and our hearts are in Adams, fifty miles north, and we are seeing, under the white sun at its pitiless meridian, the streets of that ugly town, its parks and trees and bridges, the bandstand in its dreary park, the roads that lead away from it, west to the mountains and east to the plains, its mongrel and multitudinous churches, its high school shaped like a loaf of bread, the campus of its college, an oasis of which we had no experience except to walk through it now and then, eying the woodbine on the impressive buildings. These things are engraved forever on our minds with a legibility so insistent that you have only to say the name of the town aloud to us to rip the rinds from our nerves and leave us exposed in terror and humiliation.

We have supposed in later years that Adams was not so bad as all that, and we know that we magnified its ugliness because we looked upon it as the extension of the possessive, unloving, scornful, complacent foster mother, Mrs. Placer, to whom, at the death of our parents within a month of each other, we were sent like Dickensian grotesqueries—cowardly, weak-stomached, given to tears, backward in school. Daisy was ten and I was eight when, unaccompanied, we made the long trip from Marblehead to our benefactress, whom we had never seen and, indeed, never heard of until the pastor of our church came to tell us of the arrangement our father had made on his deathbed, seconded by our mother on hers. This man, whose name and face I have forgotten and whose parting speeches to us I have not forgiven, tried to dry our tears with talk of Indians and of buffaloes; he spoke, however, at much greater length, and in preaching cadences, of the Christian goodness of Mrs. Placer. She was, he said, childless and fond of children, and for many years she had been a widow, after the lingering demise of her tubercular husband, for whose sake she had moved to the Rocky Mountains. For his support and costly medical care, she had run a boarding house, and after his death, since he had left her nothing, she was obliged to continue running it. She had been a girlhood friend of our paternal grandmother, and our father, in the absence of responsible relatives, had made her the beneficiary of his life insurance on the condition that she lodge and rear us. The pastor, with a frankness remarkable considering that he was talking to children, explained to us that our father had left little more than a drop in the bucket for our care, and he enjoined us to give Mrs. Placer, in return for her hospitality and sacrifice, courteous help and eternal thanks. "Sacrifice" was a word we were never allowed to forget.

And thus it was, in grief for our parents, that we came cringing to the dry Western town and to the house where Mrs. Placer lived, a house in which the square, uncushioned furniture was cruel and the pictures on the walls were either dour or dire and the lodgers, who lived in the upper floors among shadowy wardrobes and chiffoniers, had come through the years to resemble their landlady in appearance as well as in deportment.

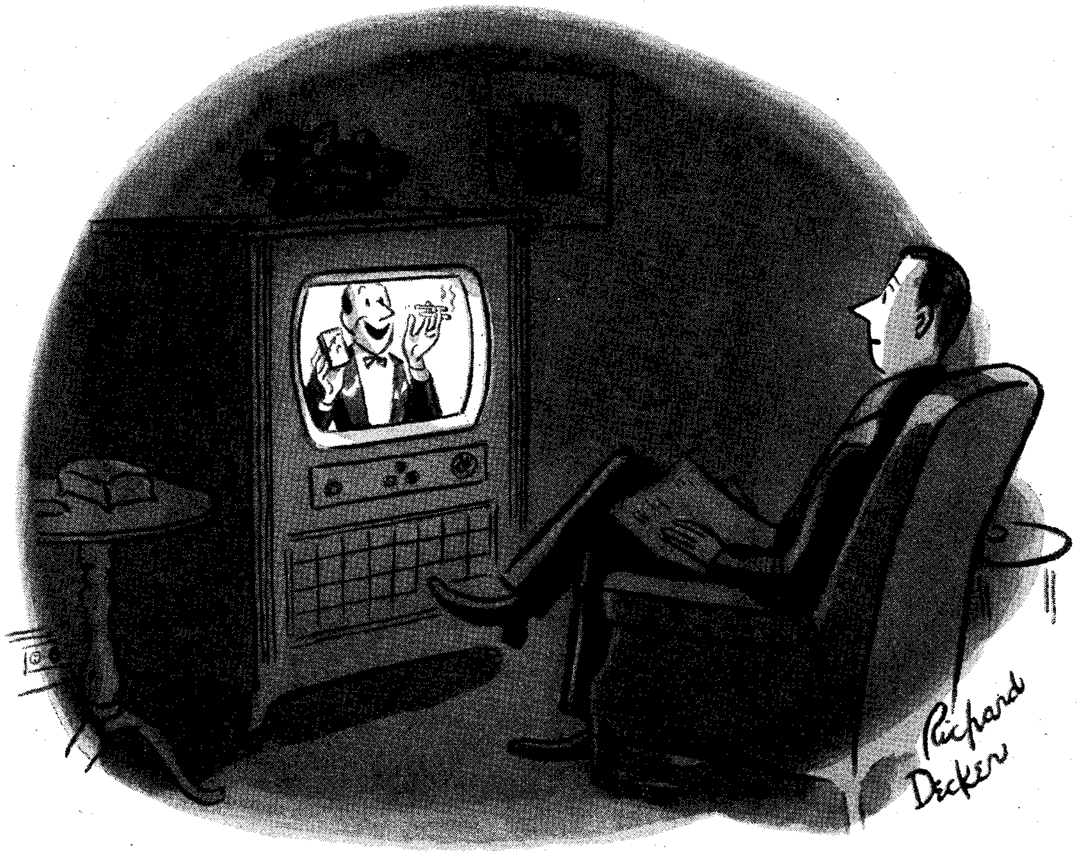
After their ugly-colored evening meal, Gran—as she bade us call her—and her paying guests would sit, rangy and aquiline, rocking on the front porch on spring and summer and autumn nights, tasting their delicious grievances: those slights delivered by ungrateful sons and daughters, those impudences committed by trolley-car conductors and uppity salesgirls in the ready-to-wear, all those slurs and calculated elbow-jostlings that were their daily crucifixion and their staff of life. We little girls, washing the dishes in the cavernous kitchen, listened to their even, martyred voices, fixed like leeches to their solitary subject and their solitary creed—that life was essentially a matter of being done in, let down, and swindled.

At regular intervals, Mrs. Placer, chairwoman of the victims, would say, "Of course, I don't care; I just have to laugh," and then would tell a shocking tale of an intricate piece of skulduggery perpetrated against her by someone she did not even know. Sometimes, with her avid, partial jury sitting there on the porch behind the bitter hopvines in the heady mountain air, the cases she tried involved Daisy and me, and, listening, we travailed, hugging each other, whispering, "I wish she wouldn't! Oh, how did she find out?" How *did* she? Certainly we never told her when we were snubbed or chosen last on teams, never admitted to a teacher's scolding or to the hoots of laughter that greeted us when we bit on silly, unfair jokes. But she knew. She knew about the slumber parties we were not invited to, the beefsteak fries at which we were pointedly left out; she knew that the singing teacher had said in so many words that I could not carry a tune in a basket and that the sewing superintendent had said that Daisy's fingers were all thumbs. With our teeth chattering in the cold of our isolation, we would hear her protestant, litigious voice defending our right to be orphans, paupers, wholly dependent on her—except for the really ridiculous pittance from our father's life insurance—when it was all she could do to make ends meet. She did not care, but she had to laugh that people in general were so small-minded that they looked down on fatherless, motherless waifs like us and, by association, looked down on her. It seemed funny to her that people gave her no credit for taking on these sickly youngsters who were not even kin but only the grandchildren of a friend.

If a child with braces on her teeth came to play with us, she was, according to Gran, slyly lording it over us because our teeth were crooked, but there was no money to have them straightened. And what could be the meaning of our being asked to come for supper at the doctor's house? Were the doctor and his la-di-da New York wife and those pert girls with their solid-gold barrettes and their Shetland pony going to shame her poor darlings? Or shame their poor Gran by making them sorry to come home to the plain but honest life that was all she could provide for them?

There was no stratum of society not reeking with the effluvium of fraud and pettifoggery. And the school system was almost the worst of all: if we could not understand fractions, was that not our teacher's fault? And therefore what right had she to give us F? It was as plain as a pikestaff to Gran that the teacher was only covering up her own inability to teach. It was unlikely, too—highly unlikely—that it was by accident that time and time again the free medical clinic was closed for the day just as our names were about to be called out, so that nothing was done about our bad tonsils, which meant that we were repeatedly sick in the winter, with Gran fetching and carrying for us, climbing those stairs a jillion times a day with her game leg and her heart that was none too strong.

Steeped in these mists of accusation and hidden plots and double meanings, Daisy and I grew up like worms. I think no one could have withstood the atmosphere in that house where everyone trod on eggs that a little bird had told them were bad. They spied on one another, whispered behind doors, conjectured, drew parallels beginning "With all due respect . . ." or "It is a matter of indifference to *me* but . . ." The vigilantes patrolled our town by day, and by night returned to lay their goodies at their priestess's feet and wait for her oracular interpretation of the innards of the butcher, the baker,



"And, folks, if you want to double your smoking pleasure, here's a little tip—try smoking Windermeres two at a time."

• •

the candlestick maker, the soda jerk's girl, and the barber's unnatural deaf white cat.

Consequently, Daisy and I also became suspicious. But it was suspicion of ourselves that made us mope and weep and grimace with self-judgment. Why were we not happy when Gran had sacrificed herself to the bone for us? Why did we not cut dead the paper boy who had called her a filthy name? Why did we persist in our willful friendliness with the grocer who had tried, unsuccessfully, to overcharge her on a case of pork and beans?

Our friendships were nervous and surreptitious; we sneaked and lied, and as our hungers sharpened, our debasement deepened; we were pitied; we were shifty-eyed, always on the lookout for Mrs. Placer or one of her tattletale lodgers; we were hypocrites.

Nevertheless, one thin filament of instinct survived, and Daisy and I in time found asylum in a small menagerie down by the railroad tracks. It belonged to a gentle alcoholic ne'er-do-well, who did nothing all day long but drink bathtub gin in rickeys and play solitaire and smile to himself and talk to his animals. He had a little, stunted red vixen and a deodorized skunk, a parrot from Tahiti that spoke Parisian French, a woebegone coyote, and two capuchin monkeys, so serious and humanized, so small and sad and sweet, and so religious-looking with their tonsured heads that it was impossible not to think their gibberish was really an ordered language with a grammar that someday some philologist would understand.

Gran knew about our visits to Mr. Murphy and she did not object, for it gave her keen pleasure to excoriate him when we came home. His vice was not a matter of guesswork; it was an established fact that he was half-seas over from dawn till midnight. "With the black Irish," said Gran, "the taste for drink is taken in with the mother's milk and is never mastered. Oh, I know all about those promises to join the temperance movement and not to touch another drop. The way to Hell is paved with good intentions."

We were still little girls when we discovered Mr. Murphy, before the shattering disease of adolescence was to make our bones and brains ache even more painfully than before, and we loved him and we hoped to marry him when we grew up. We loved him, and we loved his monkeys to exactly the same degree and in exactly the same way; they were husbands and fathers and brothers, these three little, ugly, dark, secret men who minded their own business and let us mind ours. If we stuck our fingers through the bars of the cage, the monkeys would sometimes take them in their tight, tiny hands and look into our faces with a tentative, somehow absent-minded sorrow, as if they terribly regretted that they could not place us but were glad to see us all the same. Mr. Murphy, playing a solitaire game of cards called "once in a blue moon" on a kitchen table in his back yard beside the pens, would occasionally look up and blink his beautiful blue eyes and say, "You're peaches to make over my wee friends. I love you for it." There was nothing demanding in his voice, and nothing sticky; on his lips the word "love" was jocose and forthright, it had no strings attached. We would sit on either side of him and watch him regiment his ranks of cards and stop to drink as deeply as if he were dying of thirst and wave to his animals and say to them, "Yes, lads, you're dandies."

Because Mr. Murphy was as reserved with us as the capuchins were, as courteously noncommittal, we were surprised one spring day when he told us that he had a present for us, which he hoped Mrs. Placer would let us keep; it was a puppy, for whom the owner had asked him to find a home—half collie and half Labrador retriever, blue-blooded on both sides.

"You might tell Mrs. Placer—" he said, smiling at the name, for Gran was famous in the town. "You might tell Mrs. Placer," said Mr. Murphy, "that this lad will make a fine watchdog. She'll never have to fear for her spoons again. Or her honor." The last he said to himself, not laughing but tucking his chin into his collar; lines sprang to the corners of his eyes. He would not let us see the dog, whom we could hear yipping and squealing inside his shanty, for he said that our disappointment would weigh on his conscience if we lost our hearts to the fellow and then could not have him for our own.

That evening at supper, we told Gran about Mr. Murphy's present. A dog? In the first place, why a dog? Was it possible that the news had reached Mr. Murphy's ears that Gran had just this very day finished planting her spring garden, the very thing that a rampageous dog would have in his mind to destroy? What sex was it? A male! Females, she had heard, were more trustworthy; males roved and came home smelling of skunk; such a consideration as this, of course, would not have crossed Mr. Murphy's fuddled mind. Was this young male dog housebroken? We had not asked? That was the limit!

Gran appealed to her followers, too raptly fascinated by Mr. Murphy's machinations to eat their Harvard beets. "Am I being farfetched or does it strike you as decidedly queer that Mr. Murphy is trying to fob off on my little girls a young cur that has not been trained?" she asked them. "If it were housebroken, he would have said so, so I feel it is safe to assume that it is not. Perhaps cannot *be* housebroken. I've heard of such cases."

The fantasy spun on, richly and rapidly, with all the skilled helping hands at work at once. The dog was tangibly in the room with us, shedding his hair, biting his fleas, shaking rain off himself to splatter the walls, dragging some dreadful carcass across the floor, chewing up slippers, knocking over chairs with his tail, gobbling the chops from the platter, barking, biting, fathering, fighting, smelling to high heaven of carrion, staining the rug with his muddy feet, scratching the floor with his claws. He developed rabies; he bit a child, two children! Three! Everyone in town! And Gran and her poor darlings went to jail for harboring this murderous, odoriferous, drunk, Roman Catholic dog.

And yet, astoundingly enough, she came around to agreeing to let us have

2

3

the dog. It was, as Mr. Murphy had predicted, the word "watchdog" that deflected the course of the trial. The moment Daisy uttered it, Gran halted, marshalling her reverse march; while she rallied and tacked and reconnoitred, she sent us to the kitchen for the dessert. And by the time this course was under way, the uses of a dog, the enormous potentialities for investigation and law enforcement in a dog trained by Mrs. Placer, were being minutely and passionately scrutinized by the eight upright bloodhounds sitting at the table wolfing their brown Betty as if it were fresh-killed rabbit. The dog now sat at attention beside his mistress, fiercely alert, ears cocked, nose aquiver, the protector of widows, of orphans, of lonely people who had no homes. He made short shrift of burglars, homicidal maniacs, Peeping Toms, gypsies, bogus missionaries, Fuller Brush men with a risqué spiel. He went to the store and brought back groceries, retrieved the evening paper from the awkward place the boy had meanly thrown it, rescued cripples from burning houses, saved children from drowning, heeled at command, begged, lay down, stood up, sat, jumped through a hoop, ratted.

Both times—when he was a ruffian of the blackest delinquency and then a pillar of society—he was full-grown in his prefiguration, and when Laddy appeared on the following day, small, unsteady, and whimpering lonesomely, Gran and her lodgers were taken aback; his infant, clumsy paws embarrassed them, his melting eyes were unapropos. But it could never be said of Mrs. Placer, as Mrs. Placer her own self said, that she was a woman who went back on her word, and her darlings were going to have their dog, soft-headed and feckless as he might be. All the first night, in his carton in the kitchen, he wailed for his mother, and in the morning, it was true, he had made a shambles of the room—fouled the floor, and pulled off the tablecloth together with a ketchup bottle, so that thick gore lay everywhere. At breakfast, the lodgers confessed they had had a most amusing night, for it had actually been funny the way the dog had been determined not to let anyone get a wink of sleep. After that first night, Laddy slept in our room, receiving from us, all through our delighted, sleepless nights, pats and embraces and kisses and whispers. He was our baby, our best friend, the smartest, prettiest, nicest dog in the entire wide world. Our soft and rapid blandishments excited him to yelp at us in pleased bewilderment, and then we would playfully grasp his muzzle, so that he would snarl, deep in his throat like an adult dog, and shake his head violently, and, when we freed him, nip us smartly with great good will.

He was an intelligent and genial dog and we trained him quickly. He steered clear of Gran's radishes and lettuce after she had several times given him a brisk comeuppance with a strap across the rump, and he soon left off chewing shoes and the laundry on the line, and he outgrew his babyish whining. He grew like a weed; he lost his spherical softness, and his coat, which had been sooty fluff, came in stiff and rusty black; his nose grew aristocratically long, and his clever, pointed ears stood at attention. He was all bronzy, lustrous black except for an Elizabethan ruff of white and a tip of white at the end of his perky tail. No one could deny that he was exceptionally handsome and that he had, as well, great personal charm and style. He escorted Daisy and me to school in the morning, laughing interiorly out of the enormous pleasure of his life as he gracefully cantered ahead of us, distracted occasionally by his private interest in smells or unfamiliar beings in the grass but, on the whole, engrossed in his role of chaperon. He made friends easily with other dogs, and sometimes he went for a long hunting weekend into the mountains with a huge and bossy old red hound named Mess, who had been on the county most of his life and had made a good thing of it, particularly at the fire station.

IT was after one of these three-day excursions into the high country that Gran took Laddy in hand. He had come back spent and filthy, his coat a mass of cockleburs and ticks, his eyes bloodshot, loud *râles* in his chest; for half a day he lay motionless before the front door like someone in a hangover, his groaning eyes explicitly saying "Oh, for God's sake, leave me be" when we offered him food or bowls of water. Gran was disapproving, then affronted, and finally furious. Not, of course, with Laddy, since all inmates of her house enjoyed immunity, but with Mess, whose caddish character, together with that of his nominal masters, the firemen, she examined closely under a strong light, with an air of detachment, with her not caring but her having, all the same, to laugh. A lodger who occupied the back west room had something to say about the fire chief and his nocturnal visits to a certain house occupied by a certain group of young women, too near the same age to be sisters and too old to be the daughters of the woman who claimed to be their mother. What a story! The exophthalmic librarian—she lived in one of the front rooms—had some interesting insinuations to make about the deputy marshal, who had borrowed, significantly, she thought, a book on hypnotism. She also knew—she was, of course, in a most useful position in the town, and from her authoritative pen in the middle of the library her mammiform and azure eyes and her eager ears missed nothing—that the fire chief's wife was not as scrupulous as she might be when she was keeping score on bridge night at the Sorosis.

There was little at the moment that Mrs. Placer and her disciples could do to save the souls of the Fire Department and their families, and therefore save the town from holocaust (a very timid boarder—a Mr. Beaver, a newcomer who was not to linger long—had sniffed throughout this recitative as if he were smelling burning flesh), but at least the unwholesome bond between Mess and Laddy could and would be severed once and for all. Gran looked across the porch at Laddy, who lay stretched at full length in the darkest corner, shuddering and baying abortively in his throat as he chased jack rabbits in his dreams, and she said, "A dog can have morals like a human." With this declaration Laddy's randy, manly holidays were finished. It may have been telepathy that woke him; he lifted his heavy head from his paws, laboriously got up, hesitated for a moment, and then padded languidly across the porch to Gran. He stood docilely beside her chair, head down, tail drooping as if to say, "O.K., Mrs. Placer, show me how and I'll walk the straight and narrow."

The very next day, Gran changed Laddy's name to Caesar, as being more dignified, and a joke was made at the supper table that he had come, seen, and conquered Mrs. Placer's heart—for within her circle, where the magnanimity she lavished upon her orphans was daily demonstrated, Mrs. Placer's heart was highly thought of. On that day also, although we did not know it yet, Laddy ceased to be our dog. Before many weeks passed, indeed, he ceased to be anyone we had ever known. A week or so after he became Caesar, he took up residence in her room, sleeping alongside her bed. She broke him of the habit of taking us to school (temptation to low living was rife along those streets; there was a chow— well, never mind) by the simple expedient of chaining him to a tree as soon as she got up in the morning. This discipline, together with the stamina-building cuffs she gave his sensitive ears from time to time, gradually but certainly remade his character. From a sanguine, affectionate, easygoing Gael (with the fits of melancholy that alternated with the larkiness), he turned into an overbearing, military, efficient, loud-voiced Teuton. His bark, once wide of range, narrowed to one dark, glottal tone.

Soon the paper boy flatly refused to serve our house after Caesar efficiently removed the bicycle clip from his pants leg; the skin was not broken, or even bruised, but it was a matter of principle with the boy. The milkman approached the back door in a seizure of shakes like St. Vitus's dance. The metermen, the coal men, and the garbage collector crossed themselves if they were Catholics and, if they were not, tried whistling in the dark. "Good boy, good Caesar," they carolled, and, unctuously lying, they said they knew his bark was worse than his bite, knowing full well that it was not, considering the very nasty nip, requiring stitches, he had given a representative of the Olson Rug Company, who had had the folly to pat him on the head. Caesar did not molest the lodgers, but he disdained them and he did not brook being personally addressed by anyone except Gran. One night, he wandered into the dining room, appearing to be in search of something he had mislaid, and, for some reason that no one was ever able to divine, suddenly stood stock-still and gave the easily upset Mr. Beaver a long and penetrating look. Mr. Beaver, trembling from head to toe, stammered, "Why—er, hello there, Caesar, old boy, old boy," and Caesar charged. For a moment, it was touch and go, but Gran saved Mr. Beaver, only to lose him an hour later when he departed, bag and baggage, for the Y.M.C.A. This rout and the consequent loss of revenue would more than likely have meant Caesar's downfall and his deportation to the pound if it had not been that a newly widowed druggist, very irascible and very much Gran's style, had applied for a room in her house a week or so before, and now he moved in delightedly, as if he were coming home.

Finally, the police demanded that Caesar be muzzled and they warned that if he committed any major crime again—they cited the case of the Olson man—he would be shot on sight. Mrs. Placer, although she had no respect for the law, knowing as much as she did about its agents, obeyed. She obeyed, that is, in part; she put the muzzle on Caesar for a few hours a day, usually early in the morning when the traffic was light and before the deliveries had started, but the rest of the time his powerful jaws and dazzling white sabre teeth were free and snapping. There was between these two such preternatural rapport, such an impressive conjugation of suspicion, that he, sensing the approach of a policeman, could convey instantly to her the immediate necessity of clapping his nose

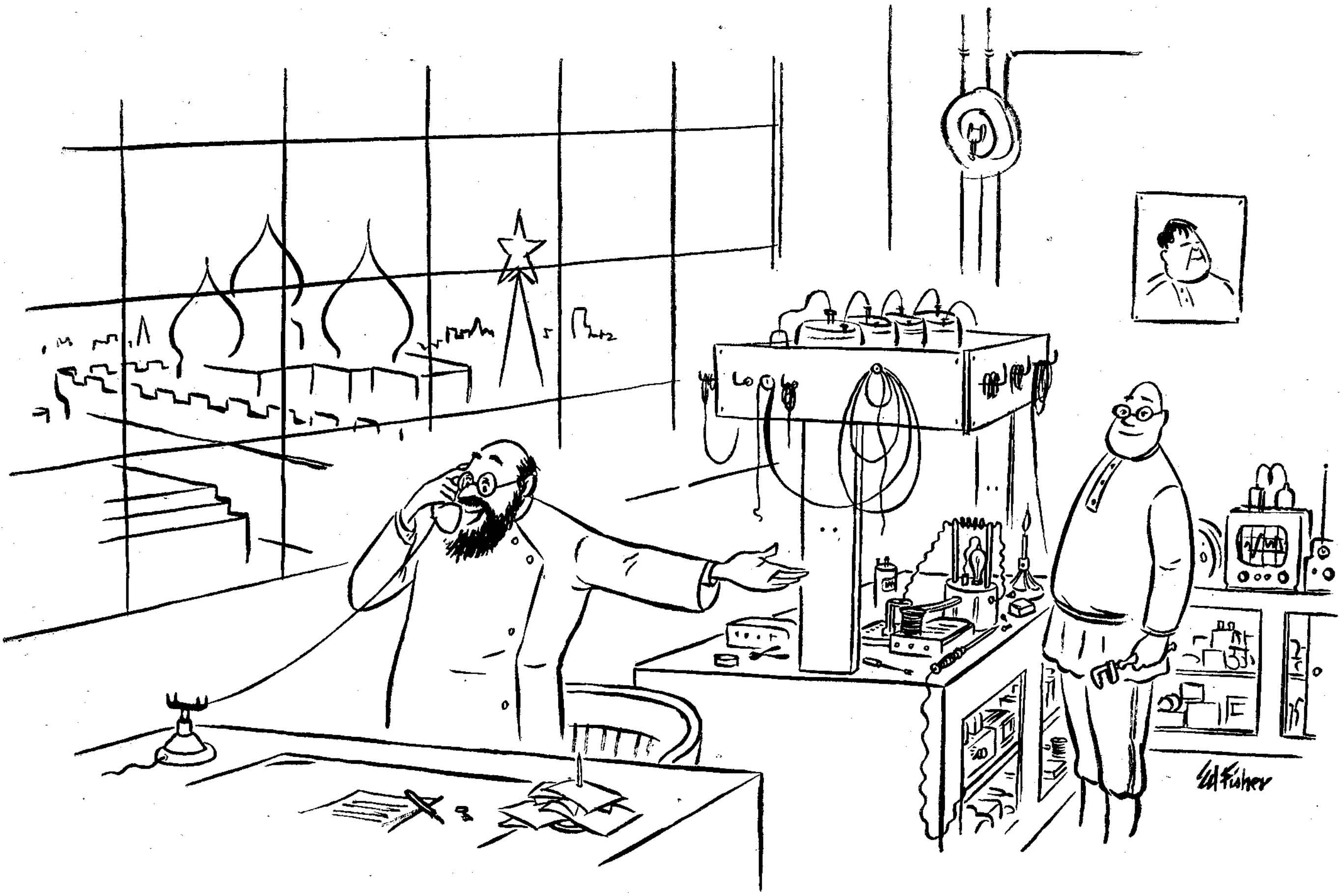
IF I HAD THE WINGS OF A HELIOCOPTER

OR, HALL'S MILLS THAT ENDS MILLS

Some people bet against Native Dancer,
And other people ask questions and don't wait to listen to the answer.
To treat them with patience requires special training;
They ask you if it's raining and you say yes and they go out without an umbrella and get wet and say why didn't you tell them it was raining.
They ask you if you had any interesting experiences when you were lost on Mount Everest
And before you can say "abominable snowman" they tell you that maybe Jackie Gleason is the funniest but Milton Berle is the cleverest.
Eyes have they and see not, and ears and hear not,
And inaccuracy they fear not.
I guess whoever taught them to read
Didn't quite succeed.
I can control my chills
When in discussing murder cases they refer to the Halls-Mills,
But in my heart there is no charity
When they speak of the struggle between Holmes and Professor Moriarity.
Children dear, let us away from such fuzzy-mindedness, as Dorothy Arnold wrote in "The Forsaken Merman,"
Let us away to the graduation ceremonies at Duke University and listen to the tobaccalaureate sermon.

—Odgen Nash

• •



"Hello, Boris? Listen. Comrade Zherkov has invented something. . . . No, no, I mean really *invented something!"*

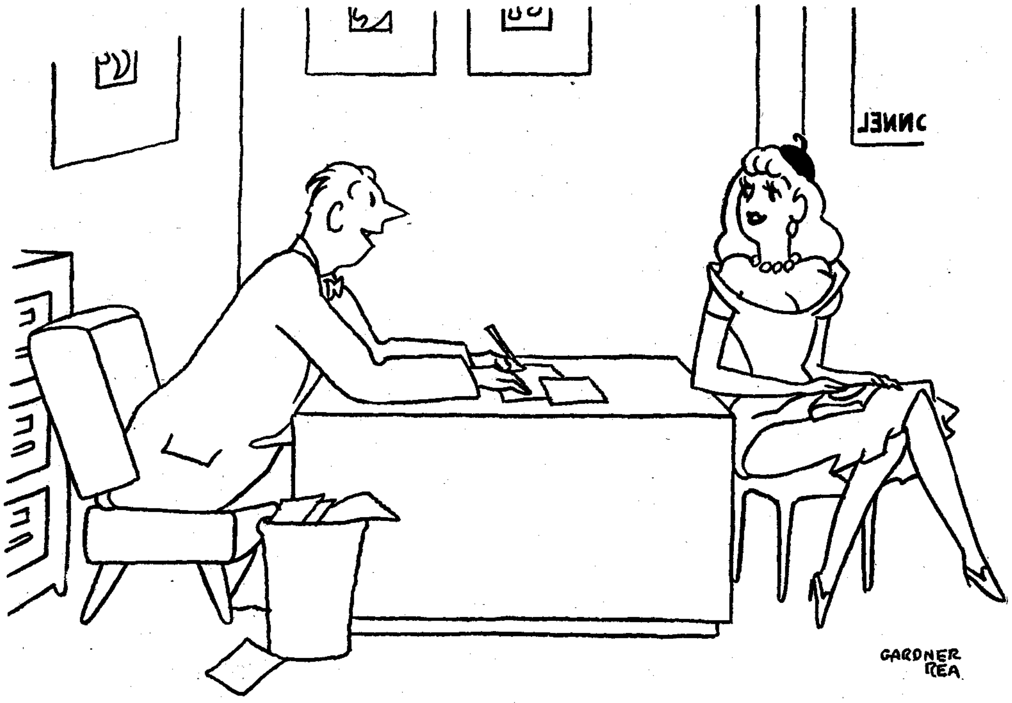
• •

cage on. And the policeman, sent out on the complaint of a terrorized neighbor, would be greeted by this law-abiding pair at the door.

Daisy and I wished we were dead. We were divided between hating Caesar and loving Laddy, and we could not give up the hope that something, someday, would change him back into the loving animal he had been before he was appointed vice-president of the Placerites. Now at the meetings after supper on the porch he took an active part, standing rigidly at Gran's side except when she sent him on an errand. He carried out these assignments not with the air of a servant but with that of an accomplice. "Get me the paper, Caesar," she would say to him, and he, dismayingly intelligent and a shade smart-alecky, would open the screen door by himself and in a minute come back with the *Bulletin*, from which Mrs. Placer would then read an item, like the Gospel of the day, and then read between the lines of it, scandalized.

IN the deepening of our woe and our bereavement and humiliation, we mutely appealed to Mr. Murphy. We did not speak outright to him, for Mr. Murphy lived in a state of indirection, and often when he used the pronoun "I," he seemed to be speaking of someone standing a little to the left of him, but we went to see him and his animals each day during the sad summer, taking what comfort we could from the cozy, quiet indolence of his back yard, where small black eyes encountered ours politely and everyone was half asleep. When Mr. Murphy inquired about Laddy in his bland, inattentive way, looking for a stratagem whereby to shift the queen of hearts into position by the king, we would say, "Oh, he's fine," or "Laddy is a nifty dog." And Mr. Murphy, reverently slaking the thirst that was his talent and his concubine, would murmur, "I'm glad."

We wanted to tell him, we wanted his help, or at least his sympathy, but how could we cloud his sunny world? It was awful to see Mr. Murphy ruffled. Up in the calm clouds as he generally was, he could occasionally be brought to earth with a thud, as we had seen and heard one day. Not far from his house, there lived a bad, troublemaking boy of twelve, who was forever hanging over the fence trying to teach the parrot obscene words. He got nowhere, for she spoke no English and she would flabbergast him with her cold eye and sneer, "*Tant pis*." One day, this boorish fellow went too far; he suddenly shot his head over the fence like a jack-in-the-box and aimed a water pistol at the skunk's face. Mr. Murphy leaped to his feet in a scarlet rage; he picked up a stone and threw it accurately, hitting the boy square in the back, so hard that he fell right down in a mud puddle and lay there kicking and squalling and, as it turned out, quite badly hurt. "If you ever come back here again, I'll kill you!" roared Mr. Murphy. I think he meant it, for I have seldom seen an anger so resolute, so brilliant, and so voluble. "How dared he!" he cried, scrambling into Mallow's cage to hug and pet and soothe her. "He must be absolutely mad! He must be the Devil!" He did not go back to his game after that but paced the yard, swearing a blue streak and only pausing to croon to his animals, now as frightened by him as they had been by the intruder, and to drink straight from the bottle, not bothering with fixings. We were fascinated by this unfamiliar side of Mr. Murphy, but we did not want to see it ever again, for his face had grown so dangerously purple and the veins of his forehead seemed ready to burst and his



"I'm sorry, Miss Benson, but we have no vacancies at present. Can you give me till tomorrow morning?"

• •

eyes looked scorched. He was the closest thing to a maniac we had ever seen. So we did not tell him about Laddy; what he did not know would not hurt him, although it was hurting us, throbbing in us like a great, bleating wound.

But eventually Mr. Murphy heard about our dog's conversion, one night at the pool hall, which he visited from time to time when he was seized with a rare but compelling garrulity, and the next afternoon when he asked us how Laddy was and we replied that he was fine, he tranquilly told us, as he deliberated whether to move the jack of clubs now or to bide his time, that we were sweet girls but we were lying in our teeth. He did not seem at all angry but only interested, and all the while he questioned us, he went on about his business with the gin and the hearts and spades and diamonds and clubs. It rarely happened that he won the particular game he was playing, but that day he did, and when he saw all the cards laid out in their ideal pattern, he leaned back, looking disappointed, and he said, "I'm damned." He then scooped up the cards, in a gesture unusually quick and tidy for him, stacked them together, and bound them with a rubber band. Then he began to tell us what he thought of Gran. He grew as loud and apoplectic as he had been that other time, and though he kept repeating that he knew *we* were innocent and he put not a shred of the blame on us, we were afraid he might suddenly change his mind, and, speechless, we cowered against the monkeys' cage. In dread, the monkeys clutched the fingers we offered to them and made soft, protesting noises, as if to say, "Oh, stop it, Murphy! Our nerves!"

As quickly as it had started, the tantrum ended. Mr. Murphy paled to his normal complexion and said calmly that the only practical thing was to go and have it out with Mrs. Placer. "At once," he added, although he said he bitterly feared that it was too late and there would be no exorcising the fiend from Laddy's misused spirit. And because he had given the dog to us and not to her, he required that we go along with him, stick up for our rights, stand on our mettle, get up our Irish, and give the old bitch something to put in her pipe and smoke.

OH, it was hot that day! We walked in a kind of delirium through the simmer, where only the grasshoppers had the energy to move, and I remember wondering if ether smelled like the gin on Mr. Murphy's breath. Daisy and I, in one way or another, were going to have our gizzards cut out along with our hearts and our souls and our pride, and I wished I were as drunk as Mr. Murphy, who swam effortlessly through the heat, his lips parted comfortably, his eyes half closed. When we turned in to the path at Gran's house, my blood began to scald my veins. It was so futile and so dangerous and so absurd. Here we were on a high moral mission, two draggletailed, gumptionless little girls and a toper whom no one could take seriously, partly because he was little more than a gurgling bottle of booze and partly because of the clothes he wore. He was a sight, as he always was when he was out of his own yard. There, somehow, in the carefree disorder, his clothes did not look especially strange, but on the streets of the town, in the barbershop or the post office or on Gran's path, they were fantastic. He wore a pair of hound's-tooth pants, old but maintaining a vehement pattern, and with them he wore a collarless blue flannelette shirt. His hat was the silliest of all, because it was a derby three sizes too big. And as if Shannon, too, was a part of his funny-paper costume, the elder capuchin rode on his shoulder, tightly embracing his thin red neck.

Gran and Caesar were standing side by side behind the screen door, looking as if they had been expecting us all along. For a moment, Gran and Mr. Murphy faced each other across the length of weedy brick between the gate and the front porch, and no one spoke. Gran took no notice at all of Daisy and me. She adjusted her eyeglasses, using both hands, and then looked down at Caesar and matter-of-factly asked, "Do you want out?"

Caesar flung himself full-length upon the screen and it sprang open like a jaw. I ran to meet and head him off, and Daisy threw a library book at his head, but he was on Mr. Murphy in one split second and had his monkey off his shoulder and had broken Shannon's neck in two shakes. He would have gone on nuzzling and mauling and growling over the corpse for hours if Gran had not marched out of the house and down the path and slapped him lightly on the flank and said, in a voice that could not have deceived an idiot, "Why, Caesar, you scamp! You've hurt Mr. Murphy's monkey! Aren't you ashamed!"

Hurt the monkey! In one final, apologetic shudder, the life was extinguished from the little fellow. Bloody and covered with slather, Shannon lay with his arms supplianty stretched over his head, his leather fingers curled into loose, helpless fists. His hind legs and his tail lay limp and helter-skelter on the path. And Mr. Murphy, all of a sudden reeling drunk, burst into the kind of tears that Daisy and I knew well—the kind that time alone could stop. We stood aghast in the dark-red sunset, killed by our horror and our grief for Shannon and our unforgivable disgrace. We stood upright in a dead faint, and an eon passed before Mr. Murphy picked up Shannon's body and wove away, sobbing, "I don't believe it! I don't *believe* it!"

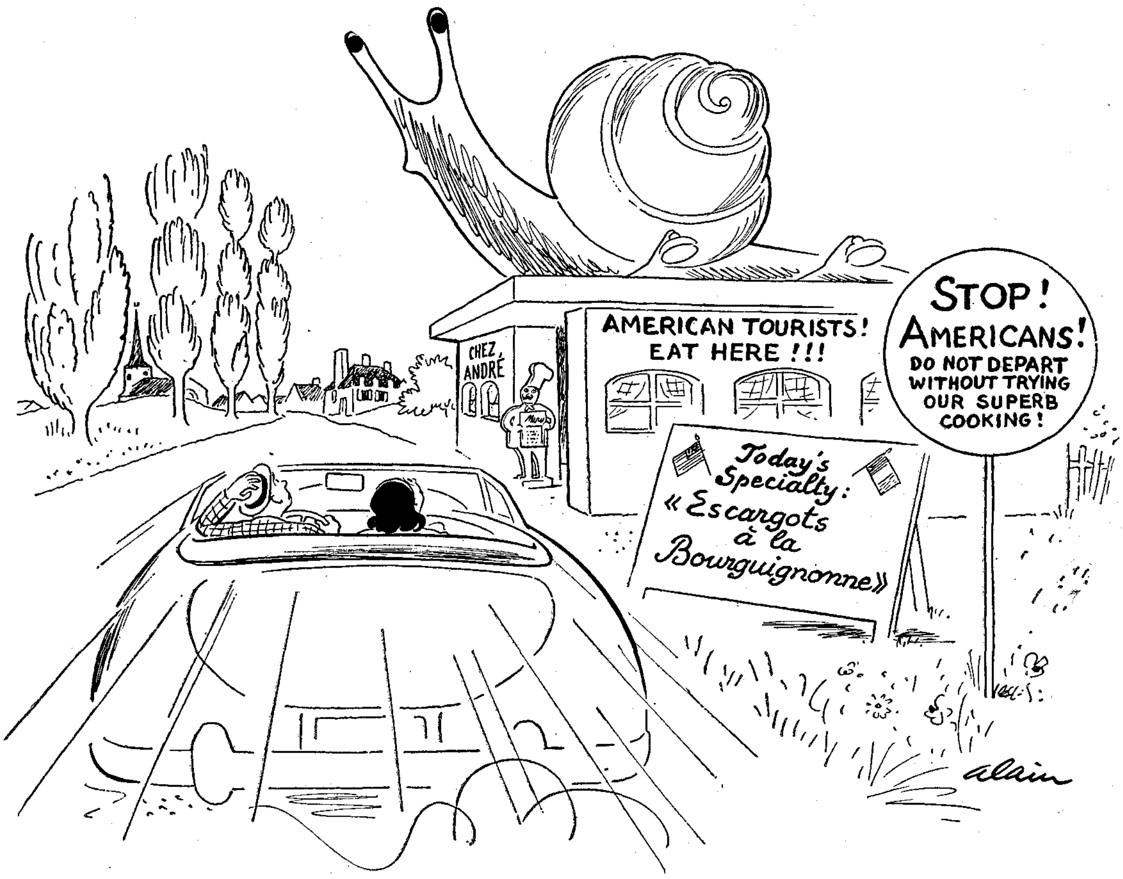
The very next day, again at morbid, heavy sunset, Caesar died in violent convulsions, knocking down two tall hollyhocks in his throes. Long after his heart had stopped, his right hind leg continued to jerk in aimless reflex. Madly methodical, Mr. Murphy had poisoned some meat for him, had thoroughly envenomed a whole pound of hamburger, and early in the morning, before sunup, when he must have been near collapse with his hangover, he had stolen up to Mrs. Placer's house and put it by the kitchen door. He was so stealthy that Caesar never stirred in his fool's paradise there on the floor by Gran. We knew these to be the facts, for Mr. Murphy made no bones about them. Afterward, he had gone home and said a solemn Requiem for Shannon in so loud a voice that someone sent for the police, and they took him away in the Black Maria to sober him up on strong green tea. By the time he was in the lockup and had confessed what he had done, it was far too late, for Caesar had already gulped down the meat. He suffered an undreamed-of agony in Gran's flower garden, and Daisy and I, unable to bear the sight of it, hiked up to the red rocks and shook there, wretchedly ripping to shreds the sand lilies that grew in the cracks. Flight was the only thing we could think of, but where could we go? We stared west at the mountains and quailed at the look of the stern white glacier; we wildly scanned the prairies for escape. "If only we were something besides kids! Besides girls!" mourned Daisy. I could not speak at all; I huddled in a niche of the rocks and cried.

No one in town, except, of course, her lodgers, had the slightest sympathy for Gran. The townsfolk allowed that Mr. Murphy was a drunk and was fighting Irish, but he had a heart and this was something that could never be said of Mrs. Placer. The neighbor who had called the police when he was chanting the "Dies Irae" before breakfast in that deafening monotone had said, "The poor guy is having some kind of a spell, so don't be rough on him, hear?" Mr. Murphy became, in fact, a kind of hero; some people, stretching a point, said he was a saint for the way that every day and twice on Sunday he sang a memorial Mass over Shannon's grave, now marked with a chipped, cheap plaster figure of Saint Francis. He withdrew from the world more and more, seldom venturing into the streets at all, except when he went to the bootlegger to get a new bottle to snuggle into. All summer, all fall, we saw him as we passed by his yard, sitting at his dilapidated table, enfeebled with gin, graying, withering, turning his head ever and ever more slowly as he maneuvered the protocol of the kings and the queens and the knaves. Daisy and I could never stop to visit him again.

IT went on like this, year after year. Daisy and I lived in a mesh of lies and evasions, baffled and mean, like rats in a maze. When we were old enough for beaux, we connived like sluts to see them, but we would never admit to their existence until Gran caught us out by some trick. Like this one, for example: Once, at the end of a long interrogation, she said to me, "I'm more relieved than I can tell you that you *don't* have anything to do with Jimmy Gilmore, because I happen to know that he is after only one thing in a girl," and then, off guard in the loving memory of sitting in the movies the night before with Jimmy, not even holding hands, I defended him and defeated myself, and Gran, smiling with success, said, "I *thought* you knew him. It's a pretty safe rule of thumb that where there's smoke there's fire." That finished Jimmy and me, for afterward I was nervous with him and I confounded and alarmed and finally bored him by trying to convince him, although the subject had not come up, that I did not doubt his good intentions.

Daisy and I would come home from school, or, later, from our jobs, with a small triumph or an interesting piece of news, and if we forgot ourselves and, in our exuberance, told Gran, we were hustled into court at once for cross-examination. Once, I remember, while I was still in high school, I told her about getting a part in a play. How very nice for me, she said, if that kind of make-believe seemed to me worth while. But what was my role? An old woman! A widow woman believed to be a witch? She did not care a red cent, but she did have to laugh in view of the fact that Miss Eccles, in charge of dramatics, had almost run her down in her car. And I would forgive her, would I not, if she did not come to see the play, and would not think her eccentric for not wanting to see herself ridiculed in public?

My pleasure strangled, I crawled, joy-killed, to our third-floor room. The


CHEZ ANDRÉ
AMERICAN TOURISTS! EAT HERE !!!
STOP! AMERICANS! DO NOT DEPART WITHOUT TRYING OUR SUPERB COOKING!
Today's Specialty: «Escargots à la Bourguignonne»
alain

room was small and its monstrous furniture was too big and the rag rugs were repulsive, but it was bright. We would not hang a blind at the window, and on this day I stood there staring into the mountains that burned with the sun. I feared the mountains, but at times like this their massiveness consoled me; they, at least, could not be gossiped about.

WHY did we stay until we were grown? Daisy and I ask ourselves this question as we sit here on the bench in the municipal zoo, reminded of Mr. Murphy by the polar bear, reminded by the monkeys not of Shannon but of Mrs. Placer's insatiable gossips at their postprandial feast.

"But how could we have left?" says Daisy, wringing her buttery hands. "It was the depression. We had no money. We had nowhere to go."

"All the same, we could have gone," I say, resentful still of the waste of all those years. "We could have come here and got jobs as waitresses. Or prostitutes, for that matter."

"I wouldn't have wanted to be a prostitute," says Daisy.

We agree that under the circumstances it would have been impossible for us to run away. The physical act would have been simple, for the city was not far and we could have stolen the bus fare or hitched a ride. Later, when we began to work as salesgirls in Kress's, it would have been no trick at all to vanish one Saturday afternoon with our week's pay, without so much as going home to say goodbye. But it had been infinitely harder than that, for Gran, as we now see, held us trapped by our sense of guilt. We were vitiated, and we had no choice but to wait, flaccidly, for her to die.

You may be sure we did not unlearn those years as soon as we put her out of sight in the cemetery and sold her house for a song to the first boob who would buy it. Nor did we forget when we left the town for another one, where we had jobs at a dude camp—the town where Daisy now lives with a happy husband and two happy sons. The succubus did not relent for years, and I can still remember, in the beginning of our days at the Lazy S 3, overhearing an edgy millionaire say to his wife, naming my name, "That girl gives me the cold shivers. One would think she had just seen a murder." Well, I had. For years, whenever I woke in the night in fear or pain or loneliness, I would increase my suffering by the memory of Shannon, and my tears were as bitter as poor Mr. Murphy's.

We have never been back to Adams. But we see that house plainly, with the hopvines straggling over the porch. The windows are hung with the cheapest grade of marquisette, dipped into coffee to impart to it an unwilling color, neither white nor tan but individual and spitefully unattractive. We see the wicker rockers and the swing, and through the screen door we dimly make out the slightly veering corridor, along one wall of which stands a glass-doored bookcase; when we were children, it had contained not books but stale old cardboard boxes filled with such things as W.C.T.U. tracts and anti-cigarette literature and newspaper clippings related to sexual sin in the Christianized islands of the Pacific.

Even if we were able to close our minds' eyes to the past, Mr. Murphy would still be before us in the apotheosis of the polar bear. My pain becomes intolerable, and I am relieved when Daisy rescues us. "We've got to go," she says in a sudden panic. "I've got asthma coming on." We rush to the nearest exit of the city park and hail a cab, and, once inside it, Daisy gives herself an injection of adrenalin and then leans back. We are heartbroken and infuriated, and we cannot speak.

Two hours later, beside my train, we clutch each other as if we were drowning. We ought to go out to the nearest policeman and say, "We are not responsible women. You will have to take care of us because we cannot take care of ourselves." But gradually the storm begins to lull.

"You're sure you've got your ticket?" says Daisy. "You'll surely be able to get a roomette once you're on."

"I don't know about that," I say. "If there are any V.I.P.s on board, I won't have a chance. 'Spinsters and Orphans Last' is the motto of this line."

Daisy smiles. "I didn't care," she says, "but I had to laugh when I saw that woman nab the redcap you had signalled to. I had a good notion to give her a piece of my mind."

"It will be a miracle if I ever see my bags again," I say, mounting the steps of the train. "Do you suppose that blackguardly porter knows about the twenty-dollar gold piece in my little suitcase?"

"Anything's possible!" cries Daisy, and begins to laugh. She is so pretty, standing there in her bright-red linen suit and her black velvet hat. A solitary ray of sunshine comes through a broken pane in the domed vault of the train shed and lies on her shoulder like a silver arrow.

"So long, Daisy!" I call as the train begins to move.

She walks quickly along beside the train. "Watch out for pickpockets!" she calls.

"You, too!" My voice is thin and lost in the increasing noise of the speeding train wheels. "Goodbye, old dear!"

I go at once to the club car and I appropriate the writing table, to the vexation of a harried priest, who snatches up the telegraph pad and gives me a sharp look. I write Daisy approximately the same letter I always write her under this particular set of circumstances, the burden of which is that nothing for either of us can ever be as bad as the past before Gran mercifully died. In a postscript I add: "There is a Roman Catholic priest (that is to say, he is *dressed* like one) sitting behind me although all the chairs on the opposite side of the car are empty. I can only conclude that he is looking over my shoulder, and while I do not want to cause you any alarm, I think you would be advised to be on the lookout for any appearance of miraculous medals, scapulars, papist booklets, etc., in the shops of your town. It really makes me laugh to see the way he is pretending that all he wants is for me to finish this letter so that he can have the table."

I sign my name and address the envelope, and I give up my place to the priest, who smiles nicely at me, and then I move across the car to watch the fields as they slip by. They are alfalfa fields, but you can bet your bottom dollar that they are chockablock with marijuana.

I begin to laugh. The fit is silent but it is devastating; it surges and rattles in my rib cage, and I turn my face to the window to avoid the narrow gaze of the Filipino bar boy. I must think of something sad to stop this unholy giggle, and I think of the polar bear. But even his bleak tragedy does not sober me. Wildly I fling open the newspaper I have brought and I pretend to be reading something screamingly funny. The words I see are in a Hollywood gossip column: "How a well-known starlet can get a divorce in Nevada without her crooner husband's consent, nobody knows. It won't be worth a plugged nickel here."

—JEAN STAFFORD

•

Police took Miss Goss to John Gaston Hospital where she was treated for shock, lacerations and reckless driving.—*Memphis Press-Scimitar.*

With one of those new drugs?

DOES NEWARK HAVE TO BE WHERE IT IS?

I AM not, I hope, being unreasonable. As a matter of fact, I have always prided myself on my sense of justice, and if people think I am asking too much, I will let the whole matter drop, and try not to harbor any resentment.

But it will be difficult. Let me state the case as clearly as I can:

I have a farm in Bucks County, and to visit it I travel frequently between New York and Trenton, on the Pennsylvania Railroad. I like Bucks County, and when I depart for the farm, I am in a gay and emancipated mood, eager for a holiday and the wide countryside. On leaving Pennsylvania Station, I am first plunged into a tunnel under the river. This takes about five minutes to pass through, and in a tunnel, as you know, there is nothing to look at except the other passengers, most of whom are, at best, mild entertainment. But I am not asking that anything be done about the tunnel.

Presently, daylight shines through the windows again, and for a moment all is well. But immediately there is another setback, in the form of an enormous burial ground for decayed automobiles. This, like the passengers, is not much fun to look at, but at least it passes with reasonable speed.

I have now, it seems to me, earned a little fun. And, sure enough, away we go into New Jersey. Sing ho! for the open road and that sort of thing. America's heritage—what? So there I am, happy, carefree, emotionally adjusted, all set to be wafted through the bright, wonderful countryside—and what happens?

Newark, that's what happens. Psychologically, to say nothing of industrially, it is all wrong. I have just left New York and a big, massive station; surely I am entitled to go spinning along in the open air for a while. But almost immediately I get another big station, sunshine shut out again, and another city. Not quite so big a station and not nearly so big a city, I'll admit, but in a way that only makes it worse. Newark is not only frustrating, it is anticlimactic.

I AM not exactly blaming Newark for being there; I know that years ago the city's founders didn't say, "Now, let's put Newark where it will annoy the hell out of Kaufman." I just say it's all wrong for it to be there, and I would like to have it moved.

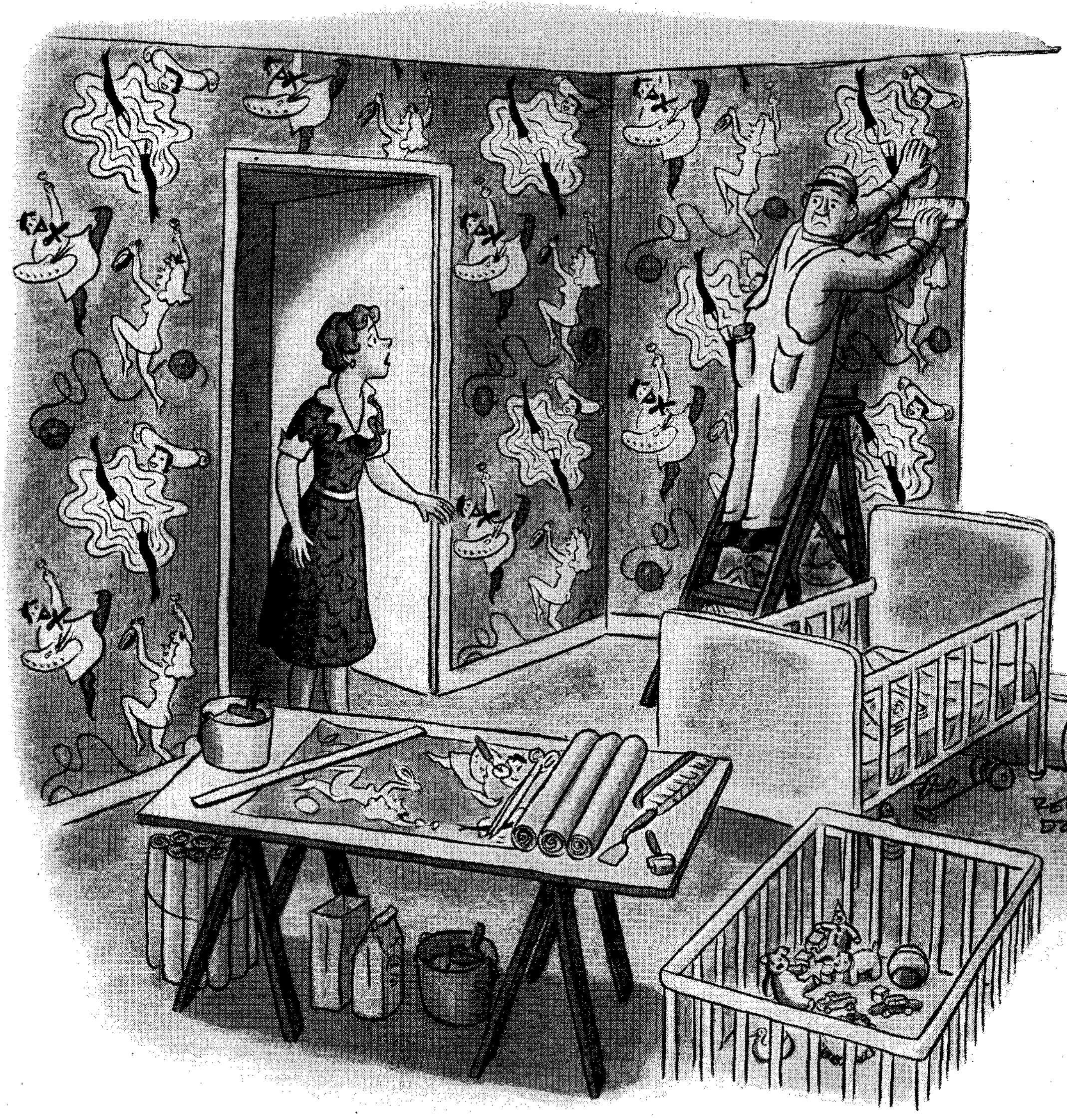
Now, is that so terrible? I am not asking to have a big, sprawly city like Los Angeles moved—though, come to think of it, it would solve a lot of problems if it could be pushed about twenty miles farther west. But I am not asking that. Neither am I asking that Denver or Milwaukee or Omaha be put anywhere else. Only Newark.

And only because I make the trip so frequently. Oddly enough, often as I make it, I never can remember Newark in advance. Out of the tunnel I shoot, gay as hell, zoom past those dead automobiles, nothing on my mind—and there it is again: Newark. Every time, mind you, and I've been making the trip for years. Coming back, it's even worse. We're bowling along, I'm all set for New York (I'll get out quickly, grab a taxi ahead of the crowd; mentally I'm halfway up Park Avenue already), then: Newark. It puts me in a bad humor for hours, and it just isn't worth it.

There must be states out West that would be glad to have a city like Newark. New Mexico, for example. I've travelled across that state all day and would have been pleased and happy to run into Newark at such a time. And wouldn't it be better for Newark, too—to be out where it would be liked, instead of being unpopular where it is? Newark, New Mexico. Sounds right, somehow.

Am I being unfair about this? Selfish? If so, let me know, because that is the last thing in the world I want.

—George S. Kaufman

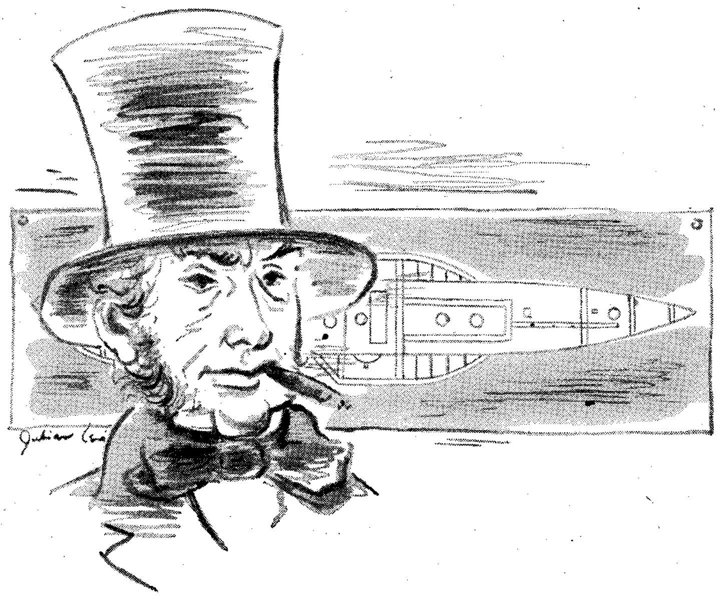


"Oh, goodness! That's for the game room!"

PROFILES

THE GREAT IRON SHIP

I—ISAMBARD KINGDOM BRUNEL



A HUNDRED years ago, in the iron age, the world watched a wonder grow on the Isle of Dogs, on the River Thames, in London. It was a steamship five times the size of the biggest vessel afloat then, in the morning of steamers. The colossal hulk was the Great Eastern, the forerunner of today's ocean liners. Plans called for her to carry four thousand passengers—almost twice as many as the Queen Mary, which was launched three-quarters of a century later. The Great Eastern was six hundred and ninety-three feet long; the Queen Mary is a thousand and twenty. The Great Eastern was a hundred and twenty feet wide—too wide to have gone through the Panama Canal, had it then been built. The weight of the Great Eastern when fully laden would approximate the combined weight of the ninety English ships that fought the Spanish Armada. She was a vessel of 18,915 gross tons, a tonnage that was not surpassed until nearly half a century after her launching. She was bigger than the vast Rhine timber rafts of the Dark Ages—bigger even, it was pointed out at the time, than Noah's Ark, whose dimensions somebody remembered that Sir Isaac Newton had calculated. Taking the Biblical cubit to represent twenty and a half inches, he had declared that the Ark was five hundred and fifteen feet long and eighty-six feet wide, with a gross tonnage of 18,231.

Poets and engineers, kings and their peoples stood in common awe of the iron grandeur of the ship as she rose on the muddy strand of the Thames. Two thousand workers scuttled like insects among her gigantic parts—a twenty-four-foot screw, for example, which reminded one writer of "the blade bones of some huge animal of the pre-Adamite world" and which is still the largest any ship has carried; thirty thousand iron hull plates "big enough to form shields for the gods," each plate being from half an inch to an inch thick and weighing, on an average, a third of a ton; and two fifty-six-foot paddle wheels—bigger around than the ring of a circus. In Massachusetts, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow mused on the monster: "Sublime in its enormous bulk,/Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk." She was proclaimed to be "The Wonder of the Seas," "The Floating City," "A Mighty Home on the Deep," and also the equivalent of five luxury hotels. Currier & Ives published three lithographs of the Great Eastern before she went to sea. A champion American gelding was named after her. The potteries of Staffordshire turned out Great Eastern dishes, and looking at stereoscopic photographs of the marvel was a common diversion of mid-Victorian parlors.

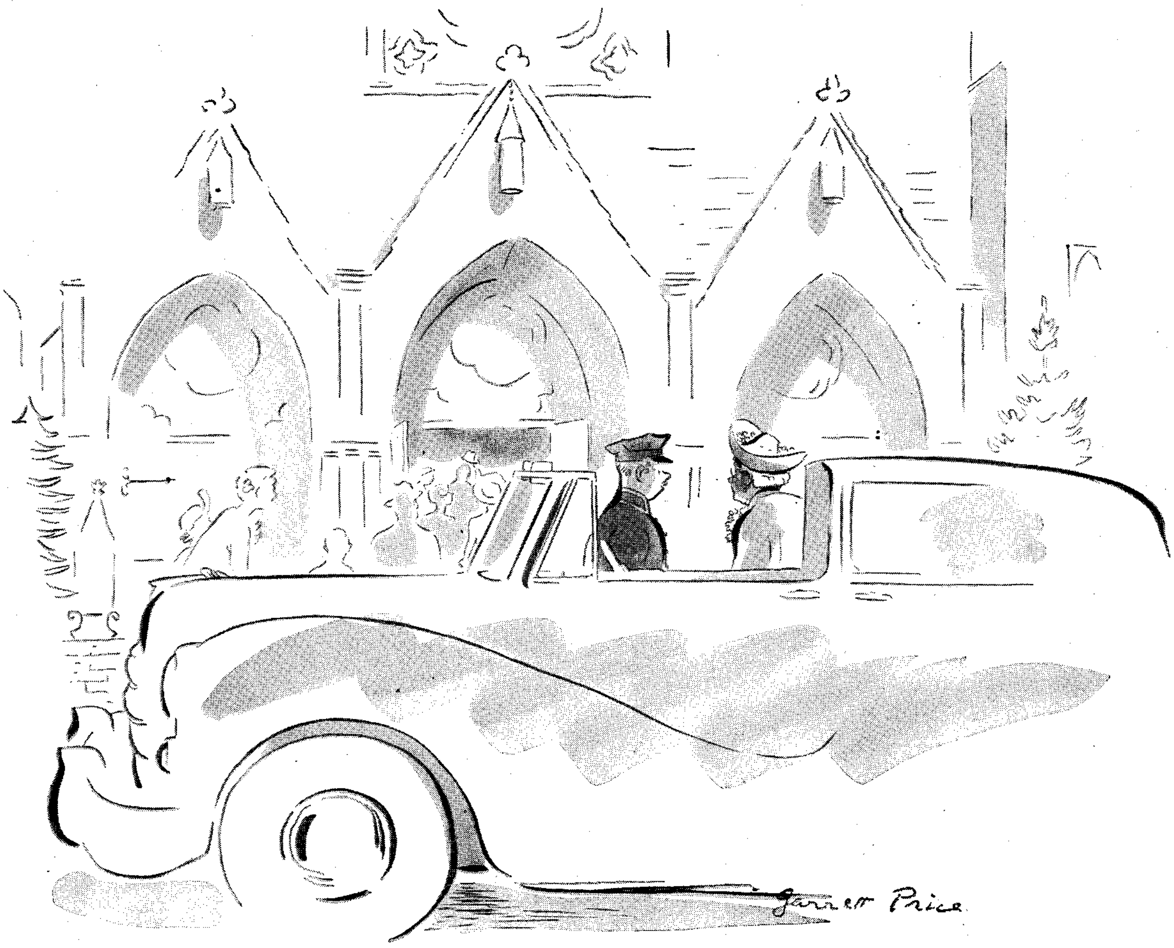
The Great Eastern had six masts and five funnels—more than a ship has ever carried before or since. She had ten boilers to provide steam for two sets of engines, which, together, had the then all but inconceivable strength of twelve thousand horses—"enough to drive the machinery of all the cotton mills in Manchester," according to a contemporary chronicle. One power plant turned the paddle wheels and the other drove the screw. Designed to steam almost far enough to circumnavigate the globe without refuelling, the Great Eastern could carry twelve thousand tons of coal—a supply that would transform her nether regions into an ocean-borne coal mine. Coal was to be bunkered around and over her boilers, and the crew would make their way fore and aft through a six-foot-high iron passageway entirely surrounded by coal. She carried sixty-five hundred square yards of sail—an impressive figure even then, at the height of the clipper-ship period. She had twenty lifeboats, and there was talk of hanging a pair of hundred-foot satellite steamers from her sides. Passengers privileged to voyage upon her were to enjoy gas illumination, and it was announced that there would be an electric light on the mainmast—"bathing the ship in perpetual moonlight," as one account put it—and air ducts ventilating the inner cabins, each of which was to be three times the size of the finest stateroom theretofore known. The great ship, it was said, would also offer ocean travellers the final boon: There would be no seasickness aboard her. She was longer than the trough of the largest storm wave measured by Sir William Scoresby, the oceanographer, and would ride so smoothly that regiments of raw recruits could be drilled on deck while on their way to war.

The first ship to be built without ribs, the Great Eastern was, instead, a daring fabric of plates, raised like a house of cards above her flat bottom. She had two hulls, one inside the other, two feet ten inches apart and heavily braced. Inside the inner hull were longitudinal and transverse watertight bulkheads, forming twelve compartments and making her as nearly unsinkable as engineering genius could. Some prominent engineers, however, predicted that when waves lifted her bow and stern, she would sag and crack in the middle, or that when a great wave lifted her amidships, her great frame would snap like a twig over a stone. The ship required three million rivets, each an inch thick, hand-driven by two hundred rivet gangs in a thousand working days. A gang consisted of three men and three boys. Outside, two men hammered alternately at the white-hot tips of the rivets, which were held in place by a man inside, who worked by the light of a candle and was assisted by the three boys. One boy tended a forge, another passed the rivets, and the third stuck them in their holes. The inside squad toiled twelve hours a day, six days a week, in the cramped dark space between the hulls, battered by the hellish reverberation of four hundred hammers. By the time construction was completed, one riveter had fallen to his death outside the ship, one had died between the hulls, and a third had fallen on another man and killed him. A boy fell headfirst from some scaffolding and was impaled on an upright iron bar. He was killed on the spot.

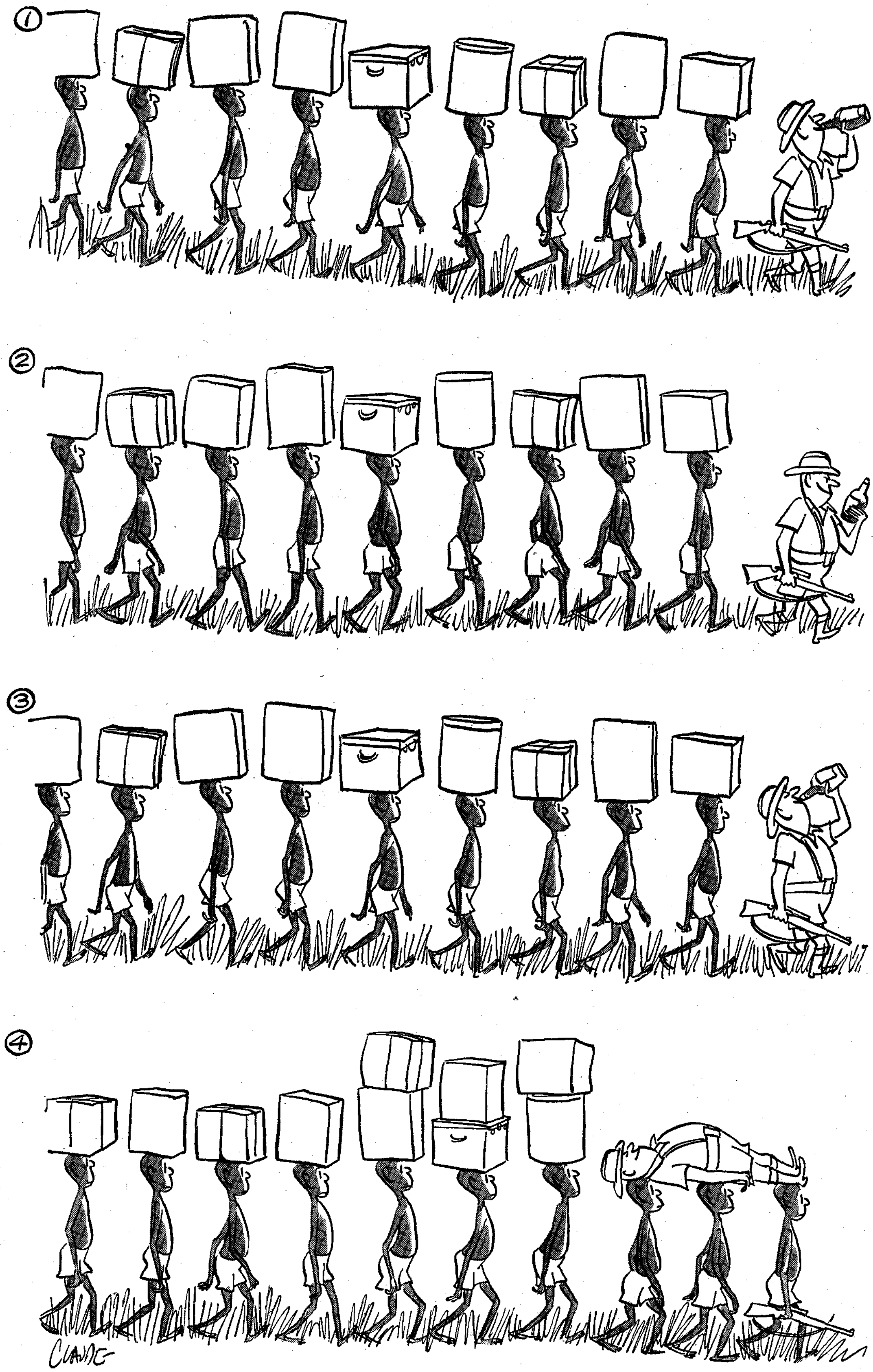
THE reason for the ship was grandly simple. Her designer, Isambard Kingdom Brunel, had declared, "Vessels much larger than [any] previously built could be navigated with great advantage from the mere effect of size." That was in 1851, the year of the Great Exhibition in London, which was sponsored by the Royal Society of Arts and enthusiastically backed by the British Association for the Advancement of Science. It was at the Great Exhibition that mechanical engineers took their place as leaders of human advancement. Brunel was the most farsighted and daring of them all, with prodigious achievements in the construction of bridges, railways, and steamers already to his credit. It was his idea to build a vessel big enough to carry her own coal on the twenty-two-thousand-mile round trip to Trincomalee, Ceylon. The merchant fleets of the Eastern Hemisphere would become her slaves as they shuttled goods and passengers to and from Trincomalee, enabling her to seize and monopolize the imperial trade with the Orient and Australia. Armed with figures showing that each year such a ship would earn forty per cent of the money put into her, Brunel persuaded a group of investors to back him. The investors were led by Henry Thomas Hope, son of the Thomas Hope who wrote "Anastasius," a novel which is said to have made Lord Byron weep because he had not written it. Only a short time before Brunel came forward with his idea, Henry Thomas Hope had organized the Eastern Steam Navigation Company, in the expectation of winning the lavish Royal Mail subsidies for the Orient. He lost the contract to the Peninsular & Oriental Co. and was thus particularly susceptible to Brunel's arguments. The Eastern Steam Navigation Company became the corporate body behind the huge ship. Three thousand investors put up six hundred thousand pounds (three million dollars), buying thirty thousand shares in the enterprise at twenty pounds a share. This was the most impressive financial backing a structural project had ever received up to then, and represented a substantial part of the venture capital available in England at the time.

A consortium—or, as it seemed later to the investors, a cabal—of renowned engineers was involved in the building of the ship. Brunel was in charge, with the title of resident engineer; the celebrated firm of James Watt & Co., makers of steam engines, was given the contract for the screw engine; Professor Charles Piazzi Smyth, the Astronomer Royal for Scotland, was asked to devise gyroscopic navigational instruments for the vessel; and the brilliant John Scott Russell was called upon to build the hull and the paddle engines at his iron foundry and shipyard, on the Isle of Dogs. It was an engineering venture that plunged far ahead of its time. A historian of steam navigation who later tried to explain it wrote, "The Great Eastern . . . may be regarded as a child of the Mechanical Section of the British Association." His mind was too tidy. The ship was a technological explosion.

Unlike many of her ancestors and descendants, the ship was not built in drydock; there was no drydock in existence large enough. She was built on the soft riverbank below West Ferry Road, at a point where the Thames reverses itself twice, forming an "S." The yard was located in one loop of the "S," in the Millwall quarter of the Isle of Dogs, which is not an island but part of London's dejected dockland, on the left bank of the Thames, just below Limehouse. For three years, from 1855 to 1858, her hulk—she stood fifty-eight feet high—dominated the huddle of riverside dwellings in that region and advertised itself to the world's shipping in the river. The Thames is hardly



"Thank you, Madam, but I think I'd better stay out here and watch the car, and see if I can't get a good sermon on the radio."



more than a thousand feet wide at Millwall, too narrow for a nearly seven-hundred-foot ship to slide into in the conventional fashion, so the Great Eastern was built parallel to the course of the river, with the idea of launching her sidewise—a revolutionary scheme for getting an ocean-going vessel into the water, and one that drew many warnings of failure.

The builders' demands were expanding the northern iron mills like a huge war order, and construction of the ship had barely got under way when the price of iron plate increased. Faced with this disruption of their budget and threat to their investment, several of the directors of the Eastern Steam Navigation Company resigned, and the others became agitated and attacked Brunel and Scott Russell, as the two engineers who had the most to do with the work on the ship, for the extravagance of their plans. The directors were divided on the question of which of the pair was the more dangerously prodigal, and they jockeyed for newspaper space to praise one and defame the other. Their association unaffected by the controversy, Brunel and Scott Russell together set about recruiting more directors and raising more money. They were aided by a lively young director named Charles Geach. He contracted a fatal chill in the course of his selling exertions, and became the first victim of the great ship—an insatiable whale that ate men and gold.

After two years of construction, the reorganized company ran out of money, work was suspended, and Brunel was removed from his post as resident engineer. This proved to be merely a formality. He responded by again raising more money, and then, when work was resumed three months later, he continued to supervise it, although he received no pay and had no official connection with the Eastern Steam Navigation Company. The iron hull plates rose like a demon's ticktacktoe in the fogs of the river. In her long gestation, the ship seemed a vast building—a London landmark to rival St. Paul's. Shellbacks would go down the river past her and out to the ports of the world and would return to make sarcastic remarks upon finding her still there. They hated the iron Moloch, the big "smokebox"

SOAP 'N' WATER WASHING WITHOUT SOAP

The most basic beauty discovery since soap and water. Because now you can "wash" your complexion clean—but without harsh and irritating effects...without an after-feeling of tightness...without the danger of dryness. Your skin will *remain soft, smooth—youthfully moist.* Velvet Foam is completely non-alkaline...completely safe for even the most sensitive skin. 4½ months' supply in a convenient-to-use tube $1.50 (plus tax)

velvet foam

by Charles of the Ritz

that they feared would turn seafaring into foundry work.

IN September, 1857, as the last of the plates were being riveted into position, the public began to clamor for a launching date. The ship lay on two timber cradles resting on iron skids that led down to the water. The skids were supported by iron crossbars, which, in turn, were supported by a two-foot layer of concrete; beneath this, to keep the whole ponderous structure from sinking into the ground, were fourteen hundred timber piles that had been driven through thirty feet of mud to the gravel base of the Thames and its bank. (One fatal casualty was a visitor who, according to a contemporary report, "in prying about, was bending over the head of a pile, when the monkey came down, flattening his head.") Held in place only by cables, the ship stood three hundred and thirty feet from the high-water mark, on an incline of one foot in twelve. Brunel appealed to the directors for the equipment needed to get her into the water. Weighing twelve thousand tons, the hull of the Great Eastern was the heaviest object man had ever attempted to move, and Brunel wanted several large hydraulic rams to push her, steam tugs to haul her, and anchored barges as bases for pulley-blocks to help them, along with steam winches to control the speed with which she slid into the water, and miles of massive chain cable. The directors borrowed chains from the Admiralty and assembled a quantity of tugs and barges and winches but came up with only two small hydraulic rams. Although Brunel had misgivings about the rams, he went ahead, and announced that the ship would be launched at noon on November 3rd, when there would be a rising spring tide. On November 2nd, he ordered scrap-iron weights attached to the wooden cradles, so that they would sink and not foul the paddle wheels when the ship entered the water. He enjoined all the workmen who were to take part in the launching that "nothing is more essential than perfect silence. . . . Every endeavor should be made to prevent any sound being heard except the simple orders quietly and deliberately given by those few who will direct." Brunel was so obsessed by his undertaking that he apparently did not realize that the directors had issued thousands of tickets, that grandstands were being built on nearby buildings, that Thames watermen were booking hordes of passengers to watch from the river, and that the construction workers were planning to bring their families right into the shipyard.

In the middle of the night before the announced launching, N. A. Woods, of the *Times*, who had just made a name for himself with his Crimean War dispatches, set out from Printing House Square in a brougham bound for Millwall. He drove through a misty drizzle along streets thronged with cabs, country rigs, and people on foot, including beggars, tumblers, and "swell mobsmen," all pressing toward Millwall. Brass bands blared from lighted pubs. Before dawn, he climbed onto a platform from which the directors planned to view the launching, and found himself, as he reported, in the company of several ladies in crinolines, shell bonnets, and lemon-colored kid gloves; flanking him were two cool individuals who wore the unmistakable loud uniform of the Field Lane thieves' coterie. Everybody was there. In the gray light of dawn, Woods saw in the muddy yard below what he estimated was a crowd of ten thousand, including sensible girls with their skirts pinned up, even to the point of exposing wool-stockinged calves; painters in smeared jackets; stokers in fustian; and shipyard navvies in "buckish turnouts" of short pants and tight-laced boots. Children were scurrying everywhere. In the center of the tumult was Brunel, a small man who might have been mistaken for "a respectable carpenter's foreman," rushing around in an effort to herd the crowd away from the launching apparatus. The directors had provided four constables, who were conscientiously charging here and there and yelling at people but who seemed quite ignorant as to which areas were to be cleared. The Comte de Paris appeared on the scene with his suite, and then the Duc d'Aumale, with his. The deafening confusion abated slightly while the crowd goggled at some new arrivals—a resplendent figure in a sparkling robe of cloth of gold, followed by some men wearing turbans and printed cotton pants. These were the Siamese Ambassador and his attendants. As the hour of launching approached, Woods estimated the crowd at a hundred thousand people.

Brunel disappeared under the ship to supervise a crew of men who were slicking the skids with grease and black lead. Then he took his place on a rostrum high up on the landward side of the vessel and broke out red and white signal flags, with which to guide the launching. The directors chose this moment to climb up to him with a list of names proposed for the chris-

Big Chief, Little Chief

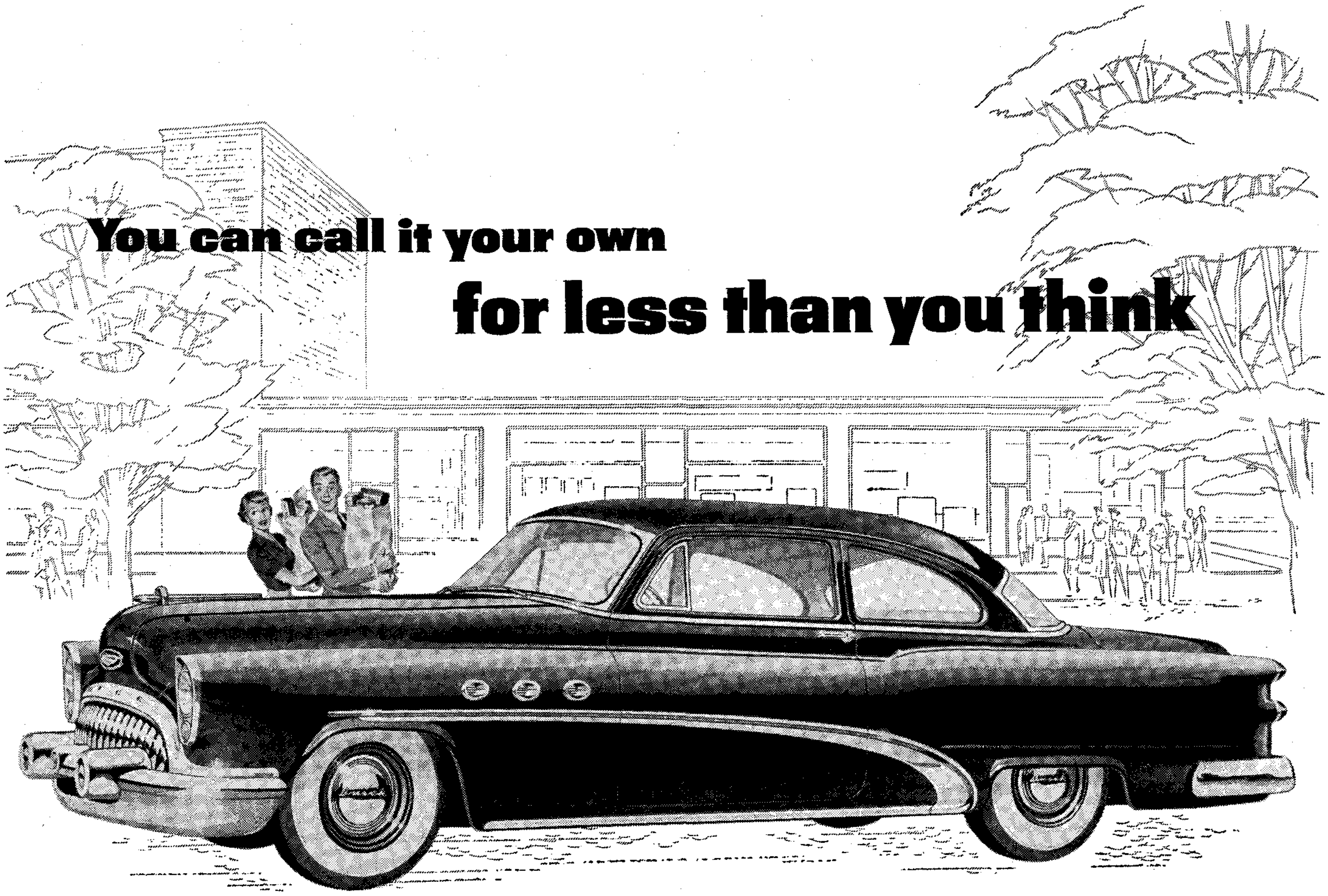
Some people think that the big businessmen, the big, big—top corporation presidents, board chairmen, directors and such—read little besides the stock ticker and crumpled little notes their wives put into their pockets, "Don't forget to pick up Aunt Hattie at the station."

This is not so. Studies show that no less than 69% of the executives of the fifteen largest railroads read Nation's Business; that slightly more than half of the bosses of those manufacturers with $1 billion or more of assets read Nation's Business; and that 34% of the executives of the country's top eighty-odd retail establishments are NB readers, too. We've got at least 634 other high class subscriber checks like these, in case anybody cares.

We'll name you one person who doesn't care. That's the editor. All he knows is that he gets out a book for 800,000 readers, and he's not the least bit nicer to a tycoon than he is to a guy who runs a necktie store. Nation's Business, *a magazine for businessmen,* Washington 6, D. C.

(*Advertisement*)

You can call it your own for less than you think



WHY just look and sigh—and pass up so much real automobile?

Why—when this big and beautiful new Buick SPECIAL delivers for a figure you'd pay for a "six"?

Could be you're one of those folks who still don't believe that the price of a Buick really *is* just a few dollars more than that of the so-called "low-priced" cars.

So we'll show you the price tag to prove it.

But beyond that—what you get in this great Buick, for so small a step-up in what you pay, is plenty.

More power. Fireball 8 power. The highest horsepower and compression ratio ever placed in a Buick SPECIAL.

More room. Real six-passenger room — even by man-size measurement.

More comfort. The solid comfort of Buick's Million Dollar Ride—with coil-spring cushioning on all *four* wheels, wide-tread stability, torque-tube steadiness.

More pleasure. The pleasure of high visibility, of luxurious fabrics and fittings, of superbly easy handling — and the deep satisfaction of bossing a big and able and stunningly styled automobile that does you button-popping proud wherever you go.

Why not drop in on us and see things for yourself?

That way you'll also learn about the long list of "extras" you get at no extra cost in this spirited new 1953 Buick SPECIAL—things that most other cars of similar price charge for as extras. Can you make it this week?

See The TV Football Game of the Week every Saturday,
starting September 19—a General Motors Key Event

When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

THE GREATEST BUICK IN 50 GREAT YEARS

SEE YOUR BUICK DEALER

R & H

Now thru Sat. Eve., Oct. 3rd
RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN'S
OKLAHOMA!
Based on the play "Green Grow the Lilacs" by LYNN RIGGS
Production Directed by
ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
POPULAR PRICES!
MATINEES: $1.20, 1.50, 1.80, 2.40
EVENINGS: $1.20, 1.80, 2.40, 3.00
Evenings, Mon. thru Sat., 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:30
Air-Cond. N. Y. CITY CENTER, 131 W. 55

RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN'S
New Musical Comedy
Me AND Juliet
with ISABEL BIGLEY BILL HAYES JOAN McCRACKEN
RAY WALSTON MARK DAWSON JACKIE KELK
Eves.: $7.20, 6.00, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80.
Air-Cond. MAJESTIC THEATRE, W. 44 St.

YUL BRYNNER
in
RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN'S
The King and I
A Musical Play
with CONSTANCE CARPENTER
TERRY SAUNDERS
Eves.: $7.20, 6.00, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80.
Air-Cond. ST. JAMES THEATRE, W. 44 St.

NEW POPULAR PRICES!
MARTHA WRIGHT GEORGE BRITTON
In The Pulitzer Prize Musical Play
South Pacific
with MYRON McCORMICK • WILLIAM TABBERT • MARTIN WOLFSON
and MUSA WILLIAMS
Sun. thru Fri. Eves. (No Mon. Perf.): $4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80. Sat. Eve.: $6.00, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80. Wed. Mats.: $2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Sat. Mats.: $3.00, 2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Tax incl.
Air-Cond. BROADWAY THEA., B'way & 53 St.

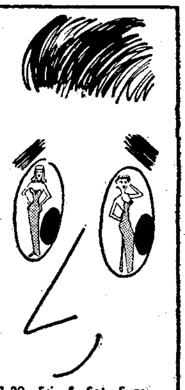
BEST MUSICAL—1953
DRAMA CRITICS' CIRCLE AWARD
Rosalind Russell
IN THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY HIT
"Wonderful Town"
air-cond WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th St., N.Y. 19
Evgs. $7.20 to 2.40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. $4.20 to 1.80

MOROSCO THEATRE, W.45 St. Mats.Wed & Sat.

tening. Chairman Hope's daughter was ready with the champagne, and needed a name to pronounce when she swung it. "You can call it Tom Thumb if you like," Brunel said. The directors selected Leviathan. Miss Hope christened her that, and a stupendous cheer echoed among the rainy middens of Millwall. No one called her Leviathan for long, though. Among the ships Brunel had already launched was the Great Western, and the public had long liked the bassoon note of the double adjective; the new vessel, being intended for the eastern trade, was known almost from the start as the Great Eastern.

Since no single voice could be heard above the tumult of the crowd, a clerk took his place at each cradle before a big blackboard, on which to record the ship's movements for Brunel. Then Brunel waved his white flag, indicating that the men should let go the bow and stern fastenings, and slack off chain on two drums that were to check the slide. The ship gave a shuddering rumble, and stood and groaned for ten minutes in a convulsion so majestic that the throng was hushed. The very ground beneath them quaked. Then the stern slid three inches. "She moves!" the crowd yelled. "She moves!" Brunel waved his red flag for the hydraulic rams to push. There was a scraping squeal, the earth shook, and the Great Eastern started to slide in earnest. Among the thousands who simply stood and sighed in awe were the members of a gang that was supposed to man a sixty-ton cable drum to check the stern. While they were gaping, the ship took up the slack in their chain and sent the windlass of the drum spinning in reverse. Its handle bars caught five of the men in the gang and threw them above the heads of the crowd. Spectators tried to flee in panic, workmen ran from the launching machines and joined them, and the crews of the river barges lost their heads and leaped into the river. Only Brunel and the foreman of the forward drum crew remained calm. After the ship had moved seven feet at the bow and three and a half feet at the stern, the foreman applied his brake, and, with a horrible complaint of iron, she stopped.

The five injured men of the bemused stern-drum gang were carried off, and two of them later died. Brunel couldn't find the frightened barge crews, but he still had the tugs at his disposal. He determined to make another attempt at two that afternoon. This time, the crowds kept a respectful distance from



"GAY and INVENTIVE."
—Gibbs, The New Yorker
"ORIGINAL and FUNNY."
—Atkinson, N. Y. Times
COURTNEY BURR and ELLIOTT NUGENT
present
TOM EWELL in
GEORGE AXELROD'S Comedy
"the seven year itch" with
VANESSA BROWN
Robert Emhardt • Neva Patterson • George Keane
Directed by JOHN GERSTAD
Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: $4.80 to 1.20. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $6 to 1.20. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $3.60 to 1.20. (Tax Incl.).
Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope
FULTON THEATRE, 210 West 46th Street, (Air-Cond.)

IT'S WORTH A TRIP to NEW YORK
to see "THE SMASH HIT MUSICAL."—WALTER WINCHELL

LELAND HAYWARD and JOSHUA LOGAN
present
WISH YOU WERE HERE
The Musical with the Swimming Pool
by ARTHUR KOBER and JOSHUA LOGAN
Music and Lyrics by
HAROLD ROME
Evgs. $7.20, 6., 4.80, 3.60, 3., 2.40. Wed. Mat. $4.20, 3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80. Sat. Mat.: $4.80, 3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80. (Tax Included.)
IMPERIAL THEA., 247 W. 45th St., N. Y. 36. EVGS. 8:30

"Good for your funnybone. Perfect for Joy-Scouts."—WALTER WINCHELL
GEORGE KONDOLF presents
MENASHA SKULNIK RICHARD WHORF
IN "THE 5th SEASON"
by SYLVIA REGAN Staged by GREGORY RATOFF
The Cool Cool CORT THEA., 48 St. E. of Bway
Tues. thru Sun. Evgs. (No Mons.) $4.80, $4.20, $3.60, $3.00, $2.40, $1.80., Mats. Sat. & Sun. $3.60, $3.00, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20 (Incl. Tax).

The Theatre Guild & Joshua Logan
present
PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
PICNIC
DRAMA CRITICS' AWARD
by WILLIAM INGE
RALPH MEEKER JANICE RULE
and PEGGY CONKLIN
Staged by JOSHUA LOGAN
Evgs. 8:30. Mon. thru Thurs.: $4.80, 1.80. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $6.-1.80. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30. $3.60,-1.20. Tax Incl.
AIR-COND. MUSIC BOX 239 W. 45 St., N. Y. 36

"Tingles with excitement"—Atkinson, Times
MAURICE EVANS in
DIAL M FOR MURDER
AIR COND.
PLYMOUTH THEA W. 45 St. Evgs 8:40 Mats Wed & Sat.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
GREGORY PECK and AUDREY HEPBURN
in WILLIAM WYLER'S production of
"ROMAN HOLIDAY"
A Paramount Picture
and SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION

the launching gear. A heavy rain began to fall. Brunel signalled for the tugs to take up the slack of the bow and stern tackle, and ordered the rams and the other shore machinery started. The ship groaned and grumbled but would not move. The bow windlass stripped its gears. Chains snapped and flailed links as thick as a man's arm at screaming, stampeding people. Brunel signalled the end of the day's effort. The crowd lingered on for a long time in the mud and downpour, under the broken wine bottle hanging from the bow.

Along toward evening, Brunel walked out of the yard to face an outburst of derision that was to last for days. People called his vessel the Leave-Her-High-and-Dry-athan. A man who signed his letter "Barnacle Minimus" wrote to the *Times* asking why the ship had not been treated the way his nurse had treated him as a boy when he would not take a bath. "She put me in a tub and poured the water over me," he explained. "Why don't clever men make big ships in big holes and let the water in when the ships are finished instead of trying to make the ships travel on railroads?"

DURING the wait for the next spring tide, a month off, Brunel borrowed two more rams and made a secret attempt, in a dense fog, to push the ship to a better stance. The wooden abutments of the rams cracked and the mooring chain of the bow tackle parted. The ship would not move. In the days that followed, he grappled the river bottom for broken chains, and installed heavier supports. He continued to wrestle the great ship, and on some days gained a foot or two, for a total of seventeen feet. At a coroner's inquest on the men killed by the whirling handle bars, he stated, "I may blame myself, for I did not anticipate that the handles would have revolved so rapidly."

Brunel induced the directors to keep the public from the yard for the next launching attempt, but Prince Frederick William of Prussia, the Duc de Joinville, and the Marquess of Stafford were on hand, along with a few other carefully selected guests. They went away disappointed. Some additional rams Brunel had arranged for failed to arrive, and he could move the ship only fourteen feet. The day was not without its catastrophe. A sightseers' gallery erected between two housetops near the shipyard collapsed, and a hundred people were flung to the ground. Cartloads of injured were hauled to

Truly Distinctive
It's the DOBBS
Sheffield

You will find the new Dobbs Sheffield being worn with an air of assurance by well-dressed men everywhere . . . Smartly detailed with narrower cut edge brim, more tapered crown and wider band, it is a truly distinctive town hat . . . Shown here in Club Tan, it is also available in other new fall shades . . . At finer stores $10. and $15.

Other Dobbs Hats to $40

DOBBS HATS, New York's Leading Hatter, Park Avenue at the Waldorf, N.Y. 22, N.Y.

Franklin Simon

in the velvet...Majestic's sleek little coatdress of shimmering cotton velveteen done with a low-riding neckline, a fabulous manor-born air. In black, red or blue for sizes 10 to 20 . . . **22.95**

SECOND FLOOR

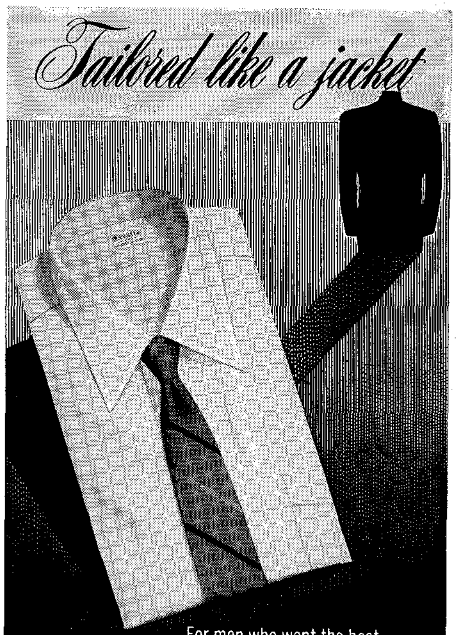
414 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
and all Franklin Simon stores

the nearby Poplar Hospital. On this occasion, though, the ship took no lives.

Brunel went on making small gains from time to time, and by the end of 1857, after two months of struggle, the Great Eastern lay halfway to low water. In preparation for the coming spring tide, on January 5th, he scoured the country for rams, and when the time arrived he had twenty-one of them poised at the ship's starboard side, including one that the *Times* thought might well be the biggest in existence—a twenty-inch giant that had been used on Britannia Bridge. Engineering projects elsewhere were at a halt on January 5th, while practically all the rams in England butted at the landward flank of the Great Eastern. Brunel had assembled a motive force of nearly six thousand tons—half the weight of the ship. The man who made the rams, Sir Richard Tangye, was a Cornish Quaker hardware manufacturer who as a youth had talked his employer into giving him and his fellow-workers Saturday afternoons off, thus paving the way for the five-and-a-half-day week. He enjoyed so much prosperity as a result of the Great Eastern's demand for rams that he was able to build a new factory. Officials of Tangyes, Ltd., now a large pump-manufacturing firm in Britain, still boast, "We launched the Great Eastern and the Great Eastern launched us."

The morning of January 5th was very cold, and fires were built to thaw the water in the hydraulic presses. The ship yielded three inches to the first attack. Then the rams began to burst.

> Hydraulic rams, windlasses, and chains, though of the most ponderous and massive construction, were all broken in regular succession, till scarcely anything of the apparatus was left to continue work [wrote Woods of the *Times*]. . . . The manner in which each of these gave way showed that the strain they were subjected to was something almost unheard of in the history of mechanics—in fact, the accident which occurred to the windlass, when a side of its massive iron drum round which the chain was coiled was crushed in like a nut, was not only, we believe, never known to occur before, but until this occasion such a breakage was considered almost impossible. . . . The hydraulic rams were taxed to the very utmost, and at the sides of one of them ten inches in diameter the water was forced through the pores of the solid iron like a thin dew, until the whole cylinder ripped from top to bottom with a noise like a dull underground explosion. The iron of this cylinder averaged six inches in thickness and stood a pressure of upwards of twelve thousand pounds to the square inch before it gave way. . . . The massive cast iron slab against which the base of another of the rams rested was also split like a board, but this, of course,



For men who want the best.
Comfort and fit never before
experienced in shirts...truly
your form in fabric
Excello
SHIRTS
EXCELLO SHIRTS, INC.
1115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

STREGA
a bewitching liqueur

Strega
Benevento Italy
85 proof

Long ago, in Benevento, Italy, where Strega is made, witches disguised as beautiful maidens used to mix a magic brew. When two people drank this potion, they were forever afterward united. Today, it is still believed that if a couple drink Strega together they will never again be far apart. Live this legend...try superb Strega!

Sole U. S. Agents
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

was a mere bagatelle among the other mishaps, which are not only expensive in themselves but by the delays they give rise to, occasion an expenditure in which the cost of their repair is a mere item.

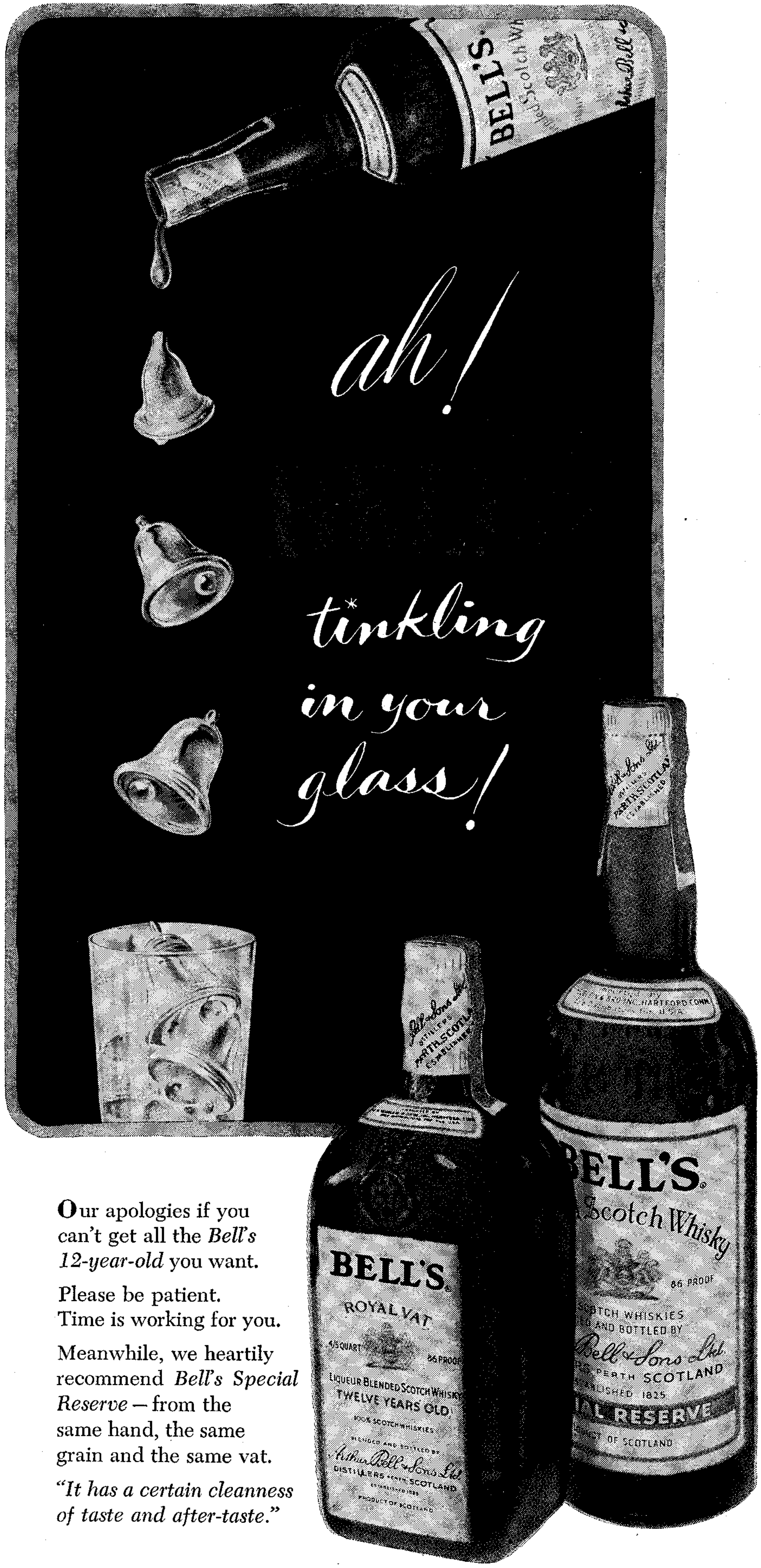
Another chronicler reported:

> The shareholders stand round in solemn silence, witnessing the awful silent contest for the visible effects of the invisible struggle, as hours and days roll on, and small indeed and gradual is the fruit. There she lies on the very bank of the noble river which is to convey her to the ocean, but she will not wet her lips.

Advice poured in on Brunel from everywhere. G. W. Bull, of Buffalo, forwarded diagrams showing how Great Lakes steamboats were launched sidewise, without rams. A man wrote to him describing how the immense statue of Peter the Great had been erected at St. Petersburg. Brunel sent a printed acknowledgment to each of his advisers, and some of them wrote back complaining that they were treated as crackpots. He was doubtless comforted when the *Engineer*, a weekly journal, contemplating the situation, commented, "A brave man struggling with adversity was, according to the ancients, a spectacle the gods loved to look down on."

The fourth spring tide of the ordeal was due on January 30th. Four steam tugs were marshalled to hold the reins, and again the rams were in position. Brunel had weather reports telegraphed to him from Liverpool and Plymouth. Unable to sleep, he spent the night of the twenty-ninth lying on a drafting table in the shipyard's office, smoking cigars. In the morning, it was too windy for safety and he called the launching off, but that night he received a telegram from Liverpool that led him to believe the weather would be good in London the following day, a Sunday. He announced that he would launch the ship at eleven o'clock the next morning. It was a calm and sunny day. No visitors were present; people were tired of launchings of the Great Eastern. The rams hissed and billy-goated at the iron bluff, which had come to seem a part of Millwall. At one o'clock came a yell from the deck, "She's afloat!" Twenty minutes later, the Great Eastern was riding free and clear on the Thames.

Brunel hurried to the bridge and directed the tugs to pull the ship upstream, to keep floating debris of the launching out of the paddle wheels. When this was done, she was towed across the river to anchorage near the Deptford shore. The Great Eastern began her life afloat by fouling a barge with her starboard paddle wheel. Brunel ordered the barge scuttled. After dark, he came down the



Our apologies if you can't get all the *Bell's 12-year-old* you want.

Please be patient. Time is working for you.

Meanwhile, we heartily recommend *Bell's Special Reserve* – from the same hand, the same grain and the same vat.

"It has a certain cleanness of taste and after-taste."

BELL'S® Scotch Whisky

86 PROOF. Blended Scotch Whisky. Arthur Bell & Sons, Ltd., Distillers, Perth, Scotland. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn. Sole Distributors for the U.S.A.

A&F

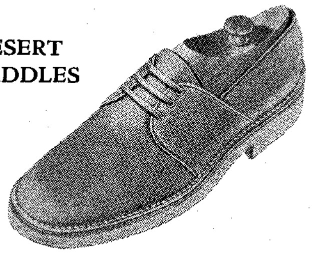
New shoe comfort

Imported from England, the inspiration for these new shoes came from Afrikaner's desert boots with the flexible construction—but what a difference! With basic comfort and long wear, these modern versions are better looking than most shoes you will see anywhere.

DESERT MOROCCANS

Rugged brown suede uppers; genuine plantation-rubber crepe soles · $12.95

DESERT SADDLES



Light weight. Uppers soft sand suede, genuine plantation-rubber crepe soles. $12.95

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

MADISON AVE. AT 45TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
CHICAGO STORE:
VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE
9 NORTH WABASH, CHICAGO 2, ILL.

sponson stairs of the ship amid the pealing of London's vesper bells.

WIDELY known as the Little Giant, Brunel was a dynamic, olive-complexioned bit of a man, with thick brown hair, who always wore a high beaver hat that he kept crammed with scribbled memoranda and carried a leather pocket case holding fifty Trincomalee cigars. He was almost never without one of these cigars jutting from his mouth. Brunel was the most celebrated civil engineer of the middle nineteenth century. The nickname given to Senator Stephen A. Douglas, who in 1858 debated Lincoln in Illinois, was borrowed from the world-famous Englishman. Practically all the railroads, bridges, drydocks, and steamships Brunel had a hand in were built to the accompaniment of salvos of controversy. Everything he did was big, brilliant, and radical. In the eighteen-thirties, he built the Great Western Railway from London to Bristol, with a two-mile tunnel, near Bath, that had hidebound peers rising in the House of Lords with cries of doom. (The tunnel is still holding up.) At Paddington Station, the Great Western's London terminal, Brunel kept a private flatcar on which to transport his fast horse-drawn britska to distant parts of the country. The britska, which was popularly known as the Flying Hearse, was fitted out with a full-length bed, or at least a bed that would accommodate its five-foot-four owner during the four hours out of every twenty-four that he lost in sleep. No engine with a head of steam up was safe from him. One day, his superintendent of locomotives, Daniel Gooch, puffed out of London in an engine and met what appeared to be a runaway engine headed for him on the same track. Gooch reversed and sped back into Paddington, hit the buffers, and leaped for his life. The other engine braked up neatly and down out of it stepped Brunel. "I've just been taking a little run up the line," he remarked.

In 1842, Brunel and Gooch drove the engine for Queen Victoria's first rail journey, from Slough to London, while Britons prayed for Her Majesty's safety. Before the trip the Queen's Master of the Horse, complete with wig, scarlet livery, and white gloves, went to Slough and climbed into the cab of the locomotive to make a thorough examination of it. Brunel asked an equerry what this portended. "The Master of the Horse will, of course, drive the locomotive," the equerry told him. Brunel tactfully persuaded the dutiful courtier

Schiaparelli—
her gloves have an unmistakable French flair; this collection is ours alone. Suede-like fabrics sewn by hand, from 4.95 to 6.95
Here, in black or white, 5.95

Lord & Taylor
424 Fifth Avenue, New York 18

RUDD MFG. COMPANY

Announces The Opening of Its Resort Fashions For Men.
Britches, Knickers, and Shorts.
Forward Styling For Casual And Field Attire.

Write for Appt.
98-05 217 Street
Queens Village, L. I.

One of our six designs in sterling silver.
Catalog sent on request.

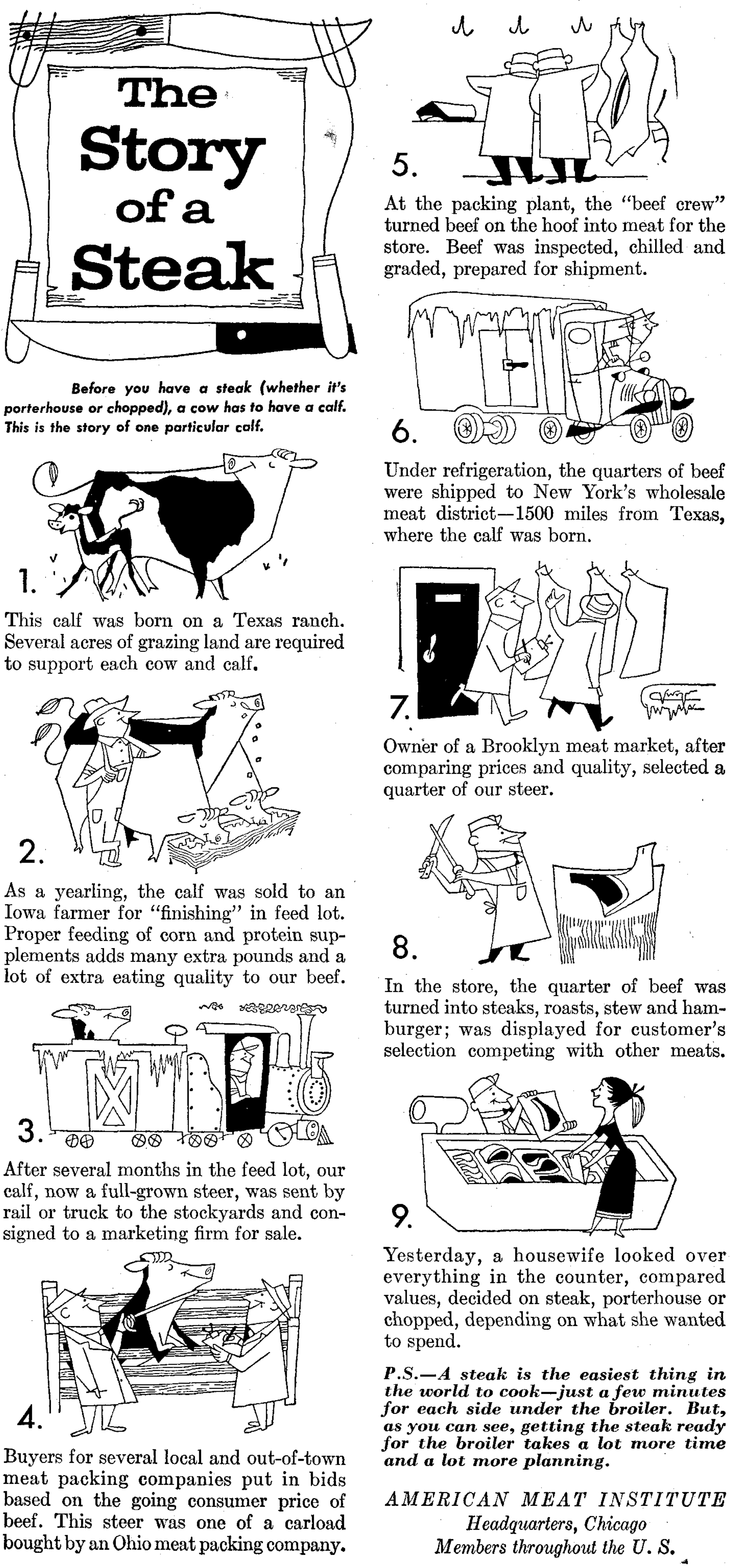
Bell
$59 FTI

H. NILS HANDWROUGHT DANISH SILVER
1 East 58 St., New York 22. *At the Savoy-Plaza*

that he should make the trip in the pilot engine, which ran ahead of the Royal special. The Master of the Horse arrived in London covered with soot and beating away at his wig, which was smoldering from sparks. Although the iron horse did not succeed in unseating the Master as a court functionary, he was thus permanently discouraged from operating locomotives.

As early as 1826, when Brunel was twenty, he was well on his way to fame. In that year, he was on-the-scene construction supervisor for the Thames Tunnel—the first tunnel dug under a river since the Babylonians dug one under the Euphrates four thousand years earlier. When he was thirty-two, he launched the first steamship used for regular ocean crossings—the Great Western. She antedated the first Cunard steamers by two years, and narrowly missed being the first ship to cross the North Atlantic entirely by steam. Shortly before she was scheduled to sail from Bristol on her initial voyage to New York, in March, 1838, a fire broke out in her boiler rooms, delaying her departure. Meanwhile, a Yankee named Junius Smith, who was in Ireland on business, chartered a small Dublin steam packet, the Sirius, and set out from Cork on March 28th, in a foolhardy bid to reach New York first. Brunel's ship left four days later and arrived in New York the afternoon of April 12th, six hours after the packet had hobbled in, out of fuel and burning spars, furniture, and even a child's doll to keep her fires going.

In 1843, Brunel launched the three-hundred-and-twenty-two-foot steamer Great Britain, the first large ocean steamship built of iron and the first in her class to be built without paddle wheels. The ship was a showpiece of advanced nautical design, with a clipper bow, hydrodynamic lines, a nearly flat double bottom, and watertight bulkheads. For decades, she carried emigrants to Australia around Cape Horn. In 1882, her worn-out engines were re-



The Story of a Steak

Before you have a steak (whether it's porterhouse or chopped), a cow has to have a calf. This is the story of one particular calf.

1. This calf was born on a Texas ranch. Several acres of grazing land are required to support each cow and calf.

2. As a yearling, the calf was sold to an Iowa farmer for "finishing" in feed lot. Proper feeding of corn and protein supplements adds many extra pounds and a lot of extra eating quality to our beef.

3. After several months in the feed lot, our calf, now a full-grown steer, was sent by rail or truck to the stockyards and consigned to a marketing firm for sale.

4. Buyers for several local and out-of-town meat packing companies put in bids based on the going consumer price of beef. This steer was one of a carload bought by an Ohio meat packing company.

5. At the packing plant, the "beef crew" turned beef on the hoof into meat for the store. Beef was inspected, chilled and graded, prepared for shipment.

6. Under refrigeration, the quarters of beef were shipped to New York's wholesale meat district—1500 miles from Texas, where the calf was born.

7. Owner of a Brooklyn meat market, after comparing prices and quality, selected a quarter of our steer.

8. In the store, the quarter of beef was turned into steaks, roasts, stew and hamburger; was displayed for customer's selection competing with other meats.

9. Yesterday, a housewife looked over everything in the counter, compared values, decided on steak, porterhouse or chopped, depending on what she wanted to spend.

P.S.—A steak is the easiest thing in the world to cook—just a few minutes for each side under the broiler. But, as you can see, getting the steak ready for the broiler takes a lot more time and a lot more planning.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE
Headquarters, Chicago
Members throughout the U. S.

Fine Food Stores feature the gourmets' favorite: AC'CENT

AC'CENT-ENTHUSIASTS have been hinting for bigger containers, and we have (happily) heeded their hint.

For greater and lasting convenience, *Ac'cent* is now available in one-pound and half-pound canisters...and in a handsome and handy quarter-pound glass shaker.

In case you came in late, *Ac'cent* is the wonder-seasoning that makes fine food taste finer. It is not a spice or an herb or a condiment. It's a *natural* vegetable-derivative...and its purpose is far more basic, far more important, than mere surface embellishment. *Ac'cent* actually brings out the original, deep-down goodness of the food, itself. Natural flavors flower into unsuspected deliciousness...meats, poultry, gravies, vegetables, salads.

Cook with wine, herbs or anything else you like...but always cook with Ac'cent! Your favorite FINE FOOD STORE has Ac'cent in the largest packages.

Ac'cent®
PURE MONOSODIUM GLUTAMATE
makes good cooking taste better!

Ac'cent
Ac'cent
Ac'cent
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

*T. M. property of International Minerals & Chemical Corp.
AMINO PRODUCTS
Division of International Minerals & Chemical Corporation
20 N. Wacker Drive—Chicago 6, Ill.

moved, her hull was sheathed in green heartwood, and she was converted into a three-masted sailing ship. Partly dismasted in a gale off the Horn in 1886, she made Port Stanley in the Falklands. She was moored there, and for the next half century she was used by the Falkland Islands Company as a storehouse for wool and coal. In 1933, she was condemned, and offered to the Royal Navy as a target for gunnery practice. The offer was refused, out of respect for her age. The London *Times* tried to raise funds by public subscription to bring the Great Britain back to the Thames as a national monument, but there was little sentimental money loose during the depression. She was finally beached in six feet of water in Sparrow Cove, a resort of mallemucks and gentoo penguins, in the outer harbor of Port Stanley, and she is still there. In 1943, the lonely islanders celebrated her centennial.

Brunel built or helped build twenty-seven railroads, in England, Ireland, Italy, and India, as well as the precipitous Taff Vale line in Wales, nowadays a collector's item among railroad fans. He built seven piers and drydocks, five suspension bridges, and about a hundred and twenty-five railway bridges. During the Crimean War, he designed an armored gunboat with which to attack the Russian forts at Kronstadt, but the idea was too far ahead of its time for the Admiralty. The War Office, however, did go through with one of Brunel's Crimean War designs—a fifteen-hundred-bed military hospital that was prefabricated in England (no single part was too heavy for two men to carry) and taken to Turkey, where it was put up by twenty men in seven months. Accommodations for the first three hundred patients were ready in less than two months. The hospital had excellent plumbing, and facilities for pumping twenty-five cubic feet of cooled air per minute around each bed. While Brunel was building the Great Eastern, he was also managing the big railway hotel at Paddington Station—"a very agreeable relaxation from his more important duties," an associate of his said.

A skilled water-colorist and an artist in several other media, Brunel designed dozens of handsome tunnel entrances and viaducts, which may still be seen along his railways. Not only did he engineer the rail routes and supervise their construction but he selected the color schemes of the passenger cars that rolled over them. He also dashed around the countryside in his britska buying rights of way, and he carried the brunt of the lobbying for the extension of railroads before the House of Lords, where some dinosaurian peers advanced ingenious arguments to slow him down. One noble lord argued against building the Great Western Railway on the ground that it would carry dissolute Londoners out to Eton to corrupt the boys. Brunel lost his biggest Parliamentary battle—for the adoption of seven-foot-wide railway tracks—in the famous Battle of the Gauges in 1846. Most existing British lines were four feet eight and a half inches wide, simply because that had been the width of the mine carts for which the first rails were laid. Brunel and his superintendent, Gooch, proved that trains ran faster and more comfortably on rails seven feet apart, but they were outnumbered by representatives of lines using the conventional width. Today we are still riding on the mine-cart gauge.

The strangest of all Brunel's works was the Atmospheric Railway, a fifty-two-mile stretch along the Devon coast, in the foothills of Dartmoor. Here, in 1847, he attempted to run trains on vacuum power, created by stationary pumping engines along the way. Between the rails was laid a continuous fifteen-inch iron tube; a leather-cupped pistonlike cylinder hung down through a slot in the tube from the leading car. By sucking air from the tube ahead of the train, the pumps drew it forward. The Atmospheric Railway worked; indeed, it attained a speed of sixty-eight miles an hour. As in the case of several other Brunel achievements, however, the materials available at the time fell far short of his vaulting imagination. Leather flaps necessary to maintain the vacuum got cranky, stiffened in cold and mildewed in fog, and were even eaten by rats. Trackwalkers plied the flaps with lime soap and fish oil, but after eight months the railroad would not run. The stockholders, of whom Brunel was one, lost two and a half million dollars. Nowadays, travellers on British Railways from Exeter to Newton Abbot ride on the original roadbed of the Atmospheric Railway, along the waters of Exe River, the Channel Coast, and the Teign River, and are much taken with the splendid marine views.

Brunel's suspension bridge at Bristol, on which work began a hundred and twenty-two years ago, is another example of his daring. It is a single seven-hundred-and-two-foot cast-iron span, two hundred and forty-five feet above the River Avon. Considering the fact that steel cable was then unknown,

WHICH *face* WILL YOU WEAR TODAY?

Every day you use Invisible Beauty Strap the face you wear will be firmed, lifted, braced. This famous "face lift", applied before make-up, does wonderful things for you. See it, feel it working against signs of age. Invisible Beauty Strap performs exactly as promised.

INVISIBLE
BEAUTY
STRAP
FRANCES DENNEY

FRANCES DENNEY

a tradition of beauty for over 50 years

$5.00, $8.50 plus tax

"You Can Be More Beautiful"–
Write for your copy of this booklet to
FRANCES DENNEY, Philadelphia

"Make friends with MARTELL Cognac"

MARTELL
FINE LIQUEUR COGNAC BRANDY
J. & F. Martell
CORDON BLEU
COGNAC-FRANCE
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

The World's Most
Cherished Liqueur Cognac

MARTELL

"Cordon Bleu"

The magnificent bouquet, smoothness and taste of Martell "Cordon Bleu" have long made it the connoisseurs' choice. Here is *definitely* the de luxe after-dinner *liqueur* Cognac.

Since 1715

Imported by PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK • 80 PROOF

Brunel's bridge compares favorably as an engineering wonder with Brooklyn Bridge, built about half a century later. Brunel's first link between the banks of the river was a cast-iron bar an inch and a half thick. To show his workmen how safe it was, he and his wife crossed it together in a basket car suspended from the bar by chains. Halfway across, the pulley jammed and the car stuck. Brunel removed his high beaver hat and climbed the chains to the swaying bar, freed the pulley, and proceeded with his lady to the other side.

Brunel was also a parlor magician, and he enjoyed exposing spirit mediums by duplicating their table rappings and trumpet messages. One time, when he was entertaining his children—he had married in 1836, and had two sons and a daughter—by pretending to pass a gold half sovereign from his ear to his mouth inside his head, he accidentally swallowed the coin. It fell into his right bronchus. He bent his head and felt the coin drop toward the glottis, and when he straightened up, he suffered a paroxysm of coughing. He called in Sir Benjamin Brodie, a leading surgeon, and told him where the coin was and how he proposed to remove it. With Sir Benjamin's help, Brunel strapped himself, prone, to a board that was suspended on a horizontal pivot like an old-fashioned looking glass. As the board swung in an arc with the patient upside down, Sir Benjamin slapped him on the back, inducing a terrific coughing fit, which it was hoped would eject the coin. After the little man had been hanging upside down, hacking and choking, for several minutes, Sir Benjamin put a stop to it, fearing his patient would strangle, and advocated a tracheotomy. Brunel sketched a special pair of forceps to do the job, and, with their help, Sir Benjamin made an incision in his throat, using no anesthetic. The attempt failed. The incision was kept open and another unsuccessful probe was made five days later. A panel of distinguished surgeons was summoned and could suggest nothing better than rest. After ten more days, Brunel grew tired of resting and, with the wound in his throat still open, got back on his swinging board and coughed. The coin fell out of his mouth. Upon hearing the news, Thomas Babington Macaulay ran to the Athenæum Club and yelled, "It's out!" Everyone knew what he meant.

THE Little Giant came of a father quite as extraordinary as himself. An eighteenth-century figure who shared with Tom Paine the distinction

"Make friends with MARTELL Cognac"

MARTELL
COGNAC
J. & F. MARTELL
COGNAC
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
COGNAC-FRANCE
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP.
NEW YORK N.Y.
SOLE AGENTS FOR U.S.A.

The World's Renowned
"All Purpose" Cognac Brandy

MARTELL

"Three Star"

Martell "Three Star" is a versatile and congenial Cognac, superb in a highball, cocktail, or for after dinner. The choice of generation after generation throughout the world.

A Great Symbol of FRANCE

Imported by PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK • 84 PROOF

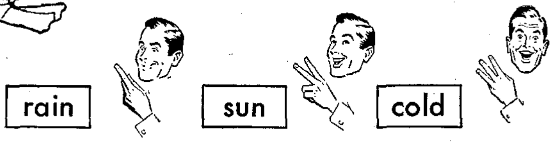
of legal citizenship in Britain, France, and United States, Marc Isambard Brunel was born in 1769 of Norman peasants, talked his way into a commission in the French Navy, and served with the French West Indies squadron. An outspoken monarchist, he later returned to France, only to flee it at the time of the French Revolution. Settling in New York as a civil engineer, he became an American citizen. During the seventeen-nineties, he put some finishing touches on the defenses of New York in the Narrows and built New York's first cannon factory. A great-granddaughter of his has asserted that in this same period a design he drew up won an architectural competition for the Capitol in Washington—a matter difficult to prove, because several of the sets of plans that were submitted have been lost. Whether Brunel's plan won the architectural honors or not, it was dropped as soon as the judges found out what it would cost. All Brunel schemes were expensive.

At the then unprecedentedly high cost of $179,000, the elder Brunel built the Park Theatre in the Bowery, which was opened, unfinished, in 1798. The Brunel touch was evident in a special second-tier box for drama critics, capable of seating two hundred and sixty-seven of them. During the première performance, Brunel hid in a windmill onstage and broke up the show with derogatory comments on the fashionable audience. As a result, he found it expedient to leave town, and went to Philadelphia. There he was dining with Alexander Hamilton one evening when the talk turned to the constantly increasing demand for wooden blocks, or pulleys, for the rigging of ships. Not long after that, Brunel designed a machine for carving several such pulleys at once. He took it to England, where the demand for blocks was even greater than in this country. The Admiralty was favorably impressed by his machine and set up a block-making factory for him. Brunel had been in England only a short while when he became a British subject, and married an English orphan named Sophia Kingdom. Isambard Kingdom Brunel, their only child, was born at Portsmouth in 1806.

Having had a glimpse of what mass production might achieve, Marc Brunel went on to invent a machine that would cut out multiple soles and heels for shoes, and thereby became the father of modern shoe manufacture. He shod Wellington's Army in the Second Napoleonic War, but its prompt victory over the enemy left him with a mass of cancelled

ALLIGATOR COATS

MAKE SENSE...



it's the "coat you'll live in"

8^{50} to 49^{75}

There's an easy, casual look and feel to all Alligator coats. You'll see it in the full and classic sweep of their styling . . . in the drape of their generous yardage, in the rich fabrics, handsome tailoring. You'll live in it, enjoy it . . . rain, sun or cold. Alligator gives you values that really make sense.

50% Dacron, 50% Fine Wool Worsted Gabardine. Soft, luxurious . . . amazingly wrinkle resistant, highly water repellent. A real value at $40.75.

BETTER STORES FEATURE:
Alligator
ALL-WEATHER COATS
THE BEST NAME IN RAINWEAR

There's an Alligator for you . . . water repellent or waterproof from $8.50. Zip-lined warmers in many models.

Look smart in the rain—Why look bedraggled in the rain when you look so smart in a lighter weight Alligator—wet or dry. Left, TRAVELWEIGHT, single breasted $19.75. Trench model at right $20.75.

THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY • ST. LOUIS • NEW YORK • LOS ANGELES

Add Spice to your Life
EARLY AMERICAN
Old Spice
Shaving Cream
SHULTON
.50
LATHER or BRUSHLESS
Old Spice
Old Spice
SHAVE LOTION
1.00 plus tax
AFTER SHAVE LOTION
SHULTON
New York
Toronto

contracts and eighty thousand pairs of boots on hand. He lost his factories and went to debtors' prison. There, pondering the ingratitude of the English, he wrote to an admirer of his talents, Czar Alexander I, offering his services to Russia if the Czar would bail him out. Word of this reached the British government, which thereupon not only liberated him but voted him five thousand pounds to stay in England. At this time, his son Isambard was attending the Collège Henri Quatre in Paris.

Apart from his accomplishment in originating machine-made shoes, Marc Brunel is best-known for his invention of the tunnelling shield. He hit upon the shield as a result of his habit of carrying a powerful reading glass, through which he was fond of studying microörganisms. One day, he chanced to examine the universal shipworm, or *Teredo navalis*, which has destroyed more wooden ships than fire, reefs, dry rot, or shot. It is a tiny, elongated animal with two fleshy siphons at one end, through which it absorbs wood fibres and passes them along to its digestive system. Protecting the siphons and forcing a way for them into the wood are two sharpened calcareous plates, and these impressed Brunel. He thought the same principle could be used for digging tunnels. In 1823, he brought out an iron shipworm, or tunnelling shield, and the next year he organized a company to drill a twelve-hundred-foot tunnel under the Thames, between Rotherhithe and Wapping. Miners had long known how to dig and prop up shafts through dry earth and rock; Brunel's shield made it possible to shore up the soft, wet beds of rivers. A variation of the shield is still in use.

Over a period of eighteen years, Irish sand hogs dug inch by inch to build the Thames Tunnel. They drowned, suffocated, and went blind. Above them was the gelatinous mud of the Thames, an ancient sewer so foul that when—as happened several times—it burst through into the tunnel, hydrogen sulphide would catch fire from the gaslights used by the workmen and drift about them in flaming swirls. "Fire and water!" the men would cry when the river began to flow in. In a breakthrough that occurred during the second year of digging, the last man out as the tunnel filled was twenty-one-year-old Isambard, who was employed as his father's resident engineer. The Brunels plugged the hole from above by sinking three thousand bags full of clay in the river, and pumped the tunnel out. When the next breakthrough came,

It's easy to make a better MANHATTAN!

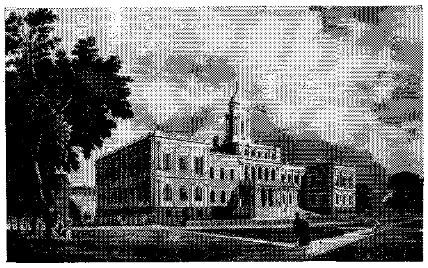
Simply add required liquor to Holland House Manhattan Mix and—time after time—you'll taste the mellow smoothness of a balanced drink! *Other* Holland House Mixes: Dry Martini, Tom Collins, Daiquiri, Old Fashioned, Whiskey Sour, Side Car, Bronx.

MANHATTAN MIX
Established 1887
Holland House Cocktail Mix

HOLLAND HOUSE
MANHATTAN MIX
Full pint—enough for 32 cocktails.
85c
Slightly higher west of the Mississippi

Free cocktail & canape recipes. Write Dept. N
Holland House Sales Co., New York 11, N.Y.

OLD NEW YORK



Old Views for the executive's office, or the doctor, lawyer. Visit us or write us.

The OLD PRINT SHOP
Harry Shaw Newman
150 Lexington Ave. at 30th St., New York
Tel. MUrray Hill 3-3950 ~ Established 1898

Talbot Clothes Have the Look...
the look you love at first sight. Livable, lovable clothes for your children and you. Clothes that fit and flatter and wear. **Write today for your free Fall-Winter Catalog.**
The Talbots
Dept. N9-19, Hingham, Massachusetts

Isambard was again at the scene. He ordered the men out, and then joined the general flight. As he did so, a scaffolding fell and pinned him and the last three men. "I struggled under water for some time and at length extricated myself," he later wrote in a diary he kept. Swimming with the current, he managed to reach the vertical entrance shaft. "My knee was so injured by the timber stage that I could scarcely swim or get up the stairs," he continued, "but the rush of water carried me up the shaft." His three companions were lost. Unable to walk and lying on a mattress, young Brunel ordered some workers to carry him aboard a barge out into the river, where he directed a diver who went down to examine the breakthrough and bring up information on how best to repair it.

The Brunels dumped thousands of tons of soil into the breach, but the accident bankrupted the company. It was seven years before operations were resumed. In 1841, the tunnel was opened, and the seventy-two-year-old father, who was by then Sir Marc Brunel, became the first man in the Christian Era to walk under a river. The Thames Tunnel now serves the East London Railway.

IN 1851, Isambard Brunel stood at the top of his profession, in an age of great engineers that included, in addition to Scott Russell, Robert Stephenson and, as a newcomer, the Duke of Devonshire's former head gardener, Joseph Paxton, whose single masterpiece, doodled on blotting paper, was the Crystal Palace. Brunel knew them all. There was a camaraderie among the engineers of the day as they fought together to change the world. One of the chief obstacles to their efforts was the aged Duke of Wellington, who had opinions on all public matters, whether he knew anything about them or not. When Wellington was younger, he had backed the elder Brunel's Thames Tunnel, but as time passed him by, he opposed the son's railroads and steamships; he stated, among other things, that an iron ship would not float. The Great Exhibition was the Waterloo of the Wellington mind. It cleared the way for the Great Eastern steamship, and brought Isambard Brunel and her fellow-builder, Scott Russell, together. Scott Russell, a Scotsman, was of the Brunel stamp himself. He had been a child prodigy, a graduate of St. Andrew's University at sixteen, and a full professor of natural philosophy at twenty-four. He worked out a number

(Advertisement)

"American Airlines, Inc. carries more passengers than any other airline in the world."

Lifetime Sterling Silver

You are assured of the finest design and the finest quality when your sterling silver selection is made from our extensive collection of famous patterns. Priced in 6-piece luncheon place settings:

A. Danish Crown . $64.45 B. Buckingham $25.50
C. Old Colony . . . $35.25 D. Elizabeth II $23.50
E. Old English Tipt $33.75 F. Colonial Engraved $44.50

Federal Tax Included · Serving Pieces Available in All Patterns
Write or Phone Jean Tree for Mail or Phone Orders PL 7-8100

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N. Y.
EAST ORANGE MANHASSET WHITE PLAINS

A&F

Say "Viyella"!

When sportsmen buy shirts, socks, robes or pajamas, the word "Viyella" guarantees satisfaction in every way—long wear, pleasant "feel" and utmost comfort. Shrink-resistant to washing. Australian lambs' wool and fine Egyptian cotton are the secret of exceptional quality. Send for swatches.

Tartan Plaids. Campbell Dress, Royal Stewart, Crawford, MacDonald, Ferguson, McPherson. 14½ to 17½ . . . $17.50

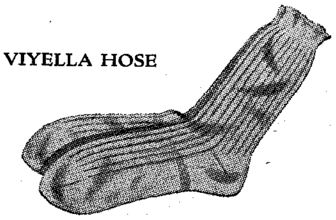
Solid Mixtures. Yarn dyed. Blue, gray, maize, tan, forestry green. 14½ to 17½. . $14.50

Solid Colors. Piece dyed. Maroon, navy, green, white, scarlet. 14½ to 17½. $13.50

Small Checks. Red and white, brown and white, gray and white. S, M, L, XL. $16.50

Fancy Checks. Blue and white, tan and white, gray and white. S, M, L, XL . . . $16.50

VIYELLA HOSE



If they shrink in washing—we replace.

Half Hose. Maroon, heather blue, navy, green, tan, brown, gray, black, white. Sizes 10-13 . . . . . $1.75

Anklets. Same colors as above plus light blue, maize, rust. Sizes 10-13. $1.50

Send for Fall Outdoor Booklet

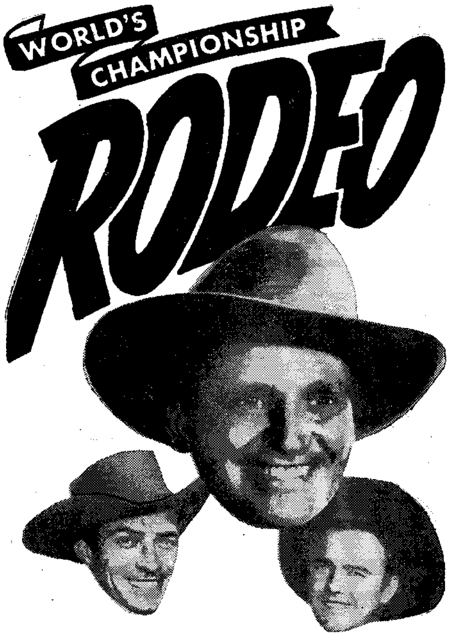
ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

MADISON AVE. AT 45TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
CHICAGO STORE:
VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE
9 NORTH WABASH, CHICAGO 2, ILL.

of basic theories of hydrodynamics and came up with a "wave-line" principle of hull design, which took into account the shape of a wave in plotting the lines of a ship and which, though it has since been superseded, is still spoken of reverently by naval architects.

The Great Exhibition came about largely as a result of a visit that a British civil servant named Henry Cole, who helped launch the penny post and was a moving force behind the South Kensington Museum, paid to the Paris Quinquennial of 1849. After seeing its wonders, Cole was impressed by the possibilities of a British display of engineering and manufacturing arts. He discussed the idea with the Prince Consort, but His Royal Highness reached no decision. That intelligent and catholically educated German was having a bad time in England. The upper classes were suspicious of his erudition, and the lower classes abhorred his stiff manners. (Moreover, he was obliged to wear kilts.) Cole also described the Paris Quinquennial glowingly to Scott Russell, and he, too, became enthusiastic over the notion of staging a similar event in London. After casting about for some way to bring matters to a head, Scott Russell one night in 1850 sprang a coup. In the course of handing out some medals at an art-school exercise, he remarked cryptically, "There is now every hope of carrying out His Royal Highness Prince Albert's plans for 1851." The Prince thereupon began planning for the Great Exhibition. As for the Queen, she wanted Albert to be a success, and blessed his hobby. The Old Guard was outmaneuvered. Today, in Kensington Gardens, Albert, slightly pocked by the bombs of a later German generation, sits beneath a granite canopy bristling with friezes and allegorical groups. In his hand, the Prince holds a copy of a catalogue of the Great Exhibition. Down the street, in the Science Museum, there is a glass case containing a model of the paddle engines Scott Russell designed for the Great Eastern. On Victoria Embankment is a marble bust of Brunel, also chipped by a Nazi bomb.

Brunel and Stephenson were members of the building committee of the Great Exhibition. The committee announced a competition for the design of the main hall, inviting the architects of the world to submit plans. Two hundred and forty-five drawings were submitted, but none of them were satisfactory, so Brunel drew up a plan. The building he envisioned was sort of squatly Romanesque, with a whiff of



GENE AUTRY plus Champion and Little Champ
Added Attraction
RANGE RIDER & his pal DICK WEST
WED. NITE SEPT. 23 thru OCT. 18
MATS. WED., FRI., SAT., SUN. & OCT. 12
EARLY SHOW SUN. NITES 7 P.M.
Res. $1.50*, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 tax incl.
(*Gen'l Adm. Sun. Thru Thurs. Evgs. & Wed., Fri. Mats.)
CHILDREN ½ PRICE WED. & FRI. MATS.
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
Send self-addressed, stamped envelope

MADISON SQ. GARDEN

Continuity
SINCE 1779

Never has the quality been better than today

GREEN STRIPE
ESTD 1779
USHER'S
EDINBURGH
EXTRA QUALITY
GREEN STRIPE
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

USHER'S
GREEN STRIPE
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
86.8 Proof

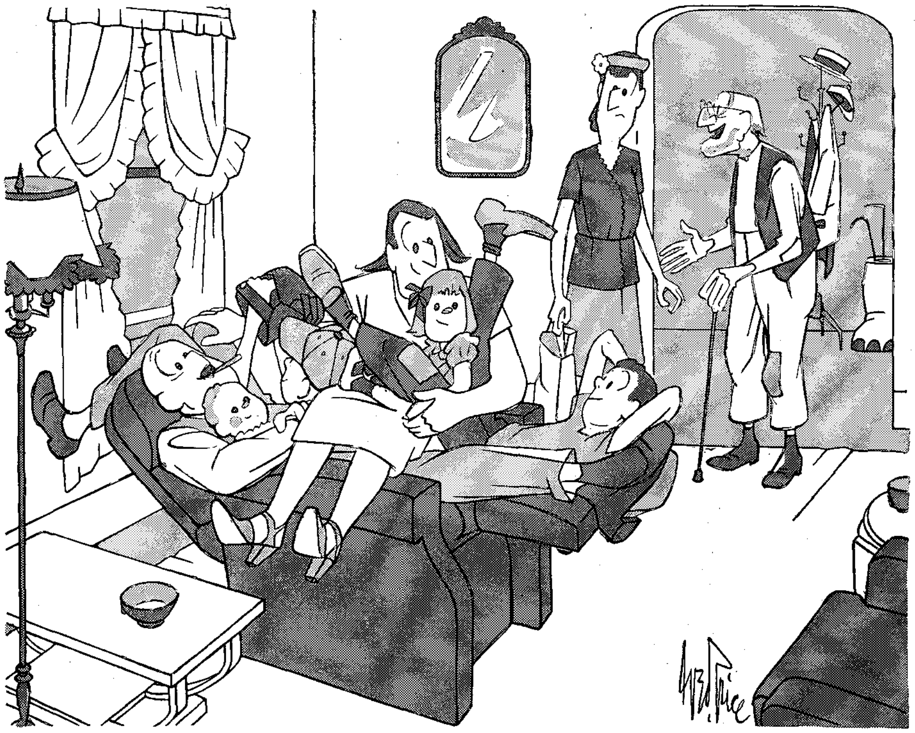
Sole Distributor U. S. A. The Jos. Garneau Co., Inc.
New York 23, N. Y., Founded 1856

Byzantine, and its principal feature was a sheet-iron dome two hundred feet in diameter. At this point, Paxton submitted his gigantic greenhouse.

The Great Exhibition was opened on May Day, 1851. Now the engineers were running the world. Royalty deferred to them; the capitalists began eagerly trying to keep up with their blueprints; and the common people were prepared to go anywhere with them. The applied mechanical mind, it was said, would conquer everything. And in this triumphant hour Brunel and Scott Russell entered upon the climax of their lives. They determined to build the iron ship that was to become the Great Eastern.

In her prenatal years, the Great Eastern cost three and a half million dollars. Once afloat, she was still no comfort to the shareholders. She needed funnels, masts, rigging, sails, lifeboats, instruments, auxiliary engines of various sorts, and furnishings. All this could be provided for eight hundred thousand dollars more, the shareholders were told, but the money was not forthcoming. While the debt-ridden company had reduced its daily maintenance losses by moving the ship from Scott Russell's yard to the Deptford anchorage, it was plagued by further troubles. After the launching, a high wind blew up and the Great Eastern began dragging her anchors. She was adrift at Deptford for half an hour, until tugs arrived to calm her. A ghost story fastened to the ship: A riveter, it was said, had been sealed up alive between the hulls while the vessel was being built, and so great had been the din of the hammers that his screams had not been heard. The general belief was that his ghost had jinxed the ship.

During 1858, the shareholders vigorously filled quantities of newspaper columns with their dilemma. Since it was apparently out of the question to fit the Great Eastern out for a voyage to Ceylon and back, most of them wanted to sell her. One hoped in a letter to the *Times* that the First Sea Lord would buy the ship. "As a war steamer, she may be invaluable and irresistible," the anguished investor argued, adding that the Navy would need only to steam her along at top speed in order to ram-sink anything afloat. By fall, even the *Times*, which had kept its nerve throughout all the troubles, was scratching its pate. An editorial said, "There is some futile talk that if the ship could be sold for a fraction of the investment, then all England might put its head together to think



"The ad said it was a wonderful chair for the whole family."

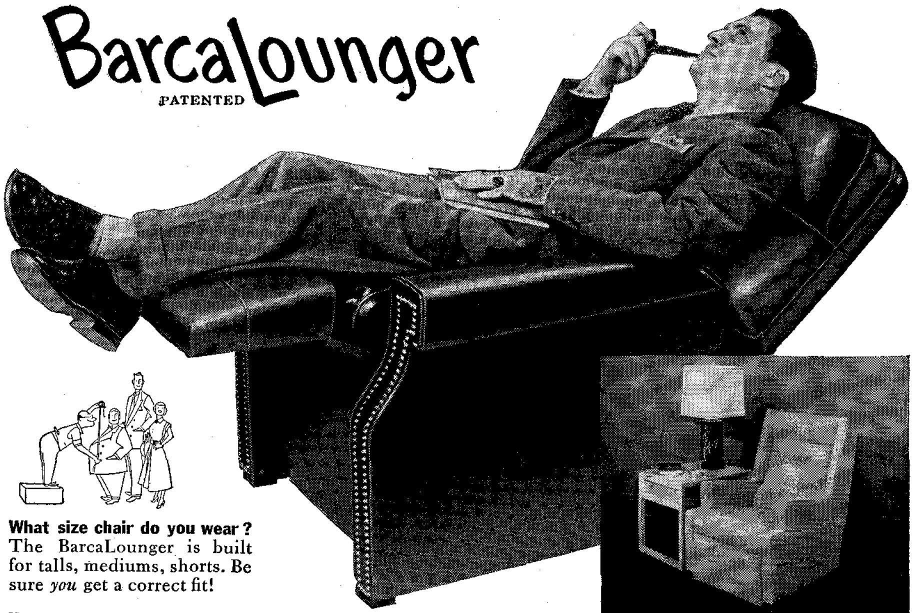
The BarcaLounger is a wonderful chair for everybody, but one at a time, *please!* A big family should have at least *two*, so that both Mother and Dad can relax to their heart's content after a busy day. Sit down, lean back and stretch out... and in as little as 15 minutes, the BarcaLounger gives you buoyant, head-to-toe relaxation that no other chair can equal. It's called "Floating Comfort," and it was improved and perfected by Barcalo. The back-rest, seat and leg-rest move independently, yet actually work together to cradle your body in any position you desire, from sitting to reclining.

You'll be proud to have the BarcaLounger, the utmost in comfort, in your home. See the handsome styles at your favorite furniture or department store. Choose a covering of rich leather, smart fabric or modern plastic. Above all, sit down in the BarcaLounger, and try "Floating Comfort." You'll quickly discover what relaxation really means.

RELAX IN THE ONE AND ONLY

BarcaLounger

PATENTED



What size chair do you wear? The BarcaLounger is built for talls, mediums, shorts. Be sure *you* get a correct fit!

Write for free illustrated booklets and name of nearest dealer. Barcalo Manufacturing Company, Dept. N9, Buffalo 4, New York. Copr. 1953; In Canada, T. EATON Co. LIMITED

Patented Model 505 Decorator Series. Modern graceful styling. Many fabrics and colors to choose from.

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave., at 51 St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

Never so SHEER!
Never so GLAMOROUS!
Never BEFORE!

Fabulous
72 Gauge
Nylons
by Sapphire

Like precious jewels. . luxury-hose
that feature unbelievable
transparency, unsurpassed elegance
with the softness and cling
of silk. Packaged for breathtaking
gifts... three precious pairs
in a golden foil and crystal acetate
box. **2.95** a pair. Main Floor
Average length only.

Sold only at Best's in
Greater New York

Mail orders filled. Address Section 6
Order by Style Number (N-8)
Please include postage beyond
our motor delivery areas.
(No C.O.D.'s under 5.00)

AND 14 CONVENIENT BRANCHES

what to do with the monster." No resourceful Drake or miraculous Wellington came forward to seize victory from the national muddle, so the directors opened the ship to sightseers. In one week, they took in twenty-five thousand dollars from a Cockney crowd that caused a *Times* letter writer to grumble, "Certainly the scenes daily witnessed there would not have disgraced Greenwich Fair, even before the police had shorn it somewhat of its ancient glory." The visitors chased each other with reverberating whoops through the cavernous ship, and courteously held ladders for serious visitors to climb to various vantage points and then ran away with the ladders. Queen Victoria arrived in the royal steam yacht and came aboard with her nose buried in a bouquet. As London's sewer main, the Thames stank powerfully in those days.

Sightseers, however, were not enough to save the Eastern Steam Navigation Company. It went under, and the shareholders lost everything. Brunel rallied part of the original directorate and helped found the Great Ship Company, at a capitalization of $1,700,000, in five-dollar shares, which bought the ship for $800,000. The strain of all this was too much for Brunel. He acted dazed and was unable to sleep. A specialist examined him and declared he had Bright's disease. The diagnosis was irrefutable, for the specialist was Richard Bright, who first described the disease. He advised Brunel to take a rest in Egypt, the Florida of prosperous Victorians, and the engineer sailed—on a paddle-wheel steamer—in genuine Brunel style, with his wife, his son, his personal physician, a reference library, a carriageload of scientific instruments, and three hundredweight of hams, tongues, soap, and candles. During a Mediterranean mistral, the physician was moaning in his bunk below while the invalid stood braced on a careening paddle box, measuring the force of the storm by the Beaufort scale. In Cairo, Brunel hired a dahabeah and sailed up the Nile. Near the falls, he chartered a date boat, built cabins on it, and continued south, portaging the falls with the help of thirty-five natives, and making side trips by donkey to sketch and ponder the works of archaic engineers who had transported stones large enough to interest the man who had moved the heaviest object in history. It was Brunel's idea of recuperation.

Returning to London, Brunel found the heaviest object still there. He also found the directors of the new company intent on disregarding one of his earlier memoranda concerning the ship: "The full advantage of the great capacity of the vessel for carrying coal for long voyages would not be felt in a voyage, for instance, to New York, or in other short voyages." The directors were beguiled by word that Americans were demanding a chance to see the Great Eastern. They calculated that she could make eight round trips a year to New York or to Portland, Maine, and return an annual fifteen per cent on the investors' money.

THE contribution the directors of the new company made to the Great Eastern was to fit her out for sea. They were unable to do a thorough job of it, however. They couldn't afford the two satellite steamers that were to have hung from her sides, or the perpetual moonlight that was to have shone from the peak of her mainmast. There wasn't enough money to install the facilities of five grand hotels. Staterooms were provided for only three hundred passengers, all first-class, instead of for the four thousand, of three classes, originally contemplated. However, with the help of John Gregory Crace, the elegant decorator of Wigmore Street, the directors did decorate the ship's grand saloon. Crace did quite a job of it. The grand saloon, which was sixty-two feet long, thirty-six feet wide, and twelve feet high, had white and gilt walls, with oxidized-silver ornamental ironwork. Two funnels that passed through it were encased in mirrors, which were decorated with arabesque panels of infants symbolizing the arts and sciences that had contributed to the Great Eastern. The sofas and chairs were of carved teak with claret plush upholstery, and there were red silk portières, a maroon carpet, and walnut buffets with green marble tops. Skylights took the place of windows. Unlike today's ocean liners, the Great Eastern did not have a superstructure of decks rising above the hull in as many as five tiers. The main, and only open, deck, which was directly over the grand saloon, level with the top of the hull and covering the entire ship, was an acreage of teak, dotted with skylights and small deckhouses called "cabooses," which, indeed, looked rather like railroad cars. The captain had his quarters in one of the cabooses, under the bridge between the two paddle boxes; the others provided foyers for stairs or served as pens for cattle and other livestock. Even devoid of a superstructure, the Great Eastern stood forty feet above the waterline. Above her black hull loomed her five funnels and six

enka rayon

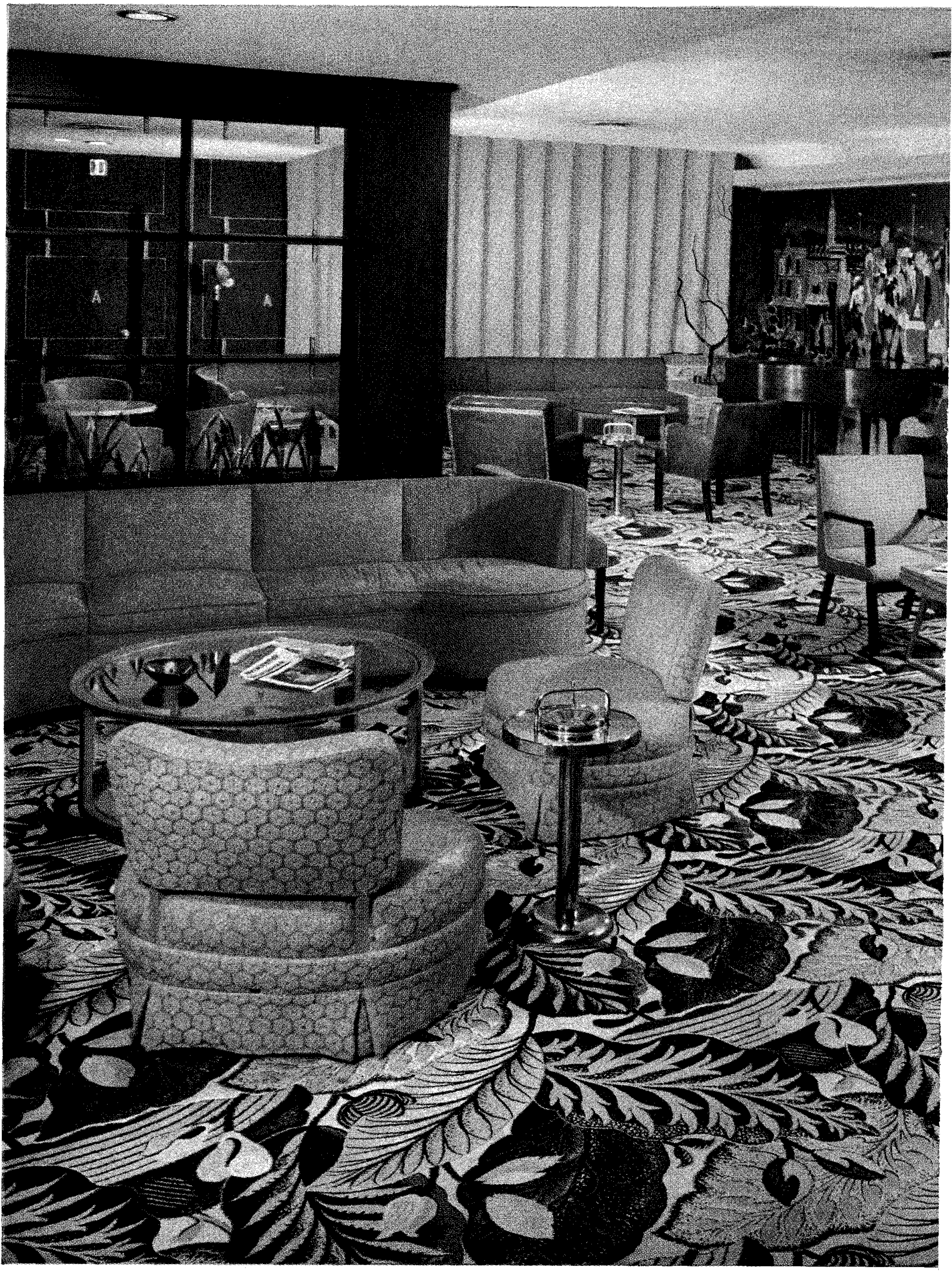
The fate of a fabric hangs by a thread

The Empire line

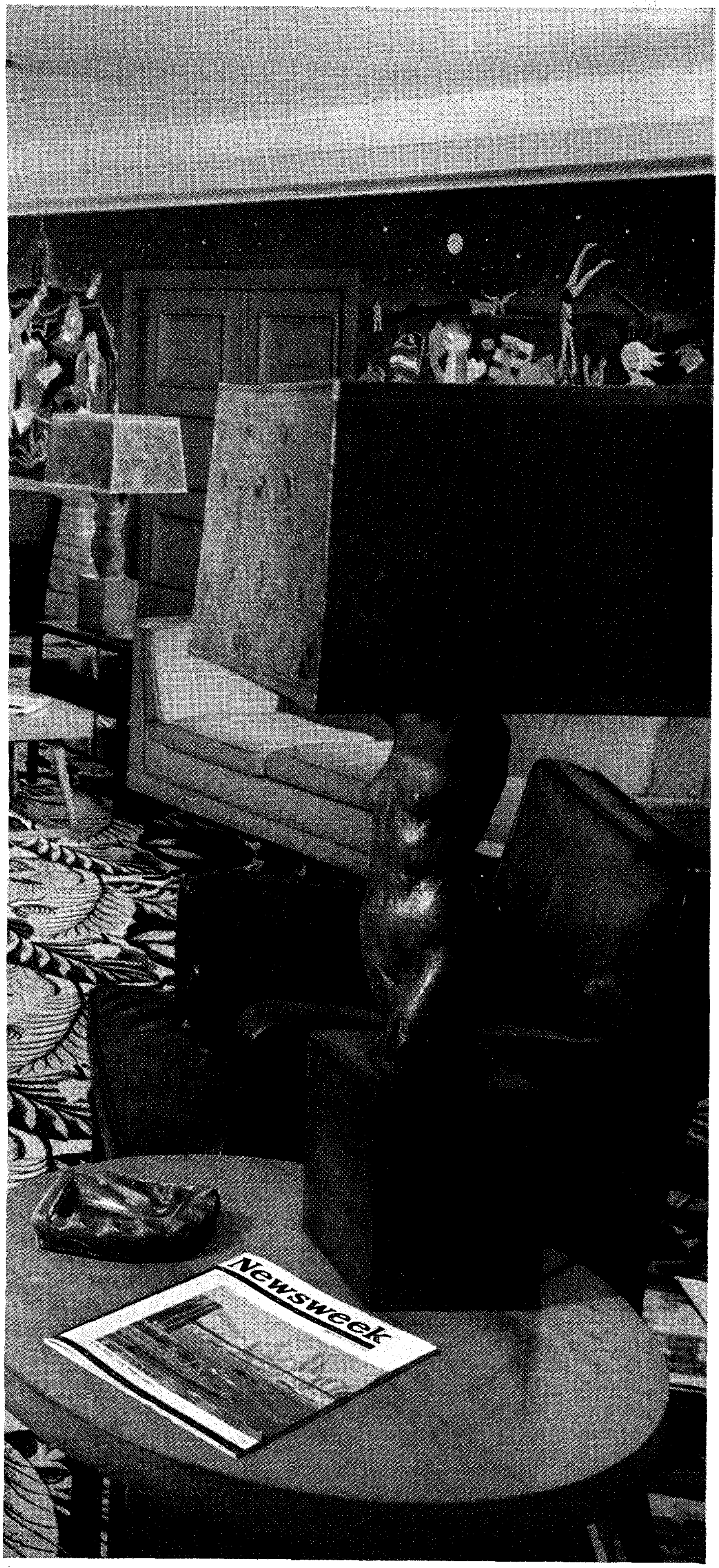
never more gracious than in
this Perfect Negligee. Its secret,
the subtle quilting of Enka's
charmingly printed rayon sheer.

Bonwit Teller, New York
Julius Garfinckel, Washington
I. Magnin, California-Seattle
The Montaldo Shops

AMERICAN ENKA CORPORATION
206 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.



PHOTOGRAPH BY NICKOLAS MURAY ASSOCIATES, INC.



Wherever people of influence
and decision gather
Newsweek *is in the picture*

MAIN LOUNGE AND READING ROOM
OF THE AUSTIN CLUB, AUSTIN, TEXAS

IMPORTED
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, LIMITED
86.8 PROOF
CANADIAN WHISKY AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST

Known by the Company it Keeps

Seagram's VO

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND . . . OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES • SIX YEARS OLD
86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

masts. The mizzenmast was of wood—a hundred-and-fifteen-foot pine from Desperation Pass, Oregon—since one of its functions was to hold the main compass high above the magnetic field of the ship; compass readings were projected to the deck by a beam of light. The five other masts were made of hollow sheet iron. The ship's six masts, together with her five funnels—one more than the later Cunard, White Star, and North German Lloyd giants—gave her perhaps the most thrilling silhouette ever seen on the sea lanes.

The ship's staterooms were twice as large as the best cabins of that era, and their ceilings were as high as those of the Queen Elizabeth. By means of movable partitions the cabins could be expanded to accommodate four, six, or eight people, instead of only two. Twin berths folded into the bulkheads during the day. Each cabin had a washbasin and a dressing table, a rocking chair, and a Turkey rug, and in each a settee concealed a bath with taps for hot fresh and cold salt water. The first-class cabins surrounded the grand saloon and had port-holes. A company brochure, anticipating the time when second- and third-class passengers were to be carried, said, "In the lower saloon, surrounded by all the substantials of comfort and without any pomp and glitter to put folks on their 'best company' behavior, one seems to feel even more at home than even when lolling on the velvet cushions of the grander apartments." To allay any suspicions about airlessness in the buried cabins, the pamphlet asked the reader to "think what a breeze would pour down a windsail from the deck of a vessel tearing across the water at twenty miles an hour!" The issue proved academic. No second- or third-class quarters were installed for nine more years.

In August, 1859, a fitting-out banquet was held aboard the Great Eastern at her Thames anchorage, and five dozen earls, members of Parliament, engineers, and moneyed investors were on hand for it. Brunel was too ill to attend. The guests were introduced to the captain, William Harrison, who had been chosen, over two hundred competitors, to command the Great Eastern. He was a formidable master mariner who had quit the Cunard Line to join the Great Ship Company.

Thus far, the Great Eastern had been boarded by no one but workmen, gapers, and banqueters. An Irish syndicate offered to pay the Great Ship Company a hundred thousand dollars if the ship would put in at Galway Bay for fifteen

For a woman who looks younger than she is

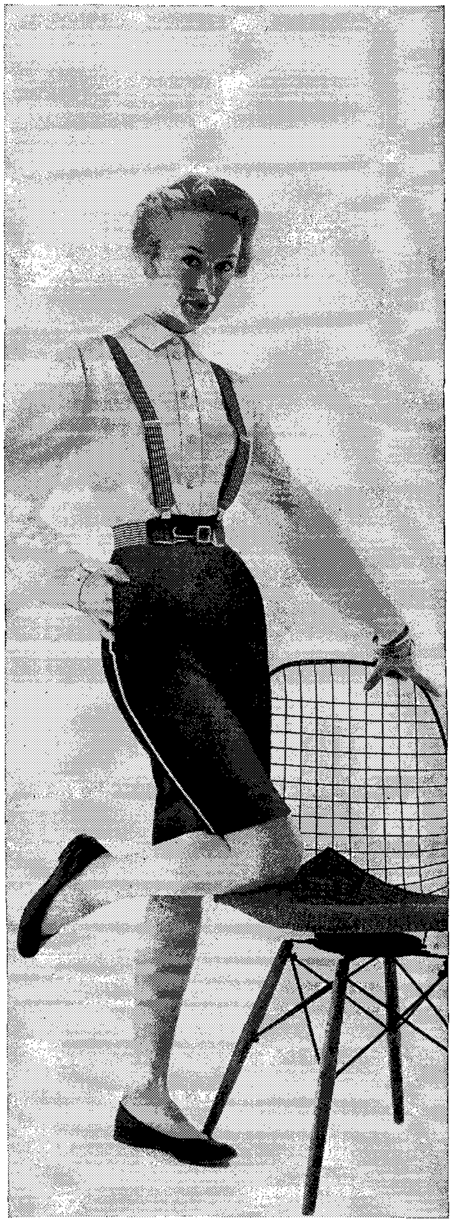
A PORTRAIT BY BACHRACH

It's not too early to think of portraits for Christmas

Bachrach

BRADFORD BACHRACH
PHOTOGRAPHER OF WOMEN
54 EAST 52ND STREET, NEW YORK
PLAZA 5-6233

The Third Generation of a Famous Family of Portrait Photographers



Franklin Simon

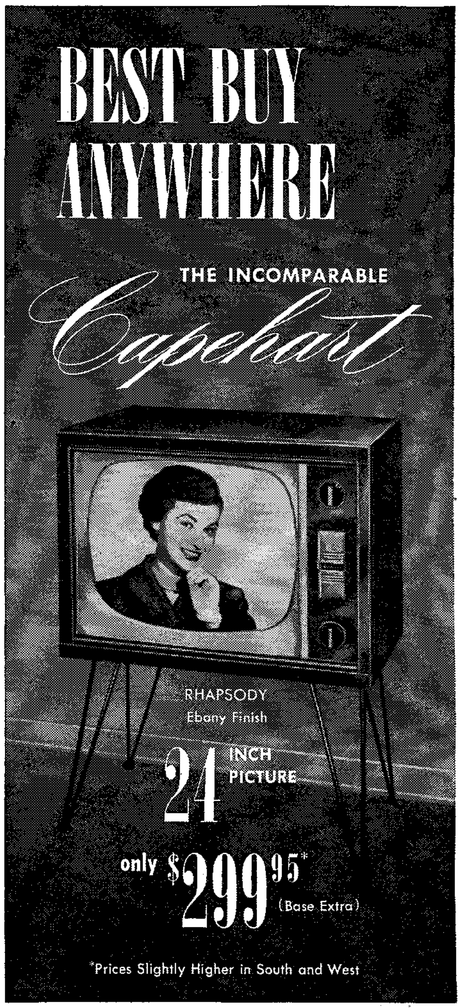
little lord fauntleroy...our dandy little take-it-easy set designed by Reid & Reid. The shirt, crisp white cotton; the suspender-supported Bermuda shorts, inky black cotton velveteen with white piping. Both, 10-18. Shirt **5.98** Shorts **9.98**

THIRD FLOOR

414 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
and all Franklin Simon stores

days before crossing the Atlantic, to give the Celts a crack at seeing "the greatest modern wonder of the world." The proposal bolstered a growing suspicion of the directors that they had a winner. Declining the Irish offer, they announced that the Great Eastern would sail from the Thames on September 6th for her first engine trials, in the Channel. On September 5th, a faltering, white-faced man painfully climbed aboard to inspect the ship. It was Brunel, and his former associates were heavy at heart when they saw him. He was fifty-three years old, and from the tough, tanned little engineer who supervised great transformations of earth, iron, and ideas, he had changed in a matter of months into a quaking ancient. He posed against the mainmast for the ship's stereoscopic photographer; when he took off his high beaver, no memoranda fell out, and his thick brown hair was gone. The twin lenses got a revealing picture. Brunel tottered away from the mainmast and fell with a stroke. He was carried through the great ship to a cargo port at the waterline, rowed to the Flying Hearse, and slowly driven to his house in Duke Street, Westminster.

THE Great Eastern did not sail next day. Bales of bedding, stacks of furniture, and barrels of crockery were still coming aboard in an antlike procession. Men tried to hang chandeliers while riveters were still whanging away at the bulkheads. Bargeloads of sofas, rugs, guns, anchors, and cables were hauled over the side amid a vast confusion of hammers and forges' flares. The ship left a day late, with many mechanics and craftsmen still aboard. Scott Russell was also aboard, and so was a big band. The ship was to be under tow as far as Purfleet, thirteen miles down the river. The long-awaited moment came when the pilot trumpeted, "Let slip the moorings!" Six huge chains dropped through the hawseholes with a shower of sparks and a mighty roar. Five tugs—Victoria, Napoleon, Victor, Punch, and True Briton—drew her away in response to a barrage of orders and counterorders that could scarcely be heard; a bridge telegraph that was to transmit orders from the bridge to the afterdeck wheelhouse had not yet been installed. But when the paddle wheels finally turned, the long disillusionment of the masses who lined the river banks suddenly vanished. "Thousands upon thousands of people were seen rushing to the river side from all points," said the *Times*. "Boats of every kind and size were launched



BEST BUY ANYWHERE

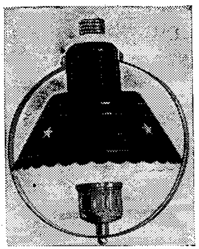
THE INCOMPARABLE Capehart

RHAPSODY
Ebony Finish

24 INCH PICTURE

only $299^95* (Base Extra)

*Prices Slightly Higher in South and West



Screws in like a light bulb!

Amazing New **HANGING LAMP**

No wires to connect. Imagine, now you can change a lighting fixture with a twist of the wrist. Wherever a light bulb can be screwed in you can hang this delightful lamp. It's red tole metal trimmed with shining brass. 8" in dia., 9½" high. Has opal glass reflector. Takes 100 watt replaceable bulb. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. No COD's, please.

No wires to connect!

Only **$5.75** Post-paid

ARTISAN GALLERIES 2100 N. Haskell Dallas 4, Tex.

Sell from SYRACUSE!

One of America's richest territories is best reached from Hotel Syracuse.

A complete establishment built by the community for the service of its guests.

600 constantly modern rooms.

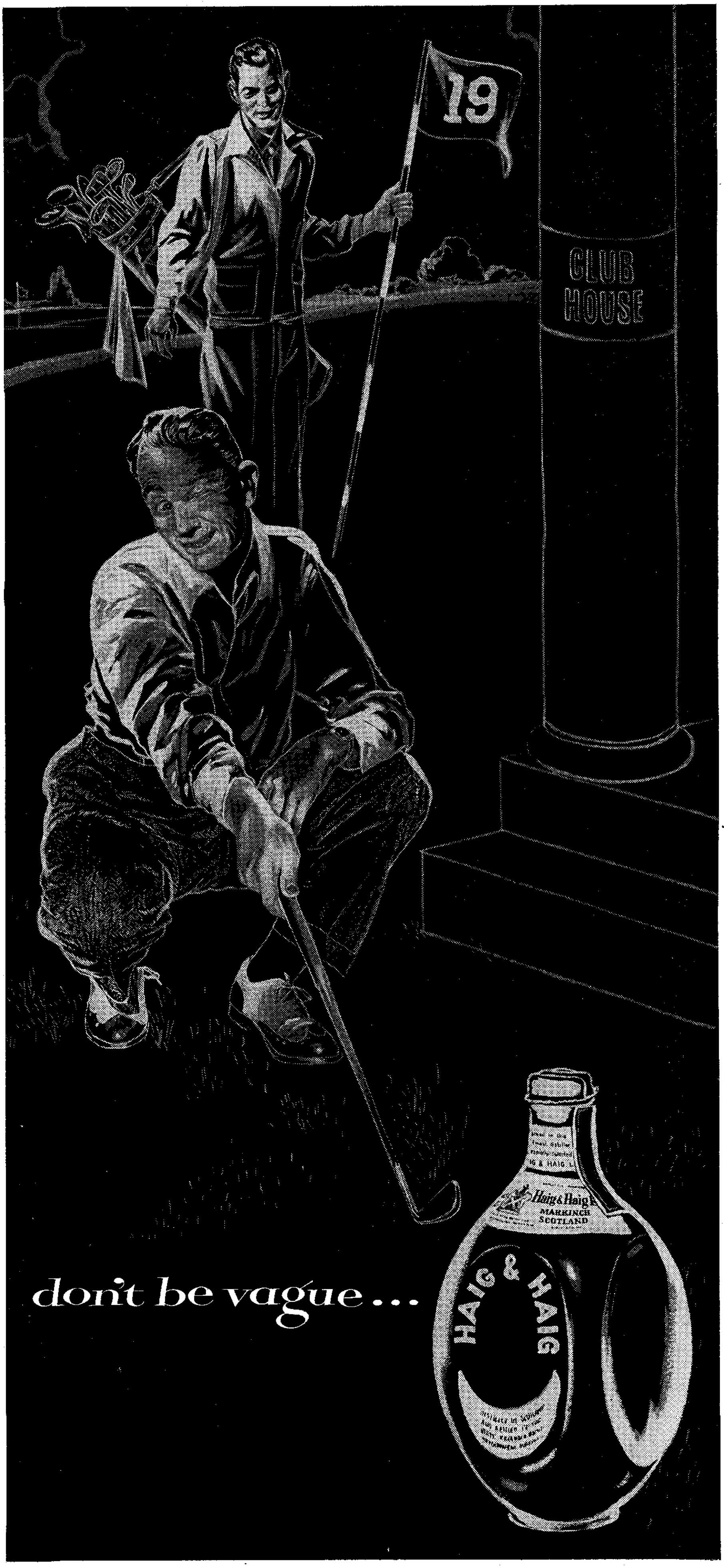
JAMES F. GILDAY
Exec. Vice-Pres. & Gen. Mgr.

HOTEL SYRACUSE
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

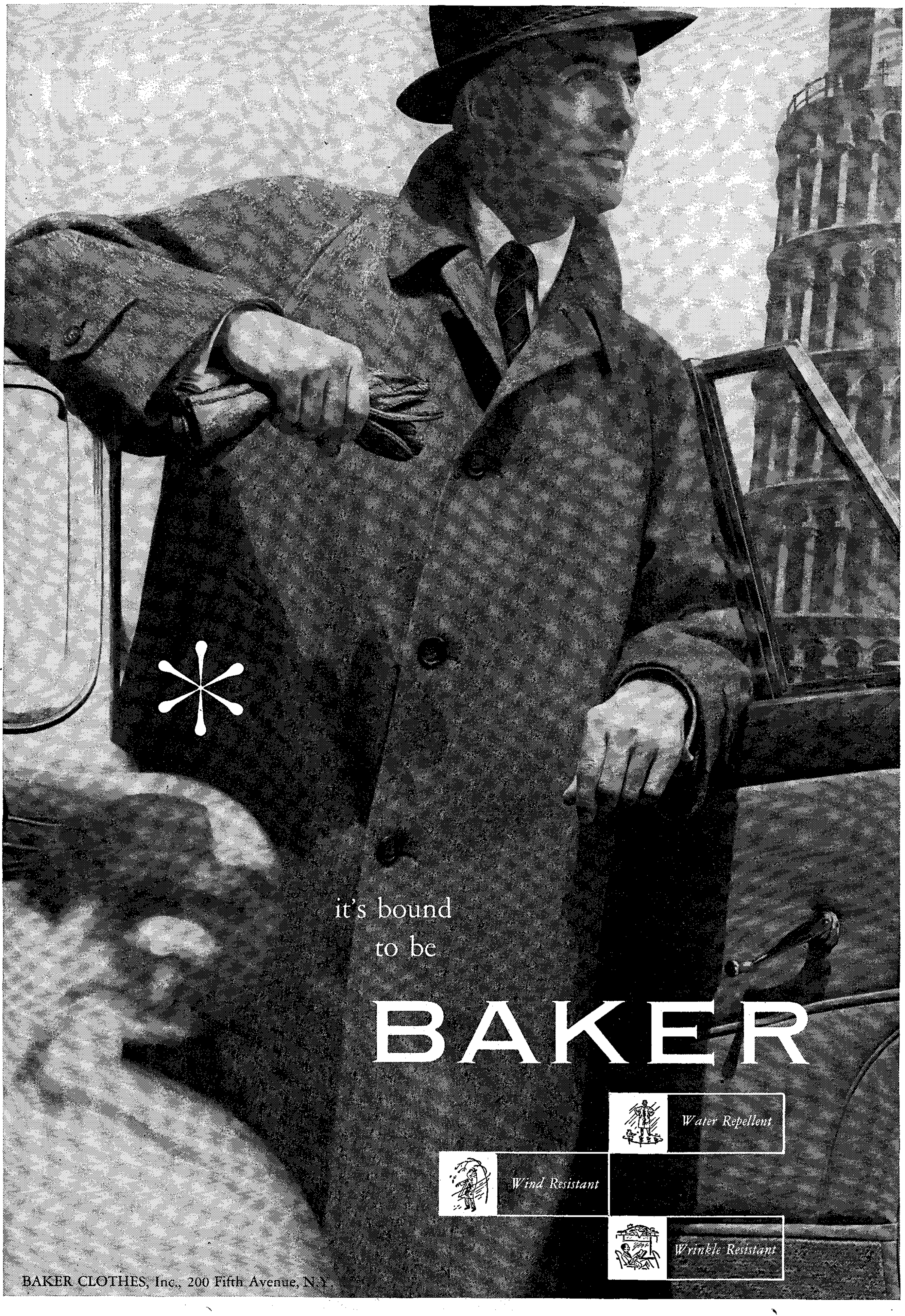
Tôle Lamps
WARD and ROME
63 E. 57th St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

crowded to the water's edge, and the stream and its banks seemed suddenly instinct with life. There were not so much cheers as continuous shouting—a genuine outburst of enthusiasm and delight. Even the wan and sickly inmates of the Seamen's Hospital Ship turned out upon the deck or crowded the ports with their worn faces to give one shout or wave a cap to the vessel which swept so grandly by."

The Great Eastern navigated the tricky point at Blackwall and released carrier pigeons to spread the news in the City. At Woolwich, the shoreline could hardly be distinguished because of the people pressed together along it. The ship anchored for the night at Purfleet, and Purfleet and nearby Gravesend came out in boats to look at her. Little steamers ran round and round her with brass bands playing "Rule Britannia" and "See the Conquering Hero Comes." Early the next morning, the Great Eastern sailed in a mass caterwaul from the banks, "which, triumphant as may be her reception in the States, is never likely to be surpassed," said the proud *Times*. The tugs cast off, "and in ten minutes she set at rest for ever all doubt as to her being the fastest [steam] vessel beyond comparison in the world." The ship had got up twelve knots by the time the breakfast bugle blew. It was a typical windy September day, and as she skirted the treacherous Goodwin Sands and emerged into the Channel, she ran into waves that rolled in high from the Bay of Biscay, but a correspondent for the *Illustrated London News* who was aboard noted that "their foaming surge seemed but sportive elements of joy, over which this new mistress of the ocean held her undisputed sway." Throughout the day, rain and spray scudded through bursts of sunlight as the Great Eastern moved majestically past pitching steamers, yachts, and brigs that had come out to see her. The



BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF. RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.


it's bound
to be
BAKER
Water Repellent
Wind Resistant
Wrinkle Resistant
BAKER CLOTHES, Inc., 200 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

* This is the famous Lodenbury topcoat, a Baker exclusive, custom-fashioned to the American male taste of Continental Tyrolean Loden. Aristocratic through and through, this treasure cloth of the Austrian Alps shrugs off rain and wrinkles . . . shuts out wind and weather . . . weighs only 2½ lbs. The Lodenbury is luxury you can live in every topcoat day of the year.

At these and other exclusive men's apparel shops.

John Wanamaker New York City
Harry Holland Amarillo, Texas
M. V. Moore Co. Asheville, N. C.
John Jarrell, Inc. Atlanta, Georgia
Wm. Filene's Sons Co. Boston, Mass.
Peller & Mure, Buffalo, N.Y.
Brown's, Inc. Charlotte, N. C.
Marshall Field & Co. Chicago, Ill.
Dunlap's, Cincinnati, Ohio
The Halle Bros. Co. Cleveland, Ohio
MacNeil & Moore Colorado Springs, Col.
F. & R. Lazarus Co. Columbus, Ohio
Lichtenstein's Corpus Christi, Texas
Neiman-Marcus Dallas, Texas
Neusteter's Denver, Colorado
Kilgore & Hurd Detroit, Mich.
Whaling's, Detroit, Mich.
Patterson & Fletcher Fort Wayne, Ind.
John L. Ashe Co. Fort Worth, Texas
212 Mans Shop Harrisburg, Pa.
Wm. F. Powers Hartford, Conn.
Sakowitz Bros. Houston, Texas
L. S. Ayres & Co. Indianapolis, Ind.
D. & J. Wilkinson Kansas City, Mo.
Angelucci & Ringo Lexington, Ky.
Howard Cohn Co. Little Rock, Ark.
Lanier Clothiers Longview, Texas
MacNeil & Moore Madison, Wis.
Julius Lewis, Inc. Memphis, Tenn.
MacNeil & Moore Milwaukee, Wis.
Hubert W. White Minneapolis, Minn.
Mallernee's Nashville, Tenn.
Gentree Ltd. New Haven, Conn.
Godchaux, New Orleans, La.
Stewart Gordon Orange, N. J.
Jackson & Moyer Philadelphia, Pa.
Joseph Horne Co. Pittsburgh, Pa.
Hillhouse Ltd. Providence, R. I.
Thalhimer's, Richmond, Va.
National Clothing Co. Rochester, N. Y.
Maurice Anderson Salt Lake City, Utah
The White House San Francisco, Calif.
Littler's, Seattle, Wash.
Rosenblath's Shreveport, La.
Davenport Sport Shop Spokane, Wash.
D. & J. Wilkinson St. Louis, Mo.
Hubert W. White St. Paul, Minn.
Winter's, Syracuse, N. Y.
Julius Garfinckel & Co. Washington, D. C.
Stone & Thomas Wheeling, W. Va.
Wright & Simon Wilmington, Del.

guests did not linger for after-dinner wine and toasts that evening but hurried on deck to enjoy a sensation unknown since Channel voyages began. The great ship sailed through that unruly strait with only a slight swaying of the chandeliers.

Suddenly, off Hastings, something happened that, according to the man from the *Illustrated London News*, sent "throughout the whole vessel a sound of most awful import." The forward funnel—one of the two that ran through the grand saloon—had blown out of the ship and crashed on the deck, and there was a wild hiss of escaping steam. The mirrors in the grand saloon "were shattered to ten thousand fragments." The Great Eastern, however, "simply deviated a few yards . . . and then her paddles . . . wafted her lightly and scathless over the terrors of the deep." An officer who ran out on one of the paddle-wheel guards found that the hull was intact, despite an explosion that was "probably one of the most terrific which a vessel has ever survived." The extent of the damage aboard was hidden in clouds of steam. Captain Harrison yelled for six men to follow him and went hand under hand down a line through a broken skylight into the shattered saloon to search it for survivors. There had been no one in it when the explosion occurred except Harrison's little daughter. He found her behind a bulkhead, which had preserved her from the flying glass. After passing the child up through the skylight, Harrison continued his search. He almost fell through a hole in the saloon deck. Below was a red glare from open furnace doors; the fires were being fanned by the downdraft from the crater above, and the furnaces were spewing flame and ashes. The Captain shouted for the donkey engines to pump sea water into the boiler room. On top of everything else, the cry "Man overboard!" was raised, and people threw life buoys and pieces of wooden debris into the sea. A man was seen drifting astern. He was a fireman who, his crewmates said later, had escaped being boiled alive by diving down an ash chute into the sea but had been drawn into one of the paddle wheels. He was left, broken, in the wake. Members of the crew went into the forward stokehole and brought out thirteen injured. "None who had ever seen blown-up men before could fail to know at a glance that some had only two or three hours to live," an eyewitness later reported. "They walked aft with that indescribable expression in their faces only

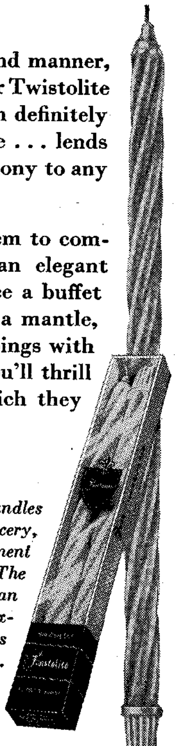
WILL & BAUMER
Twistolite
CANDLES

In the
GRAND MANNER!

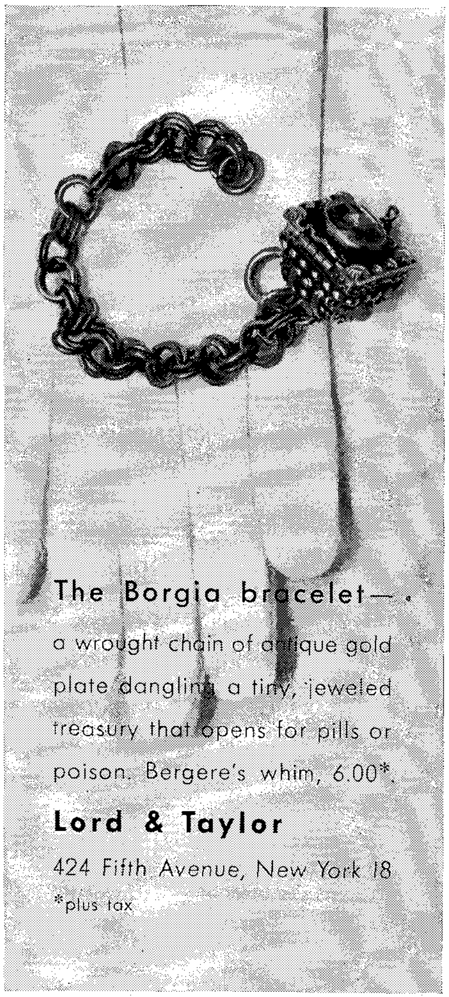
There's an air, a grand manner, to stately Will & Baumer Twistolite Candles that lifts them definitely out of the commonplace . . . lends an atmosphere of ceremony to any scene.

Whether you use them to complete the pattern of an elegant centerpiece . . . to grace a buffet . . . bestow beauty on a mantle, or endow console groupings with special grandeur . . . you'll thrill to the high drama which they bring to the setting.

● *Order a dozen Twistolite Candles today from your favorite grocery, drug, housewares or department store, gift or florist shop. The "Two-Pack" box serves as an extra protection for their exquisite colors and finish, makes them easier to store and handle.*



Will & Baumer
SYRACUSE, N. Y.
Leading Candle Craftsmen for Nearly 100 Years


The Borgia bracelet— . a wrought chain of antique gold plate dangling a tiny, jeweled treasury that opens for pills or poison. Bergere's whim, 6.00*.

Lord & Taylor

424 Fifth Avenue, New York 18

*plus tax

FREE TO YOU FROM
OLD MEXICO

"CUERVO" *Tequila* COCKTAIL BOOK

Give your parties a South-of-the-Border flair with these excitingly different Tequila recipes. Delightful, smooth *Cuervo Tequila* makes every party a *Fiesta.*

Mail coupon today!

for Cuervo Tequila Cocktail Book. Illustrated in color; printed in Old Mexico.

Gold label (95 proof).

White label (100 proof);

Young's Market Company, U. S. Importer N—2
1610 W. 7th St., Los Angeles; Calif.

NAME____________________

STREET____________________

CITY____________ STATE________

resembling intense astonishment, and a certain faltering of the gait and movements like one that walks in his sleep. . . . One man walked along . . . and seemed quite unconscious that the flesh of his thighs . . . was burnt in deep holes. . . . He said quietly, 'I am all right: there are others worse than me. Go and look after them.' " He was one of five explosion victims to die.

That was the end of the engine trials, and later that evening the Great Eastern put in at Portland Bay, near Weymouth. At an inquest held there three days later, it was established that the explosion was caused by steam that had built up in the funnel casing. John Scott Russell testified that an escape cock had been closed by some unknown person. Three of the passengers blamed Scott Russell himself, for he had been standing on deck issuing general orders to the engine room. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of accidental death but stated that "sufficient caution was not used by the engineers."

Brunel, paralyzed in his bed, was not told of the disaster, or of his partner's humiliation, until four days after the explosion. The news killed him; he died forty-eight hours after hearing it. "Brunel was the right man for the nation, but unfortunately, he was not the right man for the shareholders," said an obituary in the *Morning Chronicle.* "Those must stoop who would gather gold, and Brunel could never stoop. . . . The history of invention records no instance of grand novelties so boldly imagined and so successfully carried out by the same individual." The *Times* recalled Brunel's final visit to his last bridge—the Great Western Railway's one at Saltash—when he was too ill to sit up: "In the spring of 1859, the great bridge was approaching completion, when one morning a carriage truck was slowly drawn across it. On the truck was a couch, and on the couch lay the Great Engineer, whose name must, to all time, be coupled with the history of the G.W.R." Brunel was buried at Kensal Green. In his memory, his family placed a window in Westminster Abbey and his friends put up the marble bust on the Embankment.

DISPUTES of all sorts involving the iron carcass rumbled on. The directors of the Great Ship Company held the builders of the ship responsible for repairing the explosion damage. They gave Scott Russell twenty-five thousand dollars to repair the damage in not more than three weeks—a rather punitive contract—and advertised the Great Eastern's maiden voyage, to New York, for October 8th. In September, thirty of her crew of sixty-two went on strike, refusing to holystone decks on Sunday, and the management insisted on a full-dress trial for mutiny. The ringleader got a month at hard labor, and the twenty-nine other men two weeks. The ship was opened to sightseers during the repairs, and six thousand people bought half-crown tickets to have a look at her. There was also a round of banquets on board, for the directors tried to keep up a brave front. But the repairs were not finished on time and the sailing date passed. After waiting ten days, the passengers demanded their money back. The small shareholders asked that the directors do something at once about making the Great Eastern pay. By this time, the directors were beginning to think in terms of the only hope that had appeared—sightseers. The big ship was losing her identity as a passenger vessel. Figuring that winter would be a poor time to catch New York sightseers, the directors decided not to send her across the Atlantic that year. Instead, they ordered the ship to Holyhead to mop up tourist half crowns in the western part of the island; on the way, an engine fitter named McGrogan had his hand torn off in one of the paddle engines. At Holyhead, the directors fired most of the crew but kept on the Great Eastern Band and the stereoscopic photographer, who did a fine business taking pictures of tourists.

The Holyhead turnout prompted the Chambers of Commerce of a number of ports, Bristol and Southampton among them, to ask the directors to berth the ship in their harbors. The directors chose Southampton, and talked of sending her on a Mediterranean cruise from there. The Southampton Chamber of Commerce issued handbills apprising the citizenry of the municipal triumph, and four days later the Society of Merchant Venturers of Bristol announced that the great ship might make their city her permanent port. It seemed they had a letter to that effect from the Great Ship Company. The addled directors tried to stand off the furious rival ports by appointing a Harbour Committee to reëxamine the entire question. When city deputations appeared before the committee, its chairman piously reminded them that the Great Eastern was not "an exhibition ship" to be taken from port to port. If that were the case, he said, "she might have been kept moored in the Thames where [we] might have netted £60,000." As he spoke, a paying

For $\$29^{50}$ Macintosh solves an eternal problem

FALL WEATHER is very like a lady who keeps you waiting: at times, both are *exasperating*, but often pleasant and manageable.

Take this man from the legions of men who have discovered the famous English Macintosh right here in America. He copes with unpredictable Fall weather by wearing his Macintosh when it merely looks as if it *might* rain.

You see, for all its remarkable rain-resistant properties, Macintosh is much more than an ordinary rain coat. Its unique poplin fabric is woven from long-staple Egyptian cotton, which has a subtle silken sheen. Macintosh is tailored in the classic London manner: raglan shoulder, single-breasted, fully lined in conservative tartan.

You are in perfect style if you wear your Macintosh on between-season days when you're not quite sure *what* the weather calls for. Macintosh is a marvelously versatile, all-weather coat.

About \$29.50 at the stores listed alongside, or write Robert Appleby & Company, Inc., 347 Madison Ave., N.Y.

Where to buy Macintosh

NEW YORK	Abercrombie & Fitch
Albany	W. E. Walsh & Sons
Ann Arbor	Wagner & Company
Atlanta	John Jarrell, Inc.
Atlantic City	George C. McAvoy
Baltimore	Wm. H. Lohmeyer
Berkeley, Calif.	George J. Good
Beverly, Mass.	Johnny Appleseed's
Beverly Hills, Calif.	Pesterre & May
Birmingham, Ala.	Henry Porter, Inc.
Boston	Jordan Marsh
Boston	Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Brockton, Mass.	Tonis, Inc.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Flint & Kent
Burlingame, Calif.	Robert W. Gates
Cambridge, Mass.	Sills & Company
Chicago	Von Lengerke & Antoine
Cleveland, Ohio	The Halle Bros. Co.
Colorado Springs	MacNeil & Moore
Columbus, Ohio	Pumphrey's
Concord, Mass.	The Country Store
Denver	The Gano-Downs Company
Detroit	Capper & Capper
Duluth, Minn.	Harry Allenfall
Easton, Md.	Sports & Specialties Shop, Inc.
East Orange, N. J.	Stuart Gordon
Erie, Pa.	P. A. Meyer
Evanston, Ill.	Williams
Flint, Mich.	A. M. Davison Co.
Fort Worth, Texas	Washer Bros.
Grand Haven, Mich.	Reichardt
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Mackenzie-Bostock-Monroe Co.
Greenwich, Conn.	Van Driver
Grosse Pointe, Mich.	Proper's
Harrisburg, Pa.	The 212 Man's Shop
Hartford, Conn.	Wm. F. Powers & Co.
Houston, Texas	Norton-Ditto Co.
Indianapolis	L. Strauss & Co., Inc.
Jackson, Mich.	Oppenheim's
Jacksonville, Fla.	Levy's
Kalamazoo, Mich.	Lew Hubbard
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry
Knoxville, Tenn.	Squiz Green
Los Angeles	Phelps-Terkel
Los Angeles	J. W. Robinson Co.
Los Angeles	Boshard-Doughty
Louisville, Ky.	Roche & Roche, Inc.
Macon, Ga.	Ben Jones, Inc.
Madison, Wis.	MacNeil & Moore
Memphis, Tenn.	Julius Lewis, Inc.
Milwaukee	MacNeil & Moore
Minneapolis	Nicolas, Inc.
Montclair, N. J.	Frost, Inc.
Newark	L. Bamberger & Co.
New Haven	Gentree, Ltd.
New Orleans	Godchaux's
Oakland, Calif.	Larry Cunningham
Oklahoma City	Connolly's
Omaha	Charles J. Assmann
Pasadena, Calif.	William Taylor
Philadelphia	Jackson & Moyer
Pittsburgh	Larrimor's
Portland, Oregon	Ray Bolger
Portland, Oregon	Mathis
Portland, Oregon	M. & H. H. Sichel
Princeton, N. J.	The English Shop
Providence, R. I.	Elsbree-Valleau Co. Inc.
Richmond, Va.	Berry-Burk & Co.
Rochester, N. Y.	Whillock Bros.
Rochester, N.Y.	McFarlin Clothing Co.
Sacramento, Calif.	Mayhood's
St. Louis	Boyd's
St. Paul	Gokey Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah	Maurice Anderson
San Antonio, Texas	Frost Bros.
San Francisco	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
San Francisco	Bullock & Jones
Santa Barbara, Calif.	Roy E. Gammill
Seattle	Littler
Spokane	Davenport Sport Shop
Springfield, Mass.	Raymond White
Springfield, Mo.	Barth Bros.
Syracuse	Hotel Syracuse Men's Shop
Toledo	Damschroder Berry, Inc.
Trenton, N. J.	Holland Bros.
Tucson, Arizona	MacNeil, Inc.
Tulsa, Okla.	Clarke's
Washington, D. C.	Lewis & Thos. Saltz, Inc.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	Fowler, Dick & Walker
Williamstown, Mass.	House of Walsh
Wilmington, Del.	Mansure & Prettyman
Worcester, Mass.	Mark, Inc.

MACINTOSH

—the standard by which all other weathercoats are judged. ®

Dear Merrill Lynch:

Without obligation, please give me whatever information is available about the following securities which—

☐ I now own (please give number of shares), or which . . .

☐ I am now considering buying

I should like to have your recommendations for the investment of $__________. My objective is

☐ Safety of capital, or
☐ Dividends of 5%-6%, or
☐ Increase in value

Name __________________
Address __________________
City & State __________________

Just fill in and mail to—

WALTER A. SCHOLL
Department SB-1
MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE
70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.
Offices in 104 Cities

crowd in Holyhead was tramping back and forth above the Great Eastern's grand saloon. Special trains were bringing people from all over the West Country, and the meanest rural alehouse in the vicinity was charging London hotel rates for beds. Soon Prince Albert made a trip to Holyhead to inspect the ship, and there were more banquets aboard.

Late in October, a tremendous storm struck Holyhead. The wind blew out the saloon skylights and rain flooded the sumptuous room. When Captain Harrison stepped out of his caboose to go and look at the damage, his waterproof coat was torn to shreds and he was tumbled along the deck. Struggling into a hatchway, he realized that the Great Eastern was adrift and at the mercy of the gale. Ships were going down all over the anchorage. The Great Eastern rolled and heaved toward the shore, but Chief Paddle Engineer Alexander McLennan started the paddle wheels, and through a night of masterly maneuvering Captain Harrison kept her head into the gale. After eighteen hours, the wind blew itself out. A crash had been averted, but the grand saloon, of course, was ruined again. In the gale, the big screw steamer Royal Charter was wrecked on the rocks at nearby Moelfra with a loss of four hundred and forty-six lives and five hundred thousand pounds in gold. The storm has always been referred to as the Royal Charter Storm, but for many people at the time the most significant thing about it was that it proved the Great Eastern's seaworthiness.

The directors decided that, seaworthy or not, their ship had better seek the protection of Southampton for the winter, and she proceeded there. A shareholder forced a company meeting, which was conducted in an uproar. The financial statement was a shocker. The company was $180,000 in debt and the ship was mortgaged for $200,000 more; her total cost to date came to $5,000,000. Shares had depreciated by half on the London exchange. The shareholders shouted for the directors to resign. The directors appealed to Chancellor of the Exchequer William Gladstone for a government subsidy. Mr. Gladstone was noncommittal.

In January, Captain Harrison went ashore in his gig with the ship's surgeon, six crew members, and the nine-year-old son of the chief purser. A squall came up suddenly, and Captain Harrison, who was at the tiller, ordered down sail. The sail was wet, and stuck. Before it could be lowered, the wind hit it and

THE ONION SOUP WITH A REAL
French Accent

Bon Vivant
ONION SOUP
a la Bretonne

Bon Vivant
ONION SOUP
a la Bretonne

Write for booklet of "23 Unusual Soups"
MOORE & CO. SOUPS, INC.,
137 Beekman Street, New York 7, N. Y.

Emme
26 East 56th Street, New York, N. Y.

Mothersills
The fast-acting aid in preventing and relieving Travel Sickness.
for Adults & Children
THE WORLD OVER
MOTHERSILL'S TRAVEL REMEDY
AT DRUGGISTS
53

capsized the boat. The boy and the master of the great ship drowned, and the coxswain of the gig died a few hours later.

The directors resigned. A third new board was formed, which, keeping the name of the Great Ship Company, set out to recapitalize to the extent of $500,000, in shares of twenty-five dollars each. Led by Gooch, Brunel's former superintendent of locomotives, the new men went to work to restore public confidence and complete the ship. Their first action was to sack Scott Russell, who had been serving the old board as consulting engineer. Here was a third generation of shareholders, and the Great Eastern had not yet carried a paying passenger. —JAMES DUGAN

(This is the first of a series of articles on the Great Eastern.)

•

LIFE IN THESE UNITED STATES
(CROSS SECTION OF)

[*From the Times*]

WASHINGTON, July 20—President Eisenhower rounded out six months in office today, but he let the occasion pass. He began the day with an early morning meeting with Congressional leaders in which he reviewed legislative progress and made new requests for action on the party's program.

He also received other callers, signed various bills, sent nominations to the Senate and topped the day with one of his typical dinners for guests who represent a cross-section of American life. They were:

Arthur E. Summerfield, the Postmaster General.

Douglas McKay, the Secretary of the Interior.

Sinclair Weeks, the Secretary of Commerce.

Walter S. Gifford, honorary chairman of the board of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and former Ambassador to Britain.

Eugene Meyer, chairman of the board of The Washington Post.

Earl Schaefer, vice president of the Boeing Airplane Company.

Stanley Hiller of Palo Alto, Calif., president of Hiller Helicopters.

Maxwell Abell of Chicago, president of the Abell Hotel chain.

William E. Robinson, publisher and executive vice president of The New York Herald Tribune.

Darryl Zanuck, vice president in charge of production of Twentieth Century-Fox.

Henry Sears of New York, president of Henry Sears & Co., investment bankers.

Joseph P. Grace, president of the Grace Lines.

M. A. Hutcheson, president of the United Carpenters and Joiners of America, A.F.L.

Dr. Karl Compton, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

William H. Francis, an attorney of Houston.

Earl Slick of Winston-Salem, N.C., chairman and director of Slick Airways, Inc.

"No matter where you are—after dinner there's nothing like a dram of Drambuie"

DRAMBUIE
Prince Charles Edward's
LIQUEUR
THE ISLE OF SKYE LIQUEUR
Prince Charles Edward's Liqueur
TRADE MARK
DRAMBUIE
REGISTERED
A LINK WITH THE '45
This ancient and delicate Liqueur has been prepared from the secret Recipe in the Isle of Skye since 1745

The only cordial
with a
Scotch Whisky base

Made in Scotland since 1745 from the secret recipe of Prince Charles Edward's personal liqueur, Drambuie is famous for its unique dry flavour and exquisite bouquet. Enjoy Drambuie "on the rocks"—with twist of lemon peel if desired—or in the traditional cordial glass.

after dinner...
a DRAM* of

DRAMBUIE

* Dram—A small drink. When the drink is Drambuie, a luxurious after-dinner adventure.

Imported by W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.

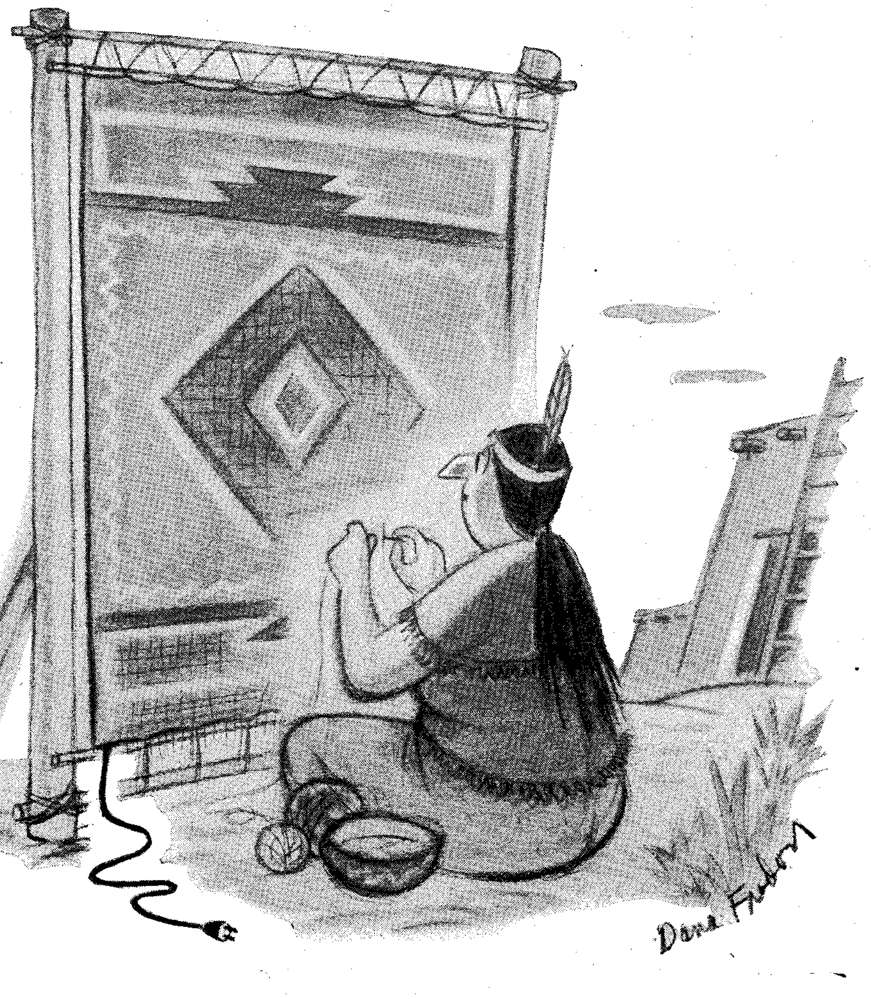
THE THEATRE

NOR LONG REMEMBER

THE new season opened last week with two exhibitions well calculated to strike terror to the soul of the drama critic, whose living, after all, depends to a large extent on the persistent survival of the theatre. The more important, or at any rate the more pretentious, of these glum offerings is a species of musical comedy called "Carnival in Flanders," which made its bow last Tuesday at the Century. This calamity, to get the numbing but necessary statistics out of the way first, is based on "La Kermesse Héroïque," a Gallic inspiration about which I regret to say I know nothing whatever; the book for the American version is the work of Preston Sturges, who is also credited with its direction; Johnny Burke and James Van Heusen are responsible for the lyrics and the music, respectively; the dances were staged by Helen Tamiris; the scenery was designed by Oliver Smith, and the costumes by Lucinda Ballard; and the cast is headed by Dolores Gray and John Raitt. The initial cost of the whole shebang is estimated at something like three hundred thousand dollars. It is impossible to say whether the people who invested this sum were animated by a touching faith in the genius of Mr. Sturges and his associates or simply by a sardonic estimate of the public taste almost too chilly to contemplate.

Considered on the plane of art rather than of high finance, "Carnival in Flanders" is a tedious and irrational blend of old-fashioned operetta, of the kind usually derisively coupled with the word "Shubert," and some newfangled ministrations in the shape of occasional experiments with semi-abstract scenic design, a number of songs that are probably hopefully regarded as being of a sophisticated character, and several violently symbolic and predominantly goatish ballets that are at grim warfare with the innocent foolishness of the text. The plot, with which I'll detain you only momentarily, concerns some romantic grapplings in a small Flemish town in 1616. There is a subsidiary theme involving the mayor's daughter and a young painter, stated to be a son of Pieter Breughel, but this juvenile intrigue is abruptly discarded after about ten minutes, and our attention is directed to the weightier problems bedevilling the mayor himself, his beautiful wife, and a swashbuckling Spanish duke, whose triumphant army is ravishing Flanders. The principal gimmick (I am embarrassed that no more cultivated term presents itself) takes the form of a stratagem devised by the lady to guard her own and her fellow-townswomen's virtue against the turbulent ardors of Spain. All the girls, that is, don mourning for their mayor, who himself agrees to impersonate a corpse. The idea, of course, is that their grief will so disarm the conqueror that he will chivalrously go away and rape somebody else. As you can see, this notion presents endless possibilities to a fertile mind, and almost none of them, I'm sorry to say, has been overlooked at the Century. Altogether, I can remember few occasions when I have brooded over threatened chastity with quite so much dispassion.

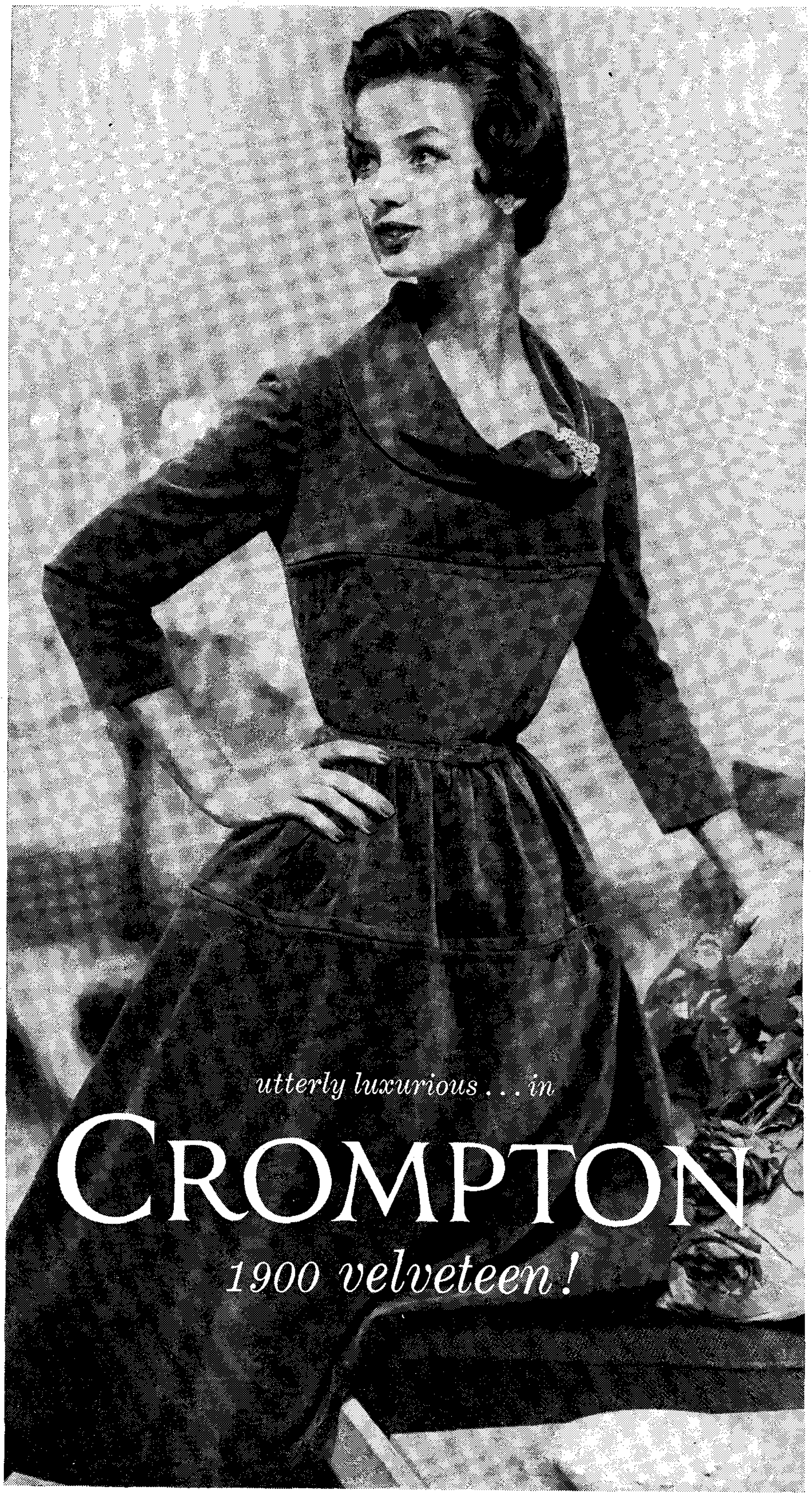
The humorous dialogue accompanying this tangled nonsense follows a cherished and abysmal pattern, being composed for the most part of mispronunciations or misunderstandings of familiar words, so that the actors are able to come up with such sad little quips as one specimen that confuses "jokes" and "yolks." The songs, with a couple of exceptions, struck me as having a dragging and rather monotonous quality, and the lyrics, which were clearly and respectfully enunciated, seemed hardly worth the bother. The scenery and costumes are profuse and sometimes imaginative, but the curiously scrambled nature of the script frequently operates against them, making, for instance, arrangements that are eminently suitable for a dark and menacing ballet almost ludicrously out of key when the action shifts back to its more customary mood of sunny and witless comedy. Miss Gray and Mr. Raitt, as the suppositious widow and the ravening Spaniard, do all that talent, charm, and determination can with their hollow songs and fundamentally meaningless lines. Roy Roberts, who, as the mayor, is condemned to spend most of the evening clambering in and out of a bed with his face smeared with green paint, also struggles heroically with a part that no



comedian on earth could make anything but grotesque, and Matt Mattox, the most fortunate of them all, is very lithe and sinister indeed as the premier rapist in Miss Tamiris's vehement ballets. The others, however, appeared to me to deserve but little better than the miserable fate they got.

THE last item in "Anna Russell and Her Little Show," at the Vanderbilt, is a song in which the star announces that after experiencing all the sufferings to which a popular chanteuse is prone she is finally going right out of her distracted head. Miss Russell, whose features are admirably arranged to express desperate emotion, accompanies this text with a lively simulation of insanity. It is most convincingly done, but I'm afraid my principal reaction to it was the reflection that the hypothetical collapse of her faculties preceded the actual destruction of my own by just about one minute. This sense of gathering madness is not easy to explain to those who have not personally observed what Miss Russell and her colleagues are up to, but a brief summary of their goings on may be helpful.

The lady herself is, of course, the main feature of, or excuse for, the entertainment. Critically, and perhaps a bit too intricately, her program might be described as a series of somewhat dogged parodies of familiar parodies of various forms of musical activity. Among other things, at one time or another she impersonates Spanish, Russian, French, Italian, British, and German vocalists in characteristic iniquities; she gives her version of an English choirboy delivering a Handel arrangement of "Night and Day;" she explains the derivation of the folk song and produces a sufficiently quaint sample; she demonstrates four or five styles of playing the piano; she has a brief, convulsive liaison with a set of bagpipes; assisted by a relatively harmless baritone, she executes a burlesque of a Shubert operetta, in my opinion no better and no worse than "Carnival in Flanders;" and, in conclusion, she devotes herself to the decline of the popular song, winding up, as noted above, with that disturbing assumption of lunacy. Her technique in dealing with these assorted matters is, oddly enough, both muscular and kittenish, being a combination of impressive physical and vocal exertion and a certain roguish intimacy that expresses itself chiefly in caustic asides to nonexistent hecklers in the audience. Her humor, for the most part, struck me as a little primitive, laying



The velveteen dress . . . all soft curves and rich highlights . . . in Crompton's fast-pile, twill-back "1900", the queen of velveteens. Sizes 7 to 15 in curry, amethyst, storm grey, beaver and black. About $45. By CARLYE DRESS CORP., St. Louis, Missouri
De Pinna, New York, New York; Frost Brothers, San Antonio, Texas

Crompton-Richmond Co., Inc.,
The Pioneer of American Corduroy & Velveteen — Est. 1807
1071 Avenue of the Americas, N. Y. 18, N. Y.

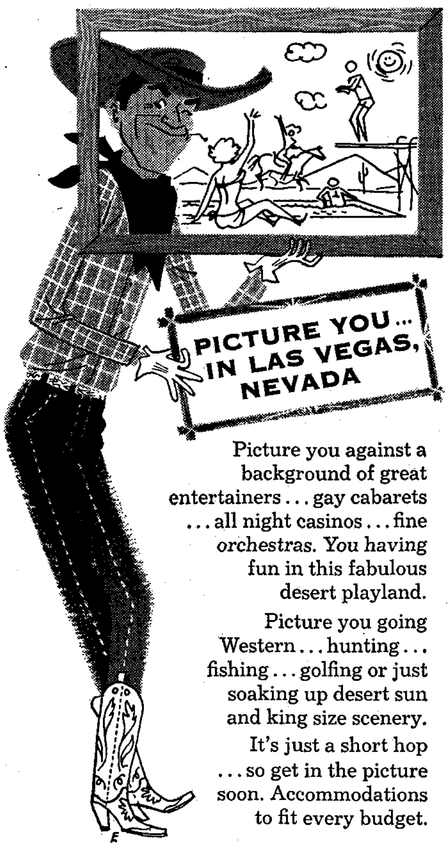
MARK CROSS
Fifth Ave. at 55th, N.Y. 22

FROM ENGLAND TO US

Our double-breasted waistcoat . . . sire of the current revival. Twin pockets. Cross-stitch hand-knit for fit and ease. Designed to compliment the waistline. Pure wool, completely hand-made, in black, natural, red, gold. Small, medium, large. **$30.00**

ONE FROM OUR EXCLUSIVE COLLECTION OF MEN'S WAISTCOATS

Mail and Telephone Orders Filled
SU 7-4000


PICTURE YOU... IN LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

Picture you against a background of great entertainers . . . gay cabarets . . . all night casinos . . . fine orchestras. You having fun in this fabulous desert playland.

Picture you going Western . . . hunting . . . fishing . . . golfing or just soaking up desert sun and king size scenery.

It's just a short hop . . . so get in the picture soon. Accommodations to fit every budget.

Just for fun, write for colorful folder
Box 4, **LAS VEGAS**, Nevada

much of its stress on rather soggy double-entendre, the comedy theoretically implicit in words like "tomato," "Schlitz," and "baloney," and hopeful topical references to Dr. Kinsey and Senator McCarthy.

In addition to the baritone, Miss Russell's fellow-conspirators include a master of ceremonies, a man of massive urbanity and great dental splendor, who not only gloats intermittently over the captive audience but also imitates with horrid accuracy the sounds made by railway trains and by human laughter; a magician, who ingests lighted cigarettes and razor blades to the highbred admiration of a blonde in a bathing suit; two pianists, male and female, who ogle each other prettily over their busy instruments; and a company of voodoo dancers, whose sultry and barbaric writhings are not, to the best of my knowledge, intended as a parody of anything. They were all too much for me, but it is obvious that Miss Russell has her public, because the response on opening night was almost as maniacal as the doings on the stage.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

BARBARA

The round pink moon
Of a little-girl face,
Fat legs straining
To catch the grace,

Like liquid silk,
Swirling and pert,
Of wand-shaped bodies
With tongues that hurt.

So long, Barb,
Old Fatso Bun!
Go home to your mother—
You weigh a ton.

But Barbara,
With a little-girl sigh,
Stops at a window
Of cake and pie.

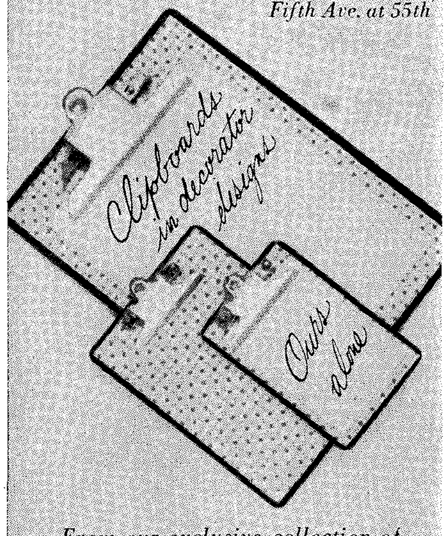
—ORA LEE PARTHESIUS

•

We can expect to live longer than any of our ancestors—an average of 68 years. . . . This average is a full five years better than the record of a decade ago . . . It's so good, in fact, that if we continue to improve at the same rate—100 per cent in 70 years—within a century we'll be the oldest living mammals, outlasting even the turtle.—*This Week.*

Just the same, there's nothing cuter than a lot of baby turtles at their mother's breast.

MARK CROSS
Fifth Ave. at 55th



From our exclusive collection of imported Italian papers with leather

Note-takers use our exclusive 'clippers' in the studio, office, home, garden. Florentine leather bound, and covered in gay Italian paper. Red, green, mahogany, wine, honey, blue. 4 x 6", $2.95. 5½ x 8", $3.95. 9 x 12", $4.95.

Mail and phone orders. SU 7-4000

Write to reserve your copy
of our Christmas catalog

Did you know you may have
THE WORLD-FAMOUS
Manchester Guardian
on a FREE TRIAL basis?

For readers seeking clear, unbiased reports and comment on World Affairs, the GUARDIAN is unrivalled. The AIR Edition of the Manchester Guardian Weekly arrives in New York the day after publication in Britain, offering news of the week in brief, special articles on political, social and literary events, book reviews, stimulating reports from Alistair Cooke and others.

Whether you subscribe for 20 weeks or a year, if you are not satisfied after seeing the first four issues, you may cancel and the trial will have cost you nothing. Why not sample this unusual newspaper today?

Mail Coupon for Special Free Offer

The Manchester Guardian, **P9**
53 E. 51 St., New York 22, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to the *Manchester Guardian,* Weekly Air Edition, as checked below. If not satisfied after seeing the first four issues, I may cancel and get a full refund. My payment is enclosed.

☐ 1 year, **$6.50** ☐ 20-week trial, **$2**

Name ....
Address ....
City ....Zone.......State..............

CONSTANCE STEARNS **CHARLES STEARNS**
The BIRD & BOTTLE INN
T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Table D'Hote Luncheon daily from $2.00
Dinners from $3.75
A La Carte Service
•
Tap Room
•
Closed Tuesdays only
Garrison 4-3342
ALBANY POST RD., U.S. 9 GARRISON, N. Y.

Carteret SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Superior College Preparation. Accredited 1st Grade to College entrance. Personal guidance. Small classes. Proper study habits stressed. Remedial reading. Shops. Homelike dormitory, full time or week-ends home. Large gym. 40 acres atop Orange Mt. 20 miles from N. Y. Moderate rate. Preparation for leading colleges. Bklt.
Carteret School, Box J-10, West Orange, N. J.

THE RACE TRACK

Comers and Goers

RACING at Aqueduct last week led to all sorts of profound reflections. One was that perhaps we haven't seen the best of Level Lea, a colt owned by John S. Phipps. A fortnight ago, he galloped off with the Discovery Handicap, beating eight other three-year-olds, including Dictar, who was second to Native Dancer in the Travers, and Landlocked, who was second to Native Dancer in the American Derby. A lot of us got the quaint notion that this was a fluke, but Level Lea beat older horses in the Edgemere Handicap last Saturday, coming through with a burst of speed in the stretch to win by a length from Elixir. Timely Reward was third. It was Level Lea's fourth victory in a row, and since he has a good many engagements for the autumn meetings, it might be interesting and profitable to keep an eye on him.

LAST week, in this very space, remarks were passed that indicated I had no very high opinion of Hasty House Farms' Hasty Road. Just for that, he won the Washington Park Futurity at Chicago, and $99,645 in prize money, which brought his earnings for the season to $208,320. Jimmy Kilroe, the racing secretary and handicapper for Arlington and Washington Parks, says Hasty Road is the best two-year-old he has seen out there in a long time. All of which gives me pause. Well, Hasty Road will run for the Futurity at Belmont Park on October 3rd, and then we'll know for sure how good he is. Queen Hopeful, another Hasty House money spinner, will go for the Matron Stakes at Belmont a week from Saturday; in this I expect she'll meet Mrs. George Widener's Evening Out, and you'd better not miss that. Hasty Road cost $23,100 as a yearling, and Queen Hopeful $5,800; together, they've picked up $363,743 in purses this season. It almost persuades one to go into the horse business, doesn't it?

Harry Trotsek, who trains the Hasty House horses, did all right at Chicago with the stable's other runners, too, winning the Prairie State Stakes with Sea O Erin, the Arlington Handicap with Oil Capitol, the Grassland Handicap with Stan, and the Lincoln Handicap and the Equipoise Mile with Ruhe. Besides, Ruhe was second for the high dollar more times than you could shake a stick at—most recently on Labor Day, when Sickle's Image beat him by half a length for the $108,500 first money in the Washington Park Handicap. At that, Ruhe got $30,000 for finishing second. Altogether, Hasty House Farms' earnings this season are more than half a million. Calumet's luck, on the other hand, has been too awful for words.

BY all odds, the disappointment of the season for most racegoers hereabouts is that Tom Fool and Native Dancer won't meet in the Sysonby Handicap at Belmont Park a week from Saturday. For my part, I'm rather glad. One of them was bound to be beaten, and since both are old pets of mine, and I'm an old softy, I didn't want to see that happen. As no doubt you've heard, Native Dancer is suffering—though "suffering" is perhaps too strong a word—from four stone bruises on his left forefoot; they developed after he won the American Derby at Washington Park last month, and have interfered with his training. Much the same thing happened to Mark-Ye-Well a couple of weeks ago in the Washington Park Handicap, in which he finished last. Those hard Chicago tracks have knocked out a number of good horses, but I suppose there are people who will say that this gives the bad ones a chance, and helps spread the wealth. Happily, Native Dancer's injury isn't as serious as Mark-Ye-Well's, and he will remain in light training. He may just possibly run for the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont on October 10th. What he will do next year is anyone's guess; even Mr. Vanderbilt hasn't made up his mind about that. If the Dancer races at all, he won't run in handicaps, and with so few other opportunities at home—you can count the weight-for-age races on your fingers and have a couple of thumbs left over—he might be sent abroad for the Ascot Gold Cup and the Prix de l'Arc-de-Triomphe. That would be fine. —AUDAX MINOR

•

I LIKE: The dessert, familiar to Pakistan but new to Washington, which Mrs. Samuel M. Burke served at her luncheon this week. It's milk custard with fresh carrot slivers and halved almonds, and fragments of real silver foil. In India, probably Pakistan, too, they believe that the metal gives strength.—*Society column in the Washington Post.*

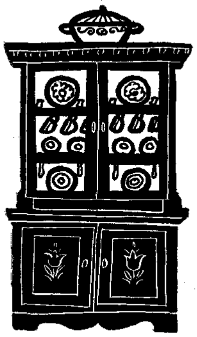
Anyway, it isn't fattening.

Send for our Maternity Booklet
Lord & Taylor

Washable Lanella (half-wool, half-cotton) in a design by Avorn. The shirt, in white, black or Black Watch plaid; the pleated cut-out skirt or pedal pushers in black or Black Watch. 10-18; skirt, 25.00; shirt and pedal pushers, each 16.95 In the Maternity Shop
Lord & Taylor, New York 18

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE



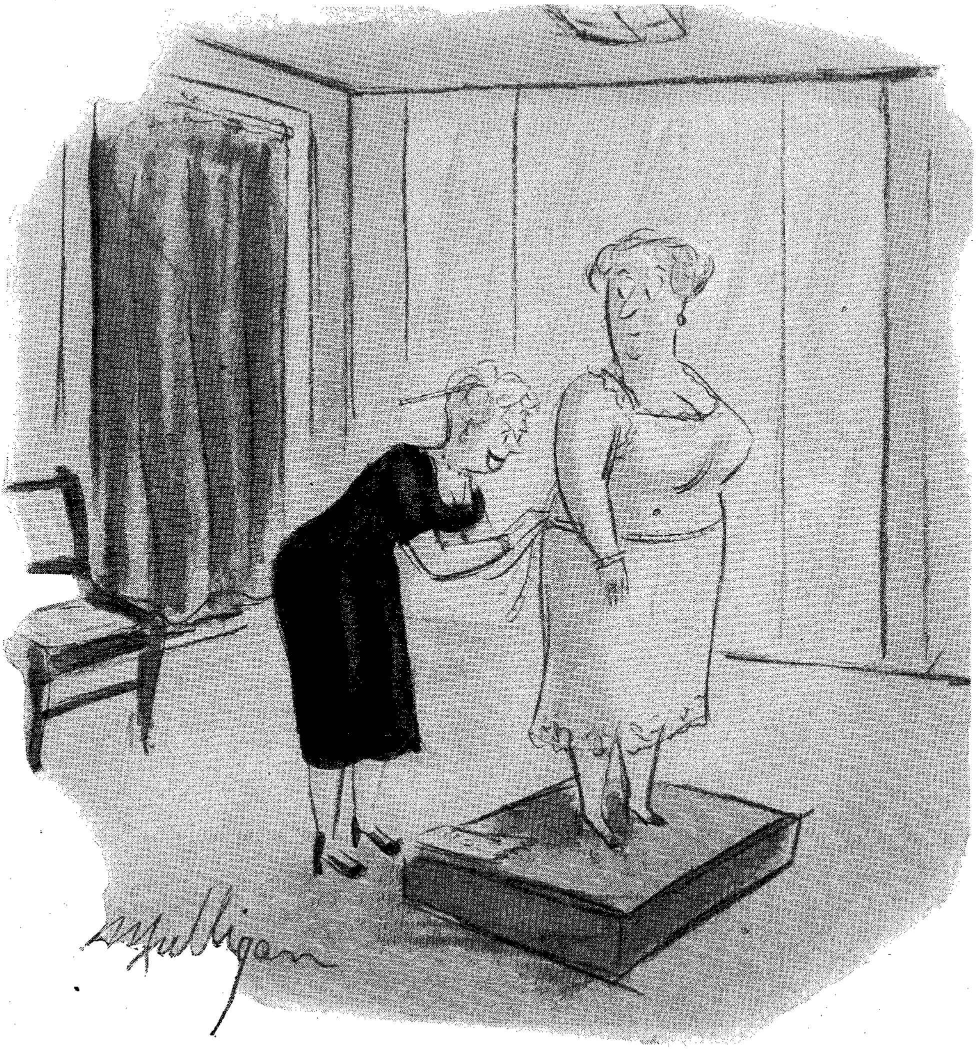
FOR some time, I have been mildly curious about the increasing number of small pianos that are popping up in people's living rooms. Recently, when I heard a pianist who is as good at statistics as he is at Bach state that ninety-five per cent of the pianos sold today are small jobs, I concluded that a trend of such proportions right square in the home should be looked into without delay, so with the idea of extracting from the situation whatever significance it might hold, I dropped in for a chat at the Steinway galleries, 109 West 57th Street.

Well, it's a trend, all right, and one that Steinway feels can't be entirely explained by the lack of space in present-day homes. The fact that the average apartment dweller hasn't enough room to turn around in does have a lot to do with the drift from the grand piano to the small one, but a good many students of the matter think another reason is that over the past twenty years the public has become more interested in, but less serious about, music. People want to play for fun, for their own satisfaction, or as a social accomplishment, and the small piano is quite sufficient for all these purposes. There is also the not inconsiderable factor that a grand piano costs a lot more. As for the bulky, old-fashioned upright, it is no longer being manufactured by any company, and today's small piano, which more or less takes its place, is the result of improved construction methods. *Music Trades*, a reliable publication, claims that the small instrument represents a more honest and painstaking job of manufacture than was usual before the current vogue.

Actually, Steinway, with its large clientele of concert artists, advanced students, teachers, and wealthy amateurs, has been selling as many grands as small pianos—fifteen hundred of each last year. The number of small pianos sold by other manufacturers, however, brings the figure up to ninety-five per cent of the total, just as my pianist friend said. Steinway's small pianos range from forty to forty-six inches in height—quite high compared to some of the ones put out by other companies, which are as low as thirty-four inches. The Steinway people feel that tone and general quality suffer seriously in an instrument under forty inches tall, and they don't pretend that even their own forty-six-inch piano has the volume and richness of tone of a grand.

While Steinway labels all its small pianos verticals, the trade in general calls such instruments spinets and consoles. The term spinet is commonly applied to any piano under forty inches high; consoles are forty- to forty-eight-inch pianos, and, by and large, have actions that more closely approximate the feel of a grand. The console's longer strings are supposed to produce a better bass, and its larger sounding board, of course, gives it tonal superiority.

The performance of some of the small models seems to me perfectly splendid, but it's the looks of the things that I want to discuss, and as it happens, improved looks have gone right along with improvement in methods of construction. Anyway, the larger companies now offer a wide range of styles, one or another of which is almost sure to fit happily into any given scheme of decoration. Steinway has four extremely handsome cases: Regency, in ebony ($1,475) or avodiré, a pale African wood ($1,595); Hepplewhite, in mahogany ($1,570) or walnut ($1,600); Louis XV, in walnut or walnut with a fruitwood finish ($1,700); and, in mahogany only ($1,700), Early American, which isn't what the name suggests but is in the style of the American Empire, fashionable during the eighteen-fifties. In addition to these period models, there is the Professional Upright ($1,495), designed for music schools and students. While it isn't much to look at, being a smaller edition of the old black upright you probably learned your scales on, it has the same fine interior construction as the company's other



"*Madam's a perfect 44.*"

from Photos to Sandpaper

. . . it's surprising how many ways wood cellulose helps make your life more enjoyable and useful

Some of the happiest memories of your life are kept vividly alive for you on wood cellulose—in the form of photographic paper. To give you the sharpest, clearest snapshots, Eastman Kodak selects a highly purified wood pulp and transforms it into the finest of sensitized photographic papers.

At the other extreme is sandpaper. Ever wonder what makes it so strong, so tough, how it can take such a beating? Once again, it's that amazingly versatile material called wood cellulose—this time showing its more rugged side as sandpaper. Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Company, one of the largest manufacturers of this paper of a thousand uses, looks to Brown Company, too, for cellulose fibres.

There's almost no limit to the applications of wood cellulose. Brown Company's technicians and service staff are available for consultation... write Dept. GB-9 at our Boston office about your problem.

CELLULOSE is the basic material of all plant life. Its fibres form the tiny wood cells of trees. These fibres have amazing capacity to combine with other materials.

To produce cellulose from trees, machines first cut logs into small chips. These are "cooked" in huge pressure tanks with chemicals. Impurities are removed, and pure wood fibre results.

From this pulp Brown Company makes Nibroc towels and toilet tissue, Bermico pipe and conduit, Onco innersoles for shoes, and powdered wood cellulose called Solka-Floc. Brown Company also supplies highly-purified wood cellulose and specialty papers to other manufacturers to help make hundreds of familiar things you use every day.

BROWN COMPANY, Berlin, New Hampshire
CORPORATION, La Tuque, Quebec

General Sales Offices: 150 Causeway St., Boston 14, Mass.—Dominion Sq. Bldg., Montreal, Que.

SOLKA & CELLATE PULPS • SOLKA-FLOC • NIBROC PAPERS • NIBROC TOWELS • NIBROC KOWTOWLS
NIBROC TOILET TISSUE • BERMICO SEWER PIPE, CONDUIT & CORES • ONCO INSOLES • CHEMICALS

REMEMBER—ONLY YOU
CAN PREVENT FOREST FIRES

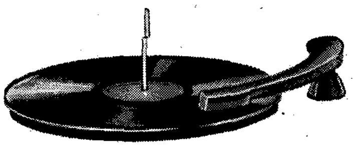
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The PAUSE with a PURPOSE!

. . . to help you speak French, Spanish, or any one of 21 Languages in HOLT'S Spoken Language Series

All Holt Spoken Language records feature carefully-timed pauses after phrases and sentences. These pauses distinguish the Holt method. They are there for a purpose. They permit you to *repeat* and *learn* . . . automatically and easily . . . by "Guided Imitation". With them *you can* practice and *practice* makes you *fluent.*

Top-flight linguistic scientists originally devised this speedy and effective way of learning a foreign language for the U. S. Armed Forces.



SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

For complete information about the Holt *Spoken Language* courses, simply fill out and return the coupon below. Or *if you want to get started* immediately, just check one of the convenient methods of payment. With a Holt *Spoken Language* course you can learn to speak a foreign language faster and more economically than you ever dreamed possible . . . you can learn to speak *fluently* with the authentic pronunciation of the native.

HOLT COURSES

On Long-Playing records (33⅓ ,rpm)
French, Spanish, Russian, German, Italian,
On Standard records (78 rpm)
French, Spanish, Russian, German, Italian, Arabic, Burmese, Chinese, Danish, Dutch, Greek, Hindustani, Hungarian, Japanese, Korean, Malay, Norwegian, Portuguese, Serbo-Croatian, Thai, Turkish.

HENRY HOLT & CO.
Dept. PN
383 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me complete information on the HOLT Spoken Language Course in .... This obligates me in *no way whatever.*

Please send me the HOLT Spoken Language Course in ....
☐ Standard ☐ Long-playing
☐ Enclosed is $50.00 check or money order in full payment.
☐ *Enclosed is $5.00* check or money order. I agree to send you $5.00 a month for the next ten months until I have paid a total of $55.00. (Add 3% Sales Tax in N. Y. City.)

GUARANTEE: I understand that I may test my HOLT Spoken Language Course for ten days, and that if for any reason I am not completely satisfied, I can return it and you will refund my money in full.

Name..
Address..
City..................Zone..........State..................

verticals and, moreover, its height, which is forty-six and a half inches, gives it tonal advantages over them. It's equipped with rubber casters and, as is true of all Steinway pianos, its parts are made by hand and the keys are of ivory instead of the plastic used on many consoles and spinets.

MASON & HAMLIN, 3 East 43rd Street, offer forty-inch consoles in four cases (M. & H. are sternly critical of spinets), three of them in conventional period styles. These are Louis XV, in walnut ($1,575) or mahogany ($1,545), and Eighteenth Century English and Colonial, also in walnut ($1,390) or mahogany ($1,360). The fourth style is Moderne, in an ebony, mahogany, or blond-wood finish ($1,285), and this has lines as simple and sleek as any I have seen in a small piano. Like the Steinways, the Mason & Hamlin pianos have ivory keys, and the parts are handmade. Unlike the Steinways, or any of the other pianos mentioned in this report, the M. & H. models come with matching benches at no extra cost.

THE Baldwin Piano Company, whose showrooms are at 20 East 54th Street, produces both consoles and spinets under the name Acrosonic, and mighty handsome little pianos they are. A forty-inch console is available in either of two traditional cases of eighteenth-century design, one of mahogany, with straight fluted legs, at $975, and the other of walnut, with cabriole legs of a vaguely French pattern, at $1,095. There are six thirty-six-inch spinets, one of them a modern number with lines as clean as those of Mason & Hamlin's Moderne; they range in price from $795 to $995. Besides these comely Acrosonics, the company puts out a students' piano forty-five inches high, which is called the Hamilton and has more or less the look of the outdated upright; it comes in dark or light oak ($790 or $800) or a mahogany finish ($850), and has rubber casters. The keys of all the small Baldwin instruments are plastic.

SOME months ago, reporting in these columns on a good-looking extension dining table made for the small apartment by the Charak Furniture Company, 444 Madison Avenue (50th), I complained that the householders who needed such a table most would be hard put to it to find storage space for the extension leaves. Well, it would seem that Charak has been

trim terry togs
at a special gift value

wraparong ®

FOR HER . . . wonderful, multi-purpose gift . . . an oversized towel that's shaped and fitted . . . buttons on in a wink. Perfect for tub to phone, shampooing, make-up, bathing, lounging. White, blue, maize, green. Small, medium, large.

snaparong *only* **3.95**

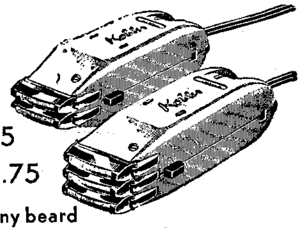
FOR HIM . . . popular terry towel that snaps on in a jiffy . . . ideal for shaving, bathing, locker room wear. Big, deep pocket holds shaving needs, cigarettes. White only. Small (28-32 waist), medium (34-38), large (40-44). Three adjustable fasteners. *now only* **1.95**

Send Check Or Money Order.
Add 20¢ for postage. Mention Quantity, Size & Color desired.

THE TOG SHOP
AMERICUS, GEORGIA

For better shaving switch to Kobler®

Write for dealer name and literature



Dual $34.25
Triplex $39.75

Adaptable to any beard and skin. Even closest shave without irritation.

Kobler Shaver Co., Lynbrook, N. Y.

WENTE *Livermore*

Dry Semillon

An Extra Dry Sauterne made from the celebrated Semillon grape...the original cuttings of which were brought to the Wente Vineyards from France. Perfect companion for lamb, fried chicken or fish.

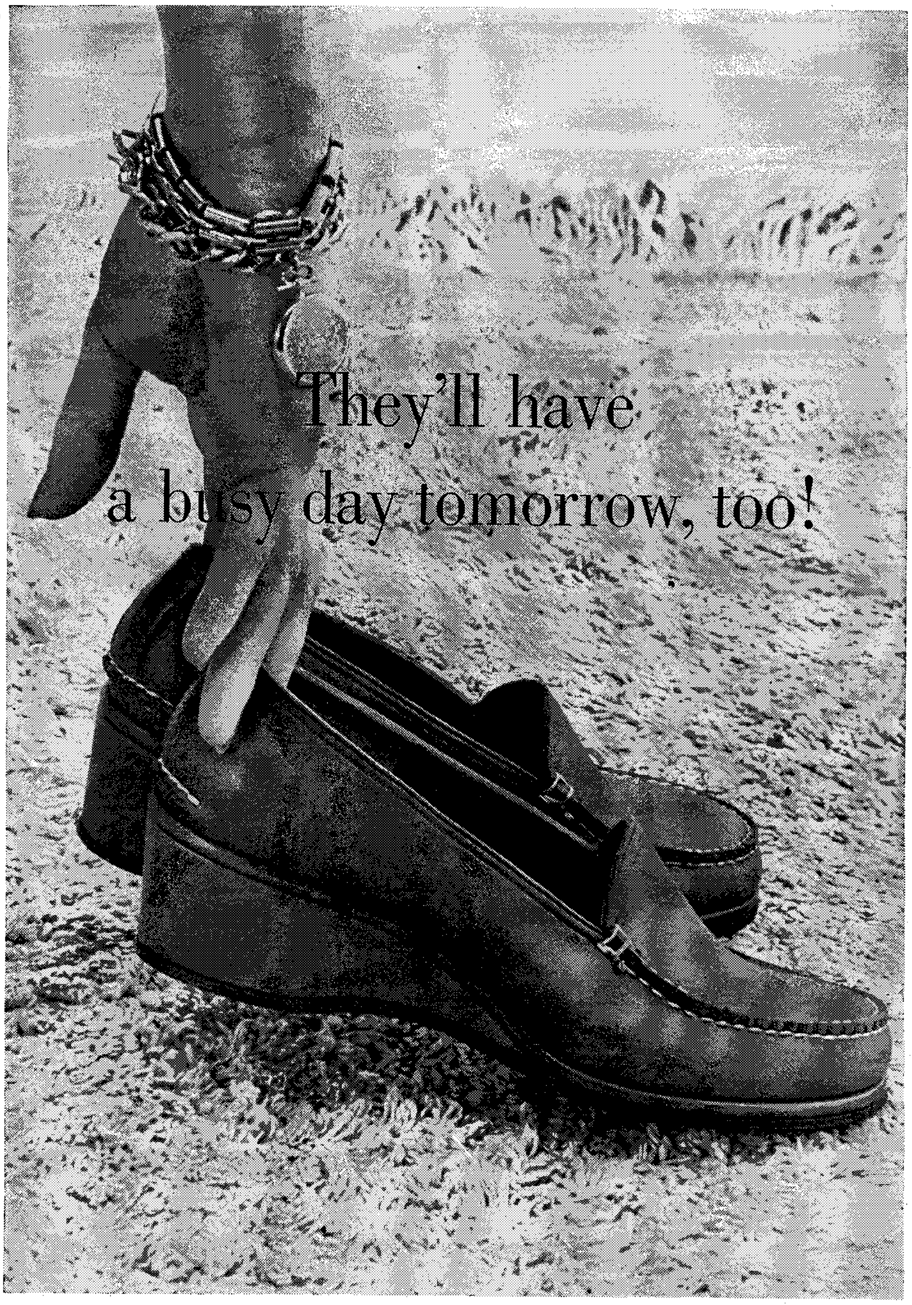
Write for Free WENTE Wine Guide

WENTE BROS.
LIVERMORE · CALIFORNIA
Since 1883

brooding over that criticism all these months, for it has now come up with an equally attractive extension table that stores its own extra leaves—two of them—thus proving that the company is as kindly disposed toward the small-apartment dweller as are the manufacturers of stacking chairs, overhead clothes driers, or, for that matter, small pianos. The leaves are cached, upside down, beneath the top, and when it is pulled open, there they are; given a slight push, they flip over and come into position flush with the rest of the top, as neat as anything. The table is thirty-eight inches wide and, closed, sixty inches long; opened up, it is ninety-six inches long. Made of handsomely grained mahogany in a blond or a dark finish, it has gracefully tapered legs, which are nicely proportioned to the airy top and give a pleasing impression of lightness; the price is $380, through decorators. A somewhat larger version, with an elaborately quartered top for added elegance, measures forty-two by sixty-six inches closed and opens up to a hundred and two inches; this one costs $770.

A new table desk at Charak doesn't *do* anything except present an exquisite appearance, but its singular and formal beauty should commend it to anybody. Its lines are very simple—a plain twenty-by-fifty-inch top is set off by brass corner plates, delicately sculptured legs, and slender brass stretchers on three sides—and it owes its special charm to the magnificent Macassar ebony it is made of. This is black, naturally, but rich undertones of brown give it an extraordinary depth, and long hand-polishing has brought out the full splendor of the grain. The piece is much too small for anybody who does a lot of paperwork (besides, it has only one drawer), but as a supplementary desk in a formal modern living room it would be exactly right. It costs $345.

Gio Ponti, the gifted Italian, who to my mind is one of the subtlest designers of modern furniture now operating, has recently completed for the firm of M. Singer, 36 East 19th Street, a fine group of walnut pieces—four tables and a cabinet—that show all his usual authority and originality. (I'd better mention at the outset that Singer sells only through decorators.) The most practical item of the collection for small rooms is a long, narrow dining table ($317), nineteen by sixty-four and a half inches, of the console type, with a folding top, which can be opened to a width of thirty-eight inches. It is



These are the shoes you never take off, not even to swap for house slippers. The heavenly Haymakers that waltz you around the clock, with everything this side of really-dress clothes. For the factually inclined, they're handsewn and hand lasted—made by a cobbler without a nail in his mouth. And so flexible, you can fold them in your palm. Of softest kip-calf in ninety sizes and in every wonderful color. Illustrated: The Haymaker pump. *Not shown,* The Haymaker wedge-tie and oxford. Each, $14.95.

Haymakers®
the softest shoes that ever walked

At fine stores across the country or write
HAYMAKER Shoe Corp., Dept. N9, 47 West 34th St., N. Y.

For precious moments...
precious diamonds

*Ear Clips, platinum; marquise and round diamonds . . $2,900.**
*Feather Clip, platinum; baguettes and pear-shaped diamonds $4,500.**
*Bracelet, platinum; marquise and round diamonds . . $6,900.**

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS
World-Famous French Jewelers
744 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK • DALLAS • PALM BEACH
NEWPORT • PARIS • MONTE CARLO • CANNES • DEAUVILLE

*Prices Include Fed. Tax

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK CITY 36, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to your magazine for ☐ 1 YEAR; ☐ 2 YEARS. My remittance is enclosed.

U. S. and Possessions	1 year—$7.00;	2 years—$12.00
Canada	1 year— 8.00;	2 years— 14.00
Latin America and Spain	1 year— 7.50;	2 years— 13.00
Other Foreign	1 year—10.00;	2 years— 18.00

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least four weeks in advance and to give us their old address as well as the new. Please include postal zone numbers for both addresses.

NAME______________________________

ADDRESS______________________________
(Please include postal zone number)

superbly constructed; the top rests on a pontoon-shaped slab that comes to a knife-edge at each end, the legs are trim and brass-shod, and the stretchers, again, have the sharp edge that is almost a Ponti signature. A round extension dining table ($450), designed for a more imposing way of life, comes with four leaves, each sixteen inches wide, which expand it to seat ten people easily and a dozen if necessary. The top—forty inches in diameter without the leaves—seems to hover just above the trim legs. When the leaves are in place, it becomes a beautifully proportioned oval a hundred and four inches long.

Recent years have brought us such a procession of coffee tables that I am beginning to develop a perverse yearning to take my coffee on the mantelpiece. But since every living room in the land is furnished with a low-backed sofa, it would be unthinkable, according to our decorators' scheme of things, not to place a low coffee table in front of it. With American home life resting on this sacred arrangement, householders would do well to examine the latest coffee table devised by Signor Ponti. This is a benchlike one fifteen inches high, sixty inches long, and eighteen inches wide, with a stone top. It is priced at $167. The top—it's of beige travertine—perches on a deeply inset apron above four sculptured legs, and the effect is one of extreme simplicity and grace.

No doubt the most splendid of Signor Ponti's new contributions is a large chest ($500), forty-six inches long, nineteen inches wide, and thirty-six and a half inches high, set on four short, slanted legs. The drawer pulls are interestingly arranged in a pattern that the manufacturer calls "Mondrian-like" but that I think could be more accurately described as pure Ponti. Whatever the inspiration, the result is a piece of furniture of rare distinction and beauty. Looking at it, one gets the impression, not often conveyed by modern cabinetwork, that here is something in which one's great-grandchildren might very well like to lay away their shirts and petticoats, or whatever they may have to lay away. —S. H.

•

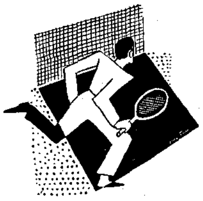
MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Boston Globe*]

ROCKVILLE, IND. (AP)—Folk here have been arriving late to work and for appointments recently and children have been tardy to school.

ON THE COURTS

Forest Hills Renascence



LESS than six weeks ago, our prospects for loosening Australia's grip on the Davis Cup looked no brighter than taupe ("a color, yellow in hue, of low saturation and low brilliance, like the coat of the mole."—Webster). That was just after the Eastern Grass Court championships, in South Orange, when neither of our Cup hopefuls, Victor Seixas and Tony Trabert, could get beyond the quarter-finals. Trabert, as you may remember, lost to Kenneth Rosewall, half of the two-man Australian team, in straight sets, and Seixas, the Wimbledon champion, was put out by Rex Hartwig, an unheralded Antipodean, who, in turn, was put out by Lewis Hoad, the other Aussie team member.

Well, sir, after the goings on over the Labor Day weekend out at the West Side Tennis Club, in Forest Hills, during the play of the National Singles championships, things are different. Our chances, while perhaps not quite so dazzling as a Broadway spectacular, appear to be a good deal brighter than the coat of a mole. True, there had been earlier indications that Hoad and Rosewall were no longer playing the fine tennis they produced during the Eastern. They didn't do well at Newport, they lost in the quarter-finals of the National Doubles, at Brookline, to the lightly rated team of Straight Clark and Harold Burrows, and in both tournaments their play was listless and unenthusiastic, as if they'd had too much tennis and too much training in the past year. In the opinion of the more knowledgeable galleryites, though, they would divorce themselves from this attitude once the National Singles got under way. They did, at first. Hoad reached the semifinals without losing a set, and his opponents in the fourth round and in the quarter-finals were Hamilton Richardson and Gardnar Mulloy, respectively—probably our third- and fourth-best players. Rosewall kept in step with this performance until the quarter-finals, when he came within one point of defeat by Sven Davidson, the Swedish champion and one of Europe's best, before winning by the weird score of 6–0, 8–10, 2–6, 6–0, 11–9.

The semifinals, bruited as a sort of *vernissage* of the Davis Cup, presented Trabert vs. Rosewall and Seixas vs. Hoad. These two battles would, according to the best Forest Hills advices, tell us all we need to know about the Cup encounters in Melbourne in December. I very much doubt that they did. Instead of engaging in the expected protracted duels, both Trabert and Seixas won in straight sets against opposition best described as token. The only item worthy of remark was the similarity of scores; Seixas won 7–5, 6–4, 6–4 and Trabert won 7–5, 6–3, 6–3. Throughout these matches, it seemed to me, both the Australian teen-agers were marking time and looking forward to a period of relaxation and comparatively little tennis. If they get it (and I'm sure they will; Harry Hopman, the coach and non-playing captain of the Australian team, is bound to see to that), the results at Melbourne could be quite different.

The final, also billed in advance as an Olympian struggle, was equally anticlimactic. Trabert, generally regarded as the underdog, took just one hour to dispose of Seixas, 6–3, 6–2, 6–3. In doing so, he came up with the best all-round display of tennis he has ever produced. He was discharged from the Navy in June, and students of the game felt that it would take him the better part of a year to regain his old form. Instead, his ground strokes were far sounder than before, and his big serve was bigger than ever. Come to think of it, he didn't lose a set throughout the tournament. Maybe all our Davis Cup potentials should do a stretch in the Navy.

MAUREEN CONNOLLY, who at eighteen won the Women's Singles championship for the third successive year, breezed through without coming close to losing a set. There's been talk that she may turn professional next year. That would not only be a pity but sort of silly; there's not a woman player in the world today who can even give her a real game.

—P. W. W., JR.

•

MAUGHAM, W.S.
Traveller's Library. O.P. $3.00
Cakes & Ale
The Razor's Edge
The Late George Apley
The Painted Veil
Trembling of a Leaf
—*Catalogue of the Midwest Book Company.*

Do you have his "H. M. Marquand, Esq."?

FIFTH AVE., AT 52nd ST., NEW YORK CITY

De Pinna

paisley plays with wool!

It's Kay Wynne's wonder-feel print in a wonder-look fabric loomed by Ames. Ours first in N. Y. Blue, red, gold, beige. Sizes 7 to 15. Young Moderns, fourth floor

45.00

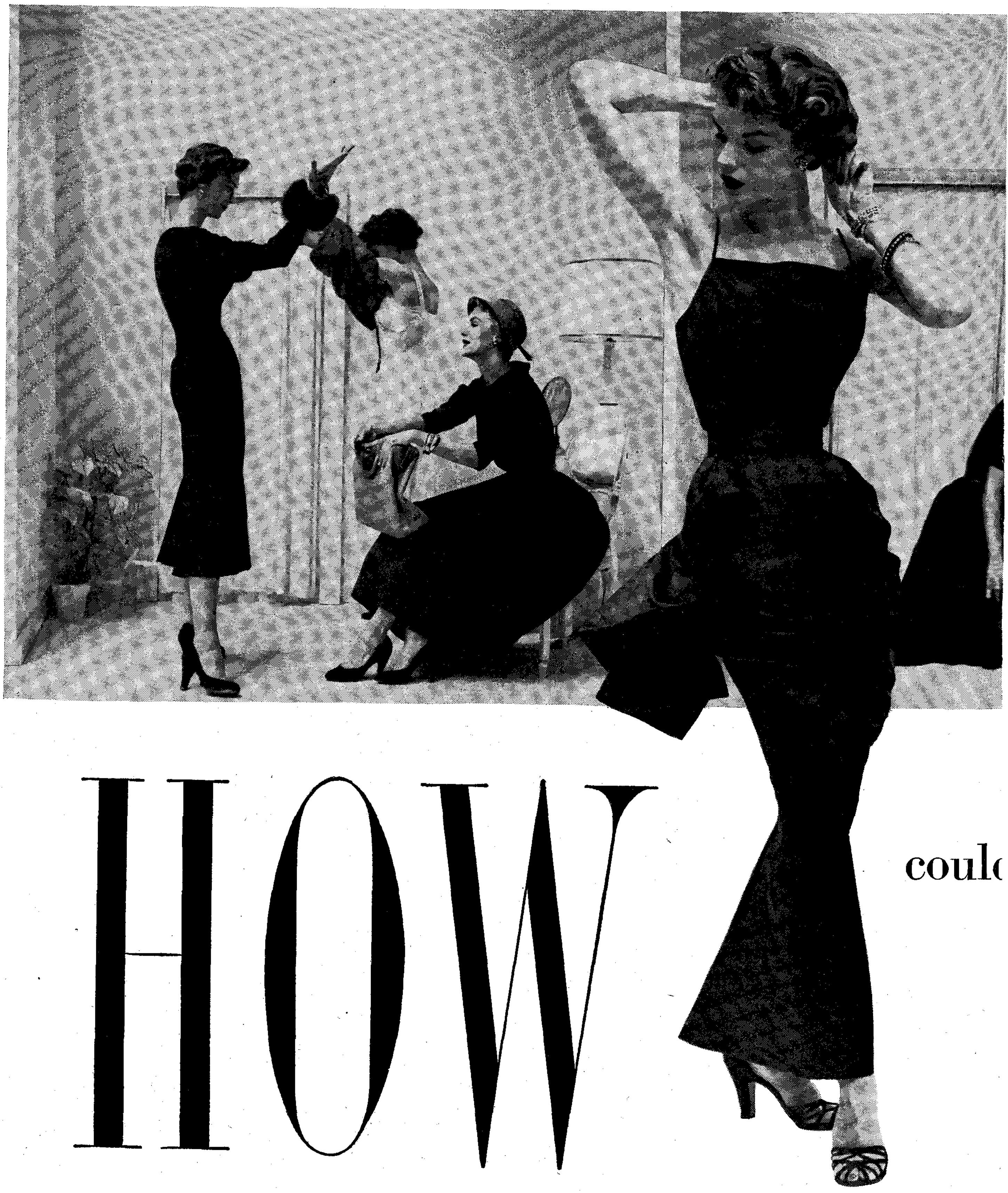
MAIL AND PHONE ORDERS INVITED, MU 8-2000

IF YOU SUFFER PAIN of HEADACHE NEURALGIA NEURITIS

get **FAST RELIEF** with

the way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend.

HERE'S WHY . . . Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. No other product gives faster, longer-lasting relief from pain of headache, neuralgia, neuritis than Anacin tablets. Buy Anacin® today!



HOW

coul

t be ready to wear...without the Talon zipper?

When you try it on, think it over: if it's good enough for you to buy, it's good enough to have the Talon zipper. For this is the zipper of a quality so fine that all other zippers are measured by it. Anywhere it goes—in a dress, a skirt, a housecoat—it provides quiet marvels of convenience and sleekness, of smoothness and reliability, of service that's just plain superlative. Check when you're zipping in and out. See whether you're getting the Talon zipper you deserve, and not just one that looks like it!

Talon
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
THE QUALITY ZIPPER

TALON, INC., MEADVILLE, PA.

Ruby or Sapphire
14 KT. GOLD BROOCH
$105.00*
MATCHING EARCLIPS
$73.00*
Olga TRITT
18 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.
*Federal Excise Tax Included

THEY'RE STILL MAKING
MASTERPIECES
IN HOLLAND

HEINEKEN'S LAGER BEER
HEINEKEN'S BREWED IN HOLLAND
AMSTERDAM-ROTTERDAM
Heineken's
Imported Holland Beer
Gen. U.S. Importers: Van Munching & Co. Inc., New York 19, N. Y.

HERMES ON PARNASSUS

ONE summer several years ago, when I was living in Rome, I accepted the invitation of two young Italian friends to accompany them on a brief visit to Greece. Both men were poets who earned their living at more humdrum occupations. We flew to Athens, took rooms at a hotel, and spent our time exploring the city and making excursions. Most of these trips were short, and accomplished by train or bus, but for the longest, a journey of about a hundred miles each way, we hired a drive-yourself car. This was an overnight pilgrimage to Delphi, the site of the ancient oracle of Apollo on the southern slope of Mount Parnassus.

We left Athens somewhat later in the morning than we had planned to—the poets had spent most of the night watching a Hawaiian dance troupe that happened to be appearing just then in an Athenian night club—and it was almost noon when we reached Thebes, approximately the halfway point. (The ancient city has lost its former splendor and consists of little more than a quiet main street lined with plane trees and cafés.) We pushed on and lunched some miles farther along, at a place recommended by the guidebook—a picturesque village inn with an outdoor terrace overlooking a stream. I remember that as we ate our lamb and drank our resined wine, there was some discussion between the poets as to whether the river on whose bank we were lunching was Lethe, the river of forgetfulness, or Mnemosyne, the river of memory. The guidebook was disappointingly vague on this point, saying merely that both rivers gushed out of the underworld a few hundred yards above the inn. Whichever river it was, it was a pleasant one to sit beside.

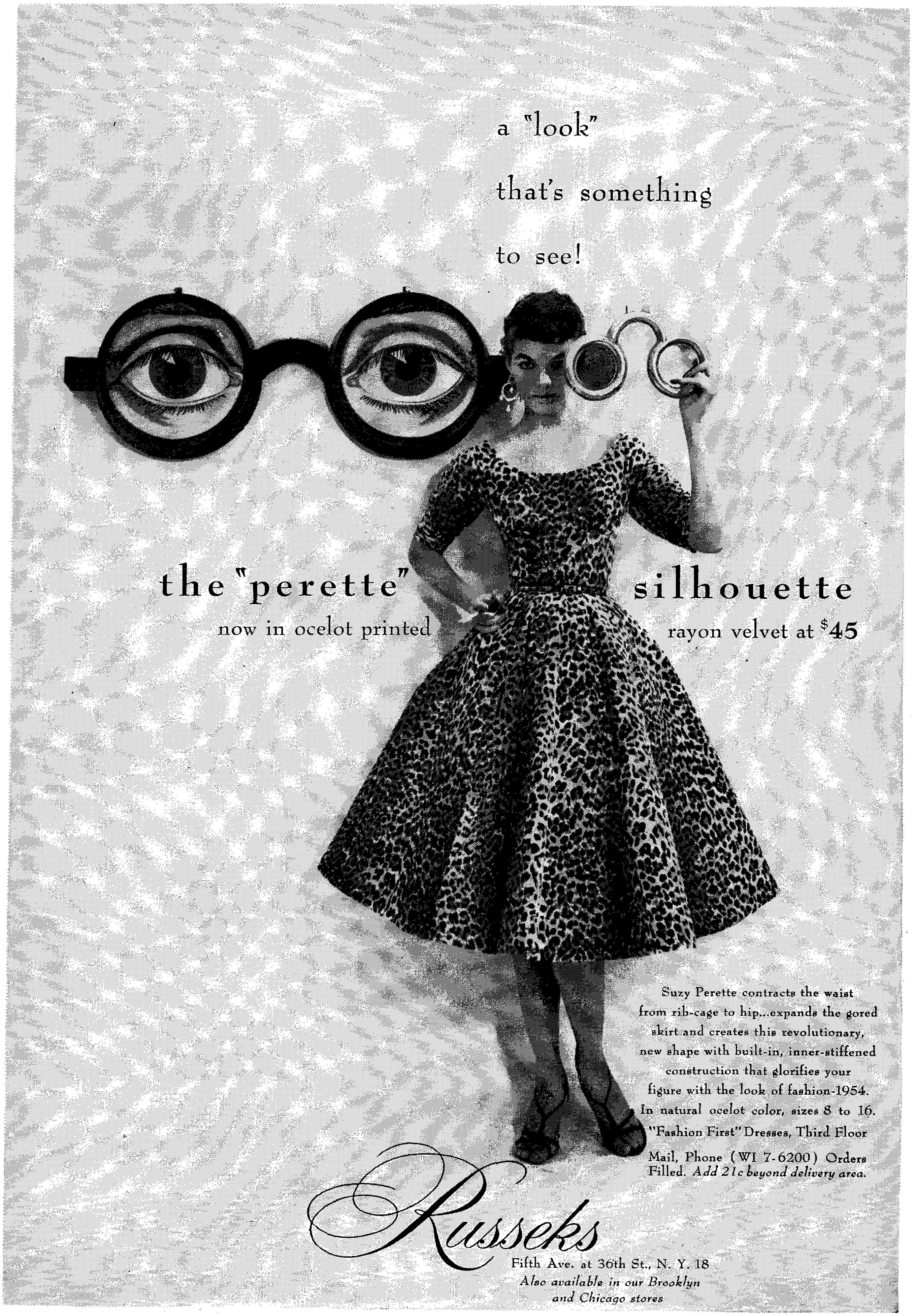
SCHOOL
SLOW

After lunch, we left the direct motor route to Delphi, at a crossroads said by the guidebook to be the exact spot at which Oedipus killed his father, and swung around Mount Parnassus, in order to approach the oracle from the opposite side—the side of the sea. This we did because my friends wished our arrival to approximate that of the ancient pilgrims, who travelled to Delphi by ship, debarking at the nearby port of Itea, on the Gulf of Corinth. Our road passed close to Itea and then merged with the old pilgrims' trail up the mountainside. Climbing steadily, we zigzagged back and forth across the face of Parnassus; below us was an ever more glorious panorama of mountains, sea, and lush green valleys dense with olive groves. We reached the straggling modern village of Delphi in midafternoon.

That morning when we left Athens, my companions, fatigued by their night out, had begged me to do the driving, and they had repeated their request after lunch. Now, as soon as we secured three rooms in a Delphi hotel, they said that they were badly in need of a siesta. As poets, they declared, they were emotionally exhausted by the beauty of the journey and the associations of their surroundings. They reminded me with a touch of professional self-importance that the mountain on which we stood was sacred not only to Apollo but also to Dionysus, and that nearby Mount Helicon, the favorite haunt of the Muses, was the site of the famous Hippocrene spring, fount of poetic inspiration, which had gushed out of the earth at the spot where winged Pegasus stamped a hoof and leaped toward Heaven. Thereupon they retired to their rooms, one of them taking our guidebook with him. Detailed guidebooks to Greece are hard to come by (none of the best ones have been reprinted since the war), and we had been able to find only the one book for the three of us.

AFTER a brief nap of my own—as a non-poet, I attributed my fatigue to having had to drive our car over the winding road around and up Mount Parnassus—I came downstairs to find that my friends had not yet reappeared, and I decided to see some of the sights of Delphi without waiting for them. The hotelkeeper told me that the Sacred Precinct, as the area immediately surrounding the site of the oracle is called, would still be open, and I set off down the road in the direction he indicated. I keenly regretted my lack of a guidebook; the Sacred Precinct, I suspected from what I had heard of it, was a considerable labyrinth.

I was therefore more pleased than I might otherwise have been, as I approached the museum building near the entrance to the Sacred Precinct, to be accosted by a man sitting on the museum steps, who asked whether I wanted a guide. He was a burly-looking, middle-aged Greek, one of whose eyes was almost white, probably as the result of some disease, and whose



a "look"
that's something
to see!

the "perette" silhouette

now in ocelot printed rayon velvet at $45

Suzy Perette contracts the waist from rib-cage to hip...expands the gored skirt and creates this revolutionary, new shape with built-in, inner-stiffened construction that glorifies your figure with the look of fashion-1954. In natural ocelot color, sizes 8 to 16. "Fashion First" Dresses, Third Floor

Mail, Phone (WI 7-6200) Orders Filled. *Add 21c beyond delivery area.*

Russeks
Fifth Ave. at 36th St., N. Y. 18
Also available in our Brooklyn and Chicago stores

Custom Tailors Chipp Furnishers

CHIPP TRAVELLERS ON THE ROAD

Periodically, during the year, Chipp representatives visit many cities to exhibit distinctive Custom Tailored and Special Cut Clothing for Men and Custom Made Clothing for Women. Also, at this time, Chipp carries a complete sample range of exclusive accessories for men. Listed below, are the names of the cities, hotels and dates of our Fall showing.

CITIES	HOTELS	DATES
Baltimore	Southern	Sept. 15
Beverly Hills, Cal.	Beverly Hills	Oct. 3
Buffalo	Statler	Sept. 28
Charleston	Daniel Boone	Sept. 8
Chicago	LaSalle	Sept. 14, 15, 16
Cincinnati	Netherland Plaza	Sept. 10, 11
Cleveland	Statler	Sept. 24, 25, 26
Dallas	Adolphus	Sept. 21, 22
Denver	Albany	Sept. 24, 25
Detroit	Cadillac	Sept. 21, 22
Evansville	McCurdy	Sept. 17
Houston	Rice	Sept. 16, 17
Indianapolis	Lincoln	Sept. 12
Los Angeles	Biltmore	Oct. 1, 2
Louisville	Brown	Sept. 9, 10
Lynchburg, Va.	The Virginian	Sept. 17
Memphis	Peabody	Sept. 11, 12
Midland, Tex.	Scarsborough	Oct. 5
Minneapolis	Radisson	Oct. 12, 13
New Orleans	Roosevelt	Sept. 14, 15
Oklahoma City	Biltmore	Oct. 7, 8
Philadelphia	Bellevue-Stratford	Sept. 10, 11
Pittsburgh	William Penn	Sept. 8, 9
Richmond, Va.	Hotel Jefferson	Sept. 16
Rochester	Sheraton	Sept. 29, 30
St. Louis	Chase	Sept. 18, 19
San Antonio	Gunter	Sept. 18, 19
San Francisco	St. Francis	Sept. 28, 29, 30
Toledo	Commodore Perry	Sept. 23
Tulsa	Mayo	Oct. 9, 10
Washington, D. C.	Willard	Sept. 8, 9
Wilmington	DuPont	Sept. 14
Winston-Salem, N.C.	Robert E. Lee	Oct. 12, 13

WE INVITE WRITTEN REQUESTS FOR OUR EXACT DATES ON REMAINING SCHEDULE

Our buyer visited Great Britain and the Continent and placed orders for exclusively designed tie materials and fabrics, carrying out the theme for fine quality and conservative styling for which Chipp is noted. *The result of this European trip will be in evidence at our exhibits and our shops.*

In addition to our Custom Clothing and our Special Order Department, Chipp now offers Ready-Cut Clothing.

The Chipp Ready-Cut is designed with soft natural fronts, shoulders without padding and small lapels. All important details of the conservative styling for which we are well-known. A special selection of patterns will be maintained for this department. Model sizes will be available for try-on to determine proper fit. Ready-Cut Coat and Trousers from $85.00. Ready-Cut Jackets from $65.00. Also Special Order Coat and Trousers from $120.00. Special Order Odd Coat from $85.00. Custom Made Coat and Trousers from $155.00. Custom Made Odd Jacket from $115.00.

Chipp

14 EAST 44th STREET
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

general appearance had something unkempt and even a little wild about it. He addressed me in broken, strongly accented French. I asked him what his fee was, and he stood up, led me across the road, and gave me a brief lecture. The remains of ancient Delphi, he said, were in two separate areas. One, the area in which the pilgrims used to prepare themselves for the visit to the oracle, was below the road on which we were standing; here he pointed to sloping meadows where sheep were grazing and the white columns of a circular temple were gleaming in the sun. The Sacred Precinct itself was on the other side of the road, on the mountainside above us. Because the afternoon was so far advanced—the sun would set in a little more than two hours—we could visit today only one or the other of the sections. The rest of the tour would have to be postponed until the next morning. He was accustomed to taking people around in groups, and for the entire tour, a total of about five hours' visiting time, his usual fee (split up by the members of the group among themselves) was four hundred and fifty thousand drachmas—at that time thirty dollars. Since I was alone, he said, he would do it for three hundred and seventy-five thousand drachmas, or twenty-five dollars.

This seemed to me high, even for an individual tour, and I told him so. He replied that he knew it was, but that his work was seasonal and occasional, and high fees were necessary if he was to make a living. For me, however, his price was too much, and, reflecting, besides, that the next morning the guidebook would be the only help I'd need, I offered the guide a hundred and fifty thousand drachmas, or ten dollars, for a partial tour—an immediate visit to the Sacred Precinct alone. His only answer was to shake his head, recross the road, and sit down again on the museum steps. I moved on, but when I reached the entrance to the Sacred Precinct I heard him call "Monsieur!" He ran up and told me that he had decided to accept my very low offer after all, since it was so late in the day.

HE proved to be an excellent guide—I later confirmed the accuracy of his information by checking it with the guidebook—and he was full of solicitude and enthusiasm. As we climbed the winding Sacred Way, he warned me to beware of turning an ankle on the antique paving stones; he called my attention to marble walls covered with ancient incised inscriptions, so shallow

Custom Tailors Chipp Furnishers

ODD TROUSERS

Chipp's inimitable slender line trousers, cut for belt, detailed with 21" knee, 18" bottom, back buckle strap.

Flannels
Clergy (black), Oxford (dark), Cambridge (medium) 18.50

Tropical Worsted
In grey flannel shades, 9 ounces (Oxford or Cambridge) 21.50

Whipcord Twill
Natural shades only........27.50

Washable Poplin
Natural shades only........13.50

Knee-length Bermuda Shorts available in all fabrics.

State waist size. Trousers shipped with unfinished cuffs. Sizes 29" through 42".

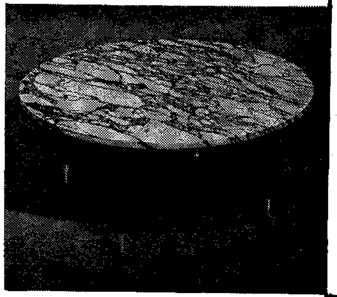
Mail Orders Filled. Add 25c for Postage

Chipp

14 EAST 44TH STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

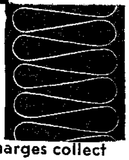
996-998 1st ave, at 55th st, nyc • mu 8-6827

rene BRANCUSI
company incorporated



modern
craftsmen
in
wrought
iron and
brass

Italian marble table tops in all sizes, colors; wrought iron, brass and wood bases in your own design if desired **56.00** to **125.00**
shown: 36" round top, walnut base, brass tipped **66.00**



no c.o.d.'s; shipping & crating charges collect

SAM'S The MAYOR OF GEDNEY WAY

FILET MIGNON • STEAKS • ROAST BEEF
"at its best"

68 GEDNEY WAY
WHITE PLAINS 8-9421 • Closed Tuesdays
White Plains, N. Y.

I Capture Cherished Moments in Colour Pictures

The look of a child at play, or just dreaming—I capture such cherished moments so that you may have them forever.
I'll come into your home, play with your child and take colour pictures that are more than a portrait. You can learn how little they cost by writing or 'phoning.

SIRI HENDERSON
46 East 80th St., New York RE 7-5487

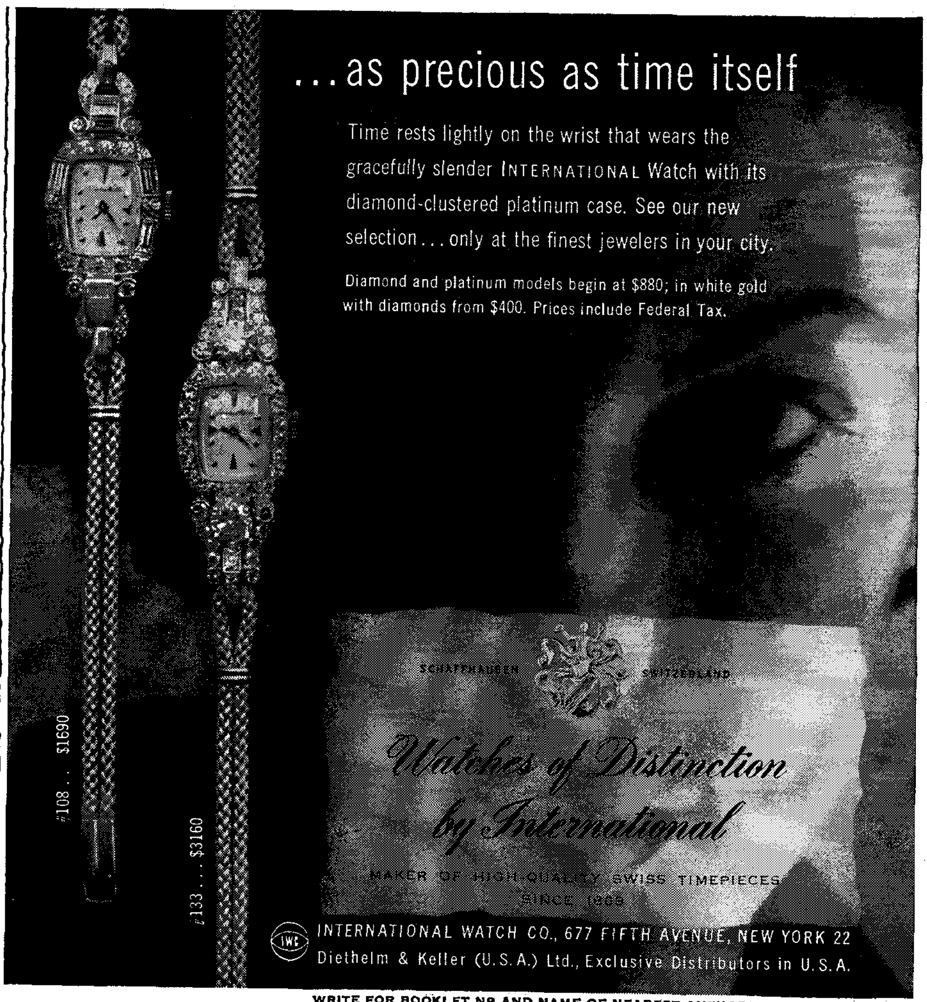
as to be all but invisible in the bright sun; and at the temple of Apollo his account of what is known about the oracle itself—the subterranean chamber full of narcotic smoke, the prophetess, her golden tripod, her priestly interpreters—appeared to be based on the best authorities.

Mounting slowly upward past the ruins of buildings once used for the storage of offerings brought to the god by pilgrims from the various Greek city-states, we came to the theatre. Its curving tiers were carved out of the steep rock of Parnassus, and it commanded, like all Greek theatres, a magnificent panorama. My guide told me to climb to a seat in one of the highest tiers. When I had done so, he stood on the stage below and called on me to admire the marvellous acoustics of the place; his words reached me clearly even though he was speaking in what he said was little more than a whisper. Then suddenly his voice boomed out, and I recognized that, in his thick accent, he was declaiming for my benefit the famous lines from Racine's "Phèdre":

> "Ce n'est plus une ardeur dans mes veines cachée;
> C'est Vénus toute entière à sa proie attachée."

I applauded, and asked him to recite in Greek, and he immediately responded in a thunderous voice with some measures that, he told me afterward, were part of a chorus by Sophocles. It was a memorable few minutes—the sheer red cliffs of Parnassus towering above, the vast green-and-blue landscape, sea, and sky beyond, and below me, against a group of broken columns, my guide, gesturing and orating, his sparse hair blowing in the wind and his bad eye, even at that distance, shining strangely. He declaimed several more passages, which he said were from the dramatists, and when he joined me on my upper tier and accepted a cigarette, he was drenched with enthusiastic sweat. He extinguished the cigarette unfinished, I noticed, and stored the remainder in a pocket.

After a visit to the stadium, still higher up the mountain and outside the Sacred Precinct proper, since athletic contests, unlike dramatic performances, were not sacred affairs in ancient Delphi—a visit that my guide told me he was throwing in for good measure because he found me "*sympathique*"—he returned me to modern Delphi by a back route, over a mountain path. As we approached the village, I counted out his hundred and fifty thousand


#108 . . $1690
#133 . . . $3160
SCHAFFHAUSEN SWITZERLAND
...as precious as time itself

Time rests lightly on the wrist that wears the gracefully slender INTERNATIONAL Watch with its diamond-clustered platinum case. See our new selection... only at the finest jewelers in your city.

Diamond and platinum models begin at $880; in white gold with diamonds from $400. Prices include Federal Tax.

Watches of Distinction by International

MAKER OF HIGH-QUALITY SWISS TIMEPIECES SINCE 1868

IWC INTERNATIONAL WATCH CO., 677 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22
Diethelm & Keller (U.S.A.) Ltd., Exclusive Distributors in U.S.A.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET N9 AND NAME OF NEAREST AUTHORIZED JEWELER.

Sipped with delight by seven generations
E. RÉMY MARTIN & Co V.S.O.P. BRAND COGNAC BRANDY
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
4/5 Quart 80 Proof
E. Rémy Martin & Co
COGNAC
Established in 1724
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY E. REMY MARTIN & Cº COGNAC-FRANCE
RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD., NEWARK, N. J.
RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD., NEW YORK, N. Y.
REMY MARTIN
RÉMY MARTIN

V.S.O.P.

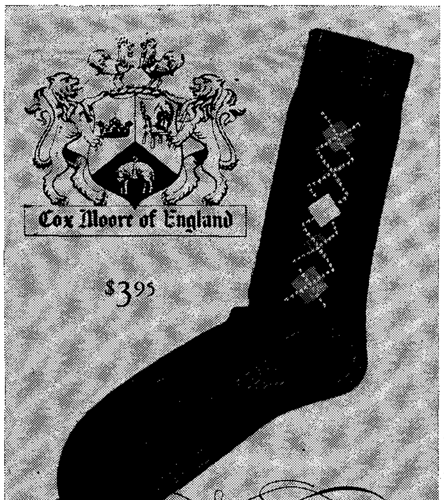
MARK OF DISTINCTION

FINE COGNAC BRANDY

BLUE CHIPS by RENFIELD

Established 1724

80 PROOF, RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD., NEW YORK, N.Y.



Glen Royal
by COX, MOORE OF ENGLAND

Frame Knitted in England

A stunning four-toned, hand-tied overcheck, of particular interest to Argyll collectors. Finest quality, shrink-resistant wool yarns. Grey, Navy, Peat Brown, Charcoal, Wine, Lovat, Forest Green.

At America's Best Shops. Write for one nearest you:
COX, MOORE & CO., LTD.
3 East 44th St., New York 17

We are producing for you the finest champagnes in America today. So when only the finest belongs, be sure to ask for . . .

GOLD SEAL
New York State
Champagnes

Urbana Wine Co. Awarded Only Champagne Gold Medal in Last Five Years at the International Wine Show, California State Fair.

URBANA WINE COMPANY, INC.
Hammondsport, N. Y.

"Fine Wines of International Distinction Since 1865"

drachmas and gave it to him, and immediately, with the same polite enthusiasm he had shown as a cicerone, he begged me to be his guest at a café. "We will go to the best one in town," he said eagerly, "and you will allow me to give you a cup of the finest Turkish coffee." I willingly agreed to the refreshment; the scramble up and down the mountainside had been strenuous.

On the winding main street of the village, along which I had driven my friends to the hotel a few hours before, he led me into one of a row of cafés. We passed through a room full of men drinking coffee at bare, unpainted tables—Greek provincial cafés are unpretentious to the point of grimness, and women are never seen in them—and went out through a door onto a terrace. It commanded another of Delphi's fabulous views, down into the gorge of the River Pleistos, with its olive trees, and out over Itea to the Gulf of Corinth, into which the sun was now sinking with the greatest possible glory. The coffee the waiter brought us was excellent, and my host was loquacious and gay. Before the war, he told me, he had worked for many years on ships plying between Greek ports and Marseille; twice he had been in Paris; he asked me when I had last been there, and told me stories of his adventures on the boulevards. Suddenly the waiter reappeared and murmured something to him. "A telephone call," my host told me, looking grave, and, excusing himself, he entered the café.

When he returned a few minutes later, he looked even graver—in fact, dejected, almost hangdog. He did not sit down again at the table but stood opposite me, silhouetted against the flaming sunset. "That was the Delphi chief of police," he said, in a low, dull voice from which all joy had gone. "Delphi is a small place. He had already heard that we made an excursion, and knew that we had come here. He asked me a question."

I waited.

"He asked me where I had taken you and how much I had charged you. I replied that we had visited the Sacred Precinct and the stadium and that you had *offered* me a hundred and fifty thousand drachmas. That is correct, is it not?"

I nodded.

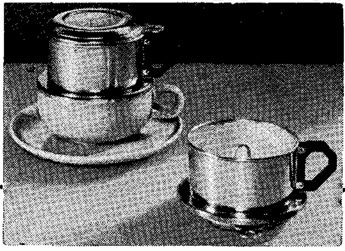
"He then ordered me to give you a message in four parts. The first part of the message is this—that for a single person the official fee for a guided tour of the Sacred Precinct and the stadium is a hundred thousand drachmas. The second part of the message is this—that

Here's a place for YOU!

Relaxed before a sparkling fire after a fine day's shoot. A full bag—a tasty supper—a comfortable bed. Whether you come to fish, to hunt or just to relax in the woods, you will enjoy every minute of a fall vacation in La Province de Québec.

For free booklet on hunting, fishing and camping in Québec, write: Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Québec City, Canada; or 48 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

LA PROVINCE DE
Québec



COFFEE "SINGLE SERVER"
Attention: Coffee Lovers! A new idea for serving coffee and saving waste . . . wonderful for between meal brews in office or home.

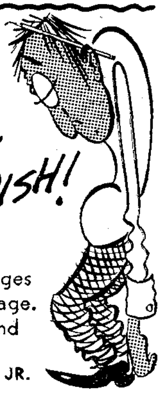
Use regular or drip grind coffee in bottom of single server, cover with metal drain; add water . . . in less than a minute you have a steaming spirit-lifting cupful. Easy, efficient, economical! An Italian import in shining aluminum . . . an excellent gift for coffee connoisseurs.

$1.00 ea. postpaid 4 for $3.90

DE LUXE MODEL,
Chrome on Brass..............$2.79 ea., 4 for $11.00, ppd.
No C.O.D.'s, please

WHITMAN HOUSE Dept. N-3
521 Fifth Avenue • New York 17, N. Y.

NEED A VACATION?
Lovett's IS YOUR DISH!



Indulge Yourself in our *"Mountain Modern"* Cottages and enjoy glorious fall foliage. You'll go home refreshed and renewed — *and happy!*

WRITE CHARLES J. LOVETT, JR.
FRANCONIA, N. H.

I must therefore offer to return to you fifty thousand drachmas. And the fourth part of the message is this—that if you are not satisfied I have given you the message exactly as the chief of police ordered me to give it, he invites you to call on him and take me with you."

He stood in front of me like an overgrown schoolboy doggedly reciting a distasteful lesson—one that had doubtless been recited in substance many times before—and after he stopped talking there was a silence.

"But you haven't finished," I said. "What is the third part of the message?"

There was another pause. Then—"Do you wish me to refund the fifty thousand drachmas, Monsieur?" He was regaining some of his dignity; he asked the question quietly and firmly.

"Yes, I do," I said, "since by right it is mine."

"You are sure you wish me to refund it, Monsieur, even though you *offered* me a hundred and fifty thousand?"

"Under the circumstances, quite sure."

He took his billfold out of his pocket, removed fifty thousand drachmas from it, and gave it to me. Then there was another pause, and at last he said, "The third part of the message is this—that the chief of police hopes to God that you *will* insist on the return of the fifty thousand drachmas, since it is only by the coöperation of visitors that thieving guides can be controlled. And furthermore"—I started to interrupt, but he raised his hand—"in this same part three of the message I am ordered to tell you that *I* am a thieving guide, that I have just been released from a term in jail for cheating other tourists, that *all* the fees I quoted you were improper, and, finally, that if I do not repeat his message faithfully, things will go hard with me."

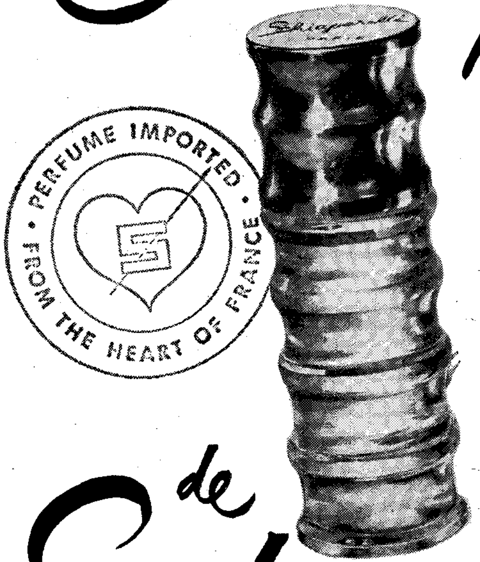
His voice had gradually recovered its timbre, and the last part of his recital was declaimed with energy; there was a mad defiance about it that contained some of his old enthusiasm. Then he bowed slightly to me and moved away.

"Come back!" I called after him. "Sit down! Finish your coffee!"

The glance he cast me was devastating. It was not at all a grimace—just the briefest, most impassive of stares—and it conveyed as nothing else could have his unwillingness to consider having coffee, or a word more of conversation, with the likes of me. It was as though, here on Parnassus, I had run into Hermes, the god of thieves and

Shocking

purse-size perfume



Schiaparelli's elegant purse dispenser contains a quarter ounce of famous Shocking Perfume. Won't leak or spill. Refillable. It's a gift from Paris. 5.00

Shocking Perfume, 3.00 to 32.50

Shocking Cologne, 2.75 to 30.00

(prices plus tax)

de Schiaparelli

Cartier
12
9
3
10
8
6
4

Cartier

INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED JEWELLERS SINCE 1847

Right on Time—Cartier wrist watches for men. Accurate timepieces in 18kt gold, with finest Swiss movements. Round watch, small second hand, $165; square watch, small second hand, $224; round calendar watch, sweep second hand, $214. Same model in stainless steel, $71.50.

Shown actual size. Prices include Federal Tax.

Cartier, synonymous with finest quality and value

FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y. PLaza 3-0111

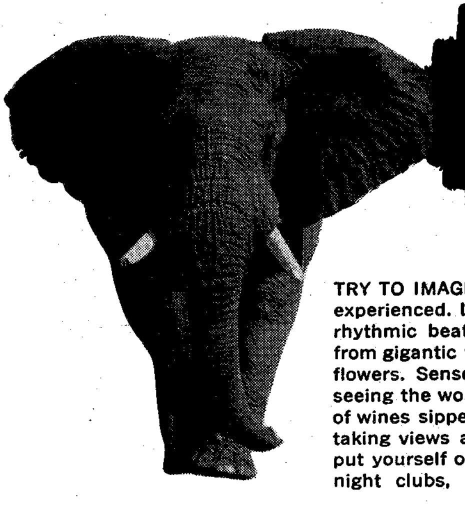
Good Taste Has No Substitute....

Lindt
Milk Chocolate
Lindt
GENUINE
IMPORTED
SWISS

MILK CHOCOLATE

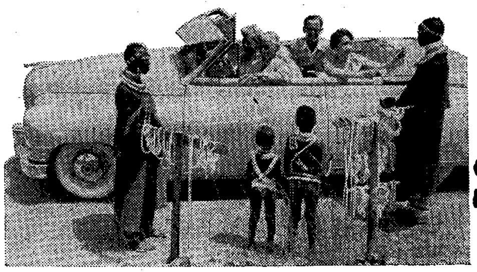
IMPORTERS: CRESCA COMPANY INC., 111 EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11 N. Y.

SOUTH AFRICA
..Land of Contrast!



TRY TO IMAGINE a vacation unlike any other you've ever experienced. Listen to the roar of lions at nightfall, to the rhythmic beat of native drums. Feel spray on your face from gigantic waterfalls, catch the scent of strange, exotic flowers. Sense the thrill of visiting a diamond mine, of seeing the world's largest ostrich farm. Savor the bouquet of wines sipped in famous vineyards, photograph breath-taking views as you "cable car" up Table Mountain. Then put yourself on the busy streets of cosmopolitan cities, in night clubs, elegant restaurants and excellent hotels.

This is South Africa, Land of Contrast! Visit us soon, with lots of extra film for your camera!



Write to SATOUR for information and literature . . . then ask your Travel Agent to help you plan your trip.

SATOUR

South African Tourist
CORPORATION
475 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

pickpockets, in mortal guise, and had now fallen from his favor.

As soon as the guide had disappeared, the waiter emerged from the café. He, too, looked impassive, and I should have liked to penetrate his thoughts as I paid for the coffee that my supposed host had ordered. Was it he, perhaps, who had informed the police? Or was he on the side of the guide? I used part of the fifty thousand drachmas for the payment, and when I rose to leave, I found that I disliked putting the rest of it into my pocket. It was too late to do anything else, but as I left the restaurant I wondered why, despite my chagrin at being cheated, I hadn't allowed the guide to keep those three or four extra dollars as a tip. Then the third part of the police chief's message would have been irresistibly comic, even hilarious; we could have grinned and laughed together and been better friends than ever, and I would still be enjoying the poor rascal's company in the last glow of the Delphi sunset, instead of having to make my righteous, solitary way back to the hotel.

Everyone was indoors as I walked along the twisting, turning main street of the village. Most of the men, as I knew, were in the cafés, and everyone else was probably at home; Delphi was quiet and deserted in the cool evening air. Suddenly, from around a bend—the last bend, I realized then, before the hotel—I heard voices and recognized them as those of my friends. "All the guidebook does is make the place sound confusing," one of them was complaining, in Italian. "It would be worth while taking him tomorrow if he'd come down a little in his price. Ask him." Then I heard my other friend ask a question in French, and as I rounded the corner I saw the poets sitting on the balcony outside their room, from which they had apparently been enjoying the sunset. Below them, standing in the street, his back to me, was a familiar stocky figure. "*Eh bien, Monsieur,*" my guide was impenitently saying in his broken French. "Since there are only two of you, I'll make you a price—a special price of three hundred and seventy-five thousand drachmas."

—Francis Steegmuller

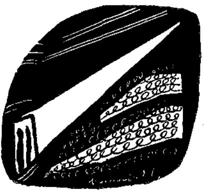
•

John Wayne came in with Pilar Pallette. I must say I like Pilar. There's a gentleness about her and an eagerness to be linked.—*Louella Parsons in the Journal-American.*

To Wayne?

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Monk of Wittenberg



MARTIN LUTHER has always been neglected by Hollywood, possibly on the ground that he is too controversial a figure to be advertised in a democracy whose basic notions in a good many instances derive from doctrines he enunciated four centuries ago. Just how obtuse the West Coast dreamers have been in their reluctance to depict the leader of the Reformation on celluloid is revealed in "Martin Luther," a picture produced outside the Hollywood pale by Louis de Rochemont Associates.

Put together as an intramural work for six Lutheran church organizations, "Martin Luther" turned out to be such a box-office bonanza that it was put into competition with crasser works. It's a good thing that this came about. The movie, photographed on location in West Germany, is straightforward in its approach to Luther and his times, and if, on occasion, it tends to blur the fact that the surging nationalism of the German branches of the Holy Roman Empire had quite a bit to do with the success of the Lutheran movement, it compensates for this with a full-length portrait of the German religious leader. As played by Niall Mac Ginnis, Luther is determined, reflective, persuasive, and sanguine, though never entirely aware that historic pressures have made it impossible for him to correct from within the abuses of the church he has vowed allegiance to. Beginning with Luther's sudden abandonment of a career as a law student, the film follows him through his novitiate as an Augustinian monk, his elevation to the priesthood, and his tentative grapplings with the concept that man's salvation lies in faith alone. While the fine points of his theological speculations are made clear enough, the air is kept clear of the smell of the lamp, and for the most part the picture sticks to its portrayal of a single-minded monk who is resolved to pit his beliefs against those of his ecclesiastical superiors, and who winds up denounced as a heretic and hailed as the founder of Protestantism.

Mr. de Rochemont, whose preoccupation with documentary techniques has been obvious in all the movies he's had a hand in, uses the method to good advantage in "Martin Luther," never permitting the eminence of his subject to betray him into the gingerly approach so many movies use when tangling with individuals spiritually a cut above Pa Kettle. One of the several interesting aspects of the piece is the portrayal of Pope Leo X, by Philip Leaver. A Medici intent upon completing St. Peter's in Rome, Pope Leo had a sound aesthetic motive for raising cash through the sale of indulgences, and as Mr. Leaver plays him, he is clearly a man of character, although perhaps a trifle too sophisticated to be the shepherd of a flock still beset by some of the superstitions of the Middle Ages.

For that matter, practically everybody who appears in "Martin Luther" commands attention, and Mr. de Rochemont and his associates have given the settings of the picture a fine Teutonic flavor. To make that term "associates" a bit more specific, I should note that "Martin Luther" was directed by Irving Pichel and superintended by a couple of Lutheran churchmen named Pastor Peter Heinemann and Dr. Johannes Stuhlmacher.

IN "Return to Paradise," Gary Cooper is a beachcomber on a tropical island who thinks that maybe the resident missionary isn't giving the natives a fair shake. Eventually, though, he comes around to believing that Mother Hubbards are just what the children of paradise need. This film was photographed in Samoa. As an old escapist, I can assure you that you'd have a better time at Sandy Hook.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT

[*Adv. in the Princeton* (*N. J.*) *Town Topics*]

EXCELLENT AUTOMOBILE
FOR SALE—AT BARGAIN PRICE
PRIVATE SINGLE OWNER—GOOD CARE
1948 OLDSMOBILE—FOUR DOOR SEDAN—
MODEL 76
SPACIOUS AND ECONOMICAL
EXPENSIVE RADIO AND HEATER
ACCESSORIES INCLUDE DEFROSTER, WINDSHIELD WASHER, FOG LIGHTS
EXTRA FOAM RUBBER CUSHIONS—EXTREMELY COMFORTABLE
GOOD TIRES WITH TWO EXTRA SPARES
RECENTLY PASSED INSPECTION
REFINISHED EXTERNALLY WITHIN PAST SEVERAL MONTHS
LESS THAN 50,000 MILES—A FRACTION OF OLDS LIFE
RELIABLE FIRST OR SECOND CAR
ONE OF FEW GOOD CARS AVAILABLE IN AGE AND PRICE BRACKET
Owner Has Too Many Cars
Best Offer

Peck *and* Peck

Juniors love a costume party. And—the costume that's party to everything from tea-dancing on! In short: our rayon faille, bare-topped – and topped by a close little jacket, lavished with velvet and braid. In black only, 7 to 15...25.95

Palumbo

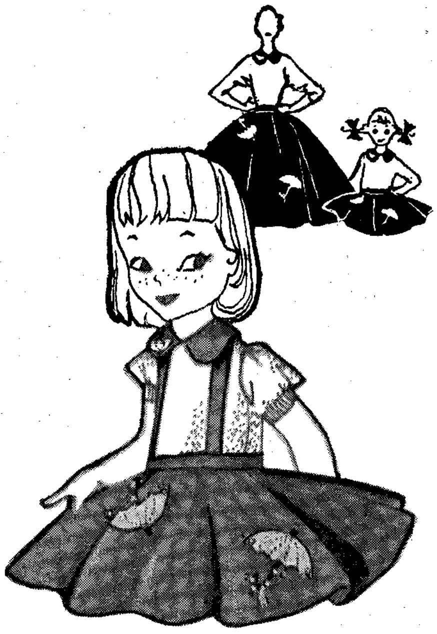
New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia
Baltimore • Detroit • Cleveland • St. Louis
Indianapolis • Atlanta • Washington, D. C.
Cincinnati • Hartford • Buffalo

"CHILL NIPPER"
by CARROLL REED

Thoroughbred all-over cable stitch cardigan for women . . . of soft, 100% imported virgin wool. A casual year 'rounder and a perfect addition to the wardrobes of young or old. Heavenly colors: White, oxford heather, moon yellow, vermillion, light navy or black. Sizes 34-40. **$14.95.**

Mail orders promptly filled.
Write to Dept. C.
Add 25¢ for postage and packing.
No C.O.D.'s please.
Write for our new catalogue.

Carroll Reed Ski Shops
NORTH CONWAY NEW HAMPSHIRE


our exclusive mother-daughter whirl skirts in wonderful wool felt, with matching collars! Navy with shocking pink umbrella applique, or red with white ones. 3-6 sizes 12.98; in 7-14 sizes 16.98; preteen 10-14ers 17.98. Mother's 10-16 sizes 22.95. The matching collars are 2.98

Jane engel

madison at 79th • new york 21 • rh 4-0300
(write or phone; no c.o.d. orders please.
add .35 postage beyond our delivery area)

MUSICAL EVENTS

Popular Records

BUSTLING arrangements for the orchestras and energetic singing by the casts fail to cover up the prevailingly commonplace nature of the material in two new show albums, "Me and Juliet" (Victor) and "Can-Can" (Capitol). To be sure, both sets reveal the smooth craftsmanship that has come to be expected of the writers—Rodgers and Hammerstein, of course, are responsible for the former and Cole Porter for the latter—but obviously there is little genuine inspiration behind it.

To start with "Can-Can," the more threadbare effort, we find a score that briskly sets about creating a Frenchy atmosphere but contains not one solid or memorable piece. The music throughout is a rehash of old Porter styles spiced up with the most obvious sort of Parisianisms, and the composer has been just as casual with his lyrics, glibly working over his old ideas, and sprinkling French phrases around like a giddy tourist on his first day in Paris. The result is a mood of forced gaiety, which is scarcely aided by the undistinguished singing of the principals. I seem to recall having once read that "Rosalie," a title song Porter tossed off with contemptuous ease for a movie back in the mid-thirties, startled him by becoming an immediate hit. In "Can-Can," it is as if he had been trying, a little desperately now, to bat out the same sort of number every time, perhaps because he had nothing original to say.

"Me and Juliet" is a different matter. The pieces are more substantial but, with few exceptions, duller. It would appear that Rodgers and Hammerstein found little nourishment in this story of present-day show people, for they have padded it out with a show-within-a-show running to three production numbers, each of them built around a fairly conventional musical-comedy song—"Marriage Type Love," "Keep It Gay," and "We Deserve Each Other." Another piece that has nothing to do with the plot is "Intermission Talk," an occasionally engaging mélange in which a theatre audience is gabbing in the lounge. This one becomes uncomfortable toward the end, when Hammerstein harangues his listeners about the unconquerable spirit of the living theatre.

Seven songs are used to illustrate the story proper. One, a choppy tango called "No Other Love," has already bored its way deep into the affections of the American public, principally because of a separate recording made for Victor by Perry Como, and there is no point in commenting upon it here except to remark that it has no particular dramatic value in the show, merely indicating that the boy and the girl desire each other painfully. After the overture, "A Very Special Day," sung with childish sweetness by Isabel Bigley, introduces the heroine and explains her theatrical aspirations in a moderately agreeable fashion; in the next song, "That's the Way It Happens," the girl describes, to a somewhat raffish tune, a drab adventure with a man, after which the hero picks up the theme to tell how he was cut out by the fellow. A little later come the two most ambitious compositions in the show—"The Big Black Giant" and "It Feels Good." In the first, sung by Bill Hayes, Hammerstein gets a bit choked up over the fearsomeness and the capriciousness of a theatre audience. The second, which is rousingly sung by Mark Dawson, is a pretty good character song about a mean drunk. The one really ebullient number in the whole score is "It's Me," with Miss Bigley and Joan McCracken singing spiritedly about the change a female performer with no particular allure offstage undergoes when she steps before an audience to deliver some sparkling lines. In "I'm Your Girl," a duet offered late in the show by Miss Bigley and Hayes, Hammerstein has written the kind of tender and limpid lyric he frequently provided for Jerome Kern, and the flowing and effortless tune that Rodgers set it to could easily have been turned out by Kern himself. It is one of the most attractive in the score.

TO go back to Cole Porter for a bit, Walden Records has issued an enjoyable concert, by two singers and a piano duo, of ten old pieces of his, most of them composed for shows and movies of the thirties. While "In the Still of the Night," presented here by the pianos alone, is the only one that can be counted among Porter's major works, a few of the others—"Get Out of Town," "I Love You," and perhaps "Ridin' High," all artfully sung by Louise Carlyle—are among his better creations. The rest are at least worth hearing, and they have the advantage of not being too well known. The selections from "Gay Divorce"—that's the show that produced "Night and Day"—are the sprightly "I've Got You on My Mind" and a gently reflective piece called "After You;" these are sung pleasantly by Bob Shaver. Miss Carlyle, who is admirably versatile, does a vibrant job on "Where Have You Been?," from "The New Yorkers," and exerts maidenly appeal in "Why Shouldn't I?," a pretty thing out of "Jubilee." She and Shaver get together at one point to sing "You Irritate Me So," a slightly labored duet from "Let's Face It." In addition to "In the Still of the Night," the pianists, David Baker and John Morris, offer a bright arrangement of "Rap-Tap on Wood," which is a rhythmic trifle Porter whipped up for a motion picture.

THE Norman Paris Trio can be heard in skillful interpretations of eight standard popular tunes, the majority of them from shows, on a Columbia record called "Cocktail Hour." Made up of piano, electric guitar, and bass, the trio is an accomplished unit, with a fine talent for squeezing something new out of familiar old pieces. Sudden shifts in tempo and exaggerations of the principal melodic and rhythmic figures work wonders here with "Fascinating Rhythm," "Falling in Love with Love," "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'," "Lover," "Something Sort of Grandish," "Hello, Young Lovers," and "Dancing Tambourine." Only "Right as the Rain," a Harold Arlen tune, suffers from this sort of trickery; the melodic line is almost entirely lost. . . . The singing of Eartha Kitt, a vocal stylist who has very little voice but makes up for it with an arresting habit of changing abruptly from an imperious tone to one of silky suggestiveness, has been excellently recorded, by Victor, in eight varied pieces with first-rate orchestral accompaniment. The first two, "I Wanna Be Evil" and "C'Est Si Bon," are the most effective, and her treatment of "Avril au Portugal" and "Angelitos Negros" has merit, too. Unfortunately, the sustained notes of an unusual song called "Mountain High, Valley Low" show her voice to poor advantage, and the three other selections—"Uska Dara," "African Lullaby," and "Lilac Wine"—left me cold. . . . The Tony Scott Quartet, consisting of expert musicians of the modern, cool school of jazz, does some dazzling work on a Brunswick record entitled "Music After Midnight." The most distinctive thread of tone in the four selections—"After

Southwick "SUPERFLEX"
TRADE MARK
Feeling is Believing!

THE WARWICK*

WE CALL IT "TONIC TAILORING"

Southwick's fall collection of imported and domestic fabrics is the finest ever! Photographed above are three outstanding favorites for business and university wear. TOP: *a distinctive new worsted plaid.* CENTER: *a rich striped flannel.* BOTTOM: *a superfine sharkskin.*

Here are clothes so flexible you hardly know you're wearing them... *soft-constructed,* without excess shoulder padding or canvas stiffening.

Like magic, a SOUTHWICK suit releases you from the bulk and pressure of commonplace clothes. That's why so many men find a real tonic effect in its unique *Superflex* tailoring.

See the new SOUTHWICK suits, from $70, and sports jackets, from $50, at one of the stores listed below.

*ONE OF A FULL RANGE OF MODELS IN THE SOUTHWICK "SUPERFLEX" LINE

Look for this label Southwick TRADE MARK "SUPERFLEX" *at these fine stores*

PAUL STUART, INC.
New York, N. Y.
CHARLES YOUNG, INC.
New York, N. Y.
HOTEL SYRACUSE MEN'S SHOP
Syracuse, N. Y.
WM. LEVINE & SONS
Waterville, Me.
J. B. FARRELL CO.
Augusta, Me.
MILES & RILEY, INC.
Burlington, Vt.
LARKIN'S
Pittsfield, Mass.
ARTHUR L. JOHNSON CO.
Boston, Mass.
REMICK'S
Quincy, Mass.
HOUSE OF WALSH
Amherst, Mass.
Williamstown, Mass.
HILLHOUSE, LTD.
Providence, R. I.
JOSEPH'S
Waterbury, Conn.
VAN DRIVER
Greenwich, Conn.
HUGHES & HATCHER
Pittsburgh, Pa.
CHIEF LEVIN'S CAMPUS SHOP
Easton, Pa.
MANSURE & PRETTYMAN
Wilmington, Del.
ARTHUR A. ADLER
Washington, D.C.
PAUL H. ROSE CORP.
Norfolk, Va.
JACK WOOD, LTD.
Charlotte, N. C.
FIELD & FIRESIDE, INC.
Columbus, Ga.
MARC LINX
Birmingham, Ala.
ARCH WILSON, INC.
Springfield, Ill.
MACKENZIE-BOSTOCK-MONROE
Grand Rapids, Mich.
MAURICE L. ROTHSCHILD
YOUNG-QUINLAN CO.
Minneapolis, Minn.
ROBERT KIRK, LTD.
San Francisco, Cal.

For stores in other cities write
GRIECO BROS. Inc., 200 Fifth Avenue, New York
Exclusive manufacturers of SOUTHWICK Superflex clothes

LOOMED AND TAILORED IN GREAT BRITAIN

Topcoat classic of incomparable Pashm Cloth . . . exclusive to Chester Barrie. Tailored entirely by hand. Framed collar, oval patch pockets. About $225.

Chester Barrie Ltd.

Westmoreland House, London W 1

In the U.S.A. at stores of pre-eminence
Address inquiries to
Fifth Avenue Building, New York, N. Y.

After Hours," "Katz' Meow," "I Never Knew," and "Away We Go"—is provided by Scott's clarinet, but some arresting contributions are made by Dick Katz, on piano; Milt Hinton, on bass; and Philly Joe Jones, on the drums. . . . A singer named Frances Wayne has taken pains to get the style of Ethel Waters down pat and has recorded, for Coral, eight songs more or less closely identified with that distinguished performer. Miss Wayne does rather well, for her voice has a good range and she uses it with confidence and ease. While her singing lacks the lovely warm overtones of Miss Waters', you may get some pleasure, as I did, out of listening to her. Dexterously supported by an orchestra under the direction of Neal Hefti, she presents "Stormy Weather," "Heat Wave," "Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe," "I Just Couldn't Take It, Baby," "You're Lucky to Me," "Am I Blue?," "A Hundred Years from Today," and "Miss Otis Regrets."

—D. W.

•

WHAT EXPERT D'YA SET STORE BY?

The word manna was derived from the Hebrew mân hu, meaning "what is it?" From the accurate description of it in Exodus we know now that it must have been an alga species of the genus *Nostoc.* This plant grows with unbelievable rapidity during the night, with the aid of the heavy dew upon highly mineralized desert soils.—*From "The Useful Algae," by F. J. Weiss, in Scientific American.*

It is generally believed that the manna of the Bible was a lichen, *Lecanora esculenta,* which is still eaten by desert tribes of Asia Minor. —*From "College Botany," by H. J. Fuller and O. Tippo.*

Honeydew is a food not to be scorned even by man, for it is now generally accepted that the manna which miraculously sustained the Israelites on their long trek from Egypt to the promised land of Canaan was the dried excretion of a tiny but abundant species of scale insect (*Trabutina mannipara*) which lives on tamarisk.—*From "American Social Insects," by C. D. Michener and M. H. Michener.*

•

As from your first step belong to Bangkok, Where to pass your time? Please tell your chofure run to "SUPPORO BEAR HALL" Sikak Prayasri, in front of Sriayadya theater.

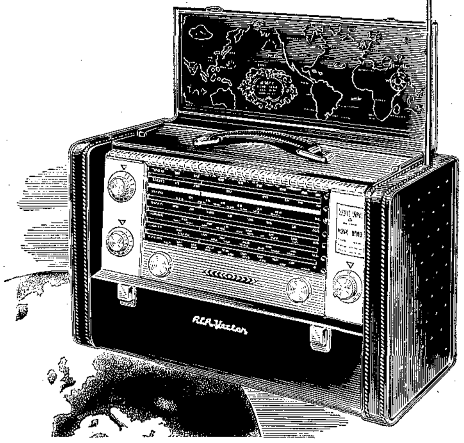
You will meet your comfortable and freshness with up-to-date hot & cold refreshment.

Well come, Siamese, Japanese foods with our experience cooks and enchanting comforter!

Take your time at "SUPPORO BEAR HALL."—*Card distributed by a Bangkok restaurant.*

Take your time and keep your shirt on.

"RCA VICTOR STRATO-WORLD"
7-Band portable radio powered to pick up the world!



Tunes Europe and Asia like local broadcasts!

Has true Electrical Band Spread Tuning—found in *no* other portable! Plays AC, DC or battery. Lightest of its kind—only 23 lbs. with batteries! Genuine cowhide leather. Model 3BX671, $139.95 (less batteries).

Suggested Eastern list price, subject to change without notice

RCA VICTOR
Tmks. ® Division of Radio Corp. of America

at stores of pre-eminence including . . .

I. MAGNIN
on the West Coast

JENNY
Cincinnati, Ohio

HUTCHINS BROS.
San Antonio, Austin, Texas

BERMAN BROTHERS
Pittsburgh, Pa.

CM

Countess Mara

For store nearest you write to Countess Mara
338 Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

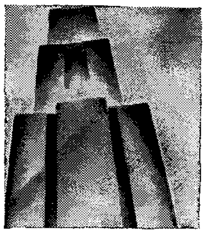
ENGLISH ANTIQUES

Every piece stamped and guaranteed to be over 100 years old by the British Antique Dealers Association.

OGILVY'S ANTIQUE GALLERY
JAS. A. OGILVY'S LTD. DEPARTMENT STORE
Montreal, Canada Established 1866

THE SKY LINE

The Liveliness of London



AFTER a dozen lean, grim, tense years, the streets of London again throb with vitality. The pale, attenuated Londoner one met in 1946, undernourished and tired, has recovered some of the old English portliness and vigor, and the streets of London, partly to commemorate a lusher past, partly to herald the new Queen and a better future, have lately been a blaze of tulips and cinerarias, geraniums, petunias, and lupin, filling the window boxes, the public gardens, the squares, even shabby old Leicester Square. All this augurs well for the architecture that is still to come, but one must remember that except when a prophetic genius like Frank Lloyd Wright is on the scene, architecture is a tardy art, and buildings that embody a new concept of life usually achieve their full vigor of form only after the creed that has begotten them has begun to crumble. In England, as in America, the modern movement has been stiffening prematurely into an academy; though the clichés are no longer redrawn Vitruvius or Palladio, the same smallness of spirit and narrowness of formula prevail. So it is in a passing mood of irreverence for our fashionable architectural mentors and of hopefulness for the younger generation, who may yet manage to ignore the cold, Procrustean forms they are inheriting, that I have lately been examining Britain's architectural achievements. What can our two countries learn from each other? And what must the architects on both sides of the water put aside if their designs are to do justice to a more generous human spirit, seeking order by some means besides exclusion?

Often the changes that take place in buildings are forecast a decade or two earlier in the faces of the people on the streets. Evelyn Waugh's too, too sick-making generation of the thirties has by now produced an architecture so lacking in almost any human significance that one could defend it, if one defended it, only as sculpture infested by human beings whose presence spoils the artful emptiness the architect was aiming at. More than once during the last twenty years, it has seemed that this sterile aesthetic creed might catch on in England and dominate the juicy human tradition that produced the masculine brown harmonies of the English pub, the chaste domestic order of eighteenth-century Bloomsbury, and the enormous technical resourcefulness of the great engineers, from Isambard Kingdom Brunel, the bridgebuilder, and Joseph Paxton, designer of the Crystal Palace, to their present-day successors. Perhaps that danger is not yet averted, but at least the surviving buildings of London's 1951 Festival of Britain, if not the last word in external grace, reveal none of the finicking qualities of decadence. Like the faces of most Londoners, they have the air of beef and bounce, of confidence and even brashness, that Emerson observed a century ago. Architecturally, "The Cocktail Party" seems about over, and the war years have produced a more effective catharsis and resolution than Eliot's Sir Henry Harcourt-Reilly ever brought about in his patients. Whatever England may become, it is not likely to remain a Waste Land. Indeed, when one considers the damage wrought by Nazi bombs and the difficulties of putting any of the national energy into rebuilding during the time almost every worker was needed in the export industries, one realizes that England's physical rehabilitation, its abundantly evident tidiness and orderliness, is no small achievement. Today Britain is engaged in a large-scale overhauling of her entire physical plant. If the visible result is not yet as great as the optimists hoped in 1945, it is surely far greater than what took place after the First World War, since it involves not only housing for the working classes but industrial buildings, schools, and a dozen whole cities, or what are called New Towns, to domicile many hundreds of thousands of people in self-contained communities.

TO study this immense amount of construction and arrive at even a provisional critical judgment is not a simple task. So I shall begin with a batch of random impressions before, in companion essays, I treat two very important aspects of this rehabilitation—the rebuilding of the war-blasted boroughs of London, which are, in all but name, cities in themselves, and the relief of congestion in London by the construction of the New Towns. I will touch first of all on London, whose beautiful core is Westminster and the West End, where white limestone façades and dark

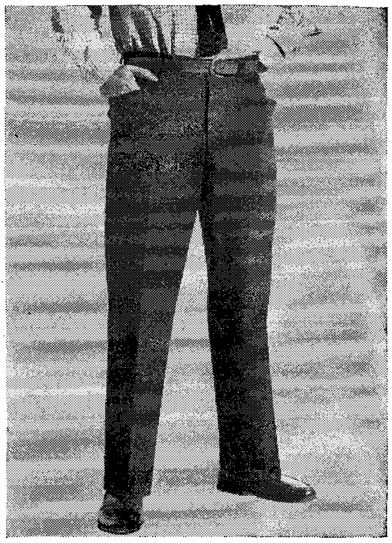
Kisses are sweet...
but Arpège
lasts longer!

LANVIN

the best Paris has to offer

Perfume $3 to $500. Toilet Water $6 to $37.50
(plus tax)

Frontier Flannels
for Men and Women



Original and exclusive with us. Combines the superior design of the frontier trouser with the traditionally good taste of oxford gray worsted flannel. Comfortably and slimly tailored: 21" knee, 17" bottom. Order by waist size: Men 29-38, Women 22-30". Uncuffed. $22.50 ppd.

Write for catalogue.

The ASPEN COUNTRY STORE, Inc.
ASPEN, COLORADO

The most convenient location in New York

A refined clientele
of permanent residents
and transient guests.

HOTEL New Weston
MADISON AT 50th • NEW YORK 22, N. Y.
JAMES T. McTIGHE, *Manager*
A Knott Hotel

slate roofs and red omnibuses and the fine green stretches of park and square create one of the handsomest of townscapes without actually producing a single first-rate building—a townscape whose human qualities triumph over all the Regent Street efforts at vulgar Frenchified prettification and fusty home-grown pomposity. Before 1939, this was the London of Virginia Woolf's too delicately upper-class Mrs. Dalloway rather than the London of "Pickwick Papers;" only yesterday it was, by the magic of the Coronation, the London of Chesterton's "Napoleon of Notting Hill," bursting with medieval pageantry, with flags, banners, arches, standards of red, blue, gold, and pink that would have gladdened the heart of his mad hero. Some of these decorations, such as the finely wrought light-blue parabolic arches, crowned with the golden royal insignia, that punctuated the Mall from Buckingham Palace to Whitehall, would surely make better lamp standards than the usual ones. Even the dingy middle-class respectability of South Kensington has begun to succumb to the lively New Elizabethan surge. Victorian stuccoed houses, once coated in black, oxblood, or a putrid buff, are being repainted in cream and turquoise blue. That may be a happy portent. But the secret of London's charm has a deeper source, in the variety produced by sudden turnings, short streets, closed vistas, and unexpected openings on green squares. Of all the big cities I know, London best preserves the human scale and, what is even more important, the human tone. Whenever a building seeks to impose itself by mere weight of material and wealth and dull classical learning, just around the corner some little building will, with a derisive touch of vulgarity, restore that tone. In architecture, the ridiculous here winks at the sublime and returns it to human proportions.

MODERN architecture in London is but a wheelbarrow full of cuttings grown in a rich compost of history. But one must never forget—silence, Le Corbusier!—that England is essentially the birthplace and home of modern architecture, the first to proclaim in the name of the machine the virtues of economy, precision, functional felicity, and a sometimes too rigorous absence of ornament. The dwelling houses of the seventeenth century were as free from extraneous decoration as a cotton mill, and in a country that is seemingly bound to venerable traditions Paxton created the first prefabricated, wholly

Black Watch Suit . . . $59.50
Finely tailored in wool plaid—the skirt pleated front and back. Sizes 10-18.

The Bermuda Shop

554 Madison Avenue at 55th Street
New York 22, N. Y.

"FOR VARIETY,
spice your life with MYERS"
Traditional dark
MYERS
Jamaica Rum
not too heavy...
not too light...
but just right
Write for FREE
Rum Recipe Booklet
97 Proof
R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc., Dept. H,
655 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.

iron-and-glass shell—the Crystal Palace—and wanted to create a health sanatorium, completely open to the sun and filled with trees and plants, on the same principle. It was to England, between 1895 and 1910, that the Continental architects came to learn the essentials of domestic planning and building, from Sir Edwin Lutyens, Charles Ashbee, Charles Voysey, Baillie Scott, Barry Parker, and Charles Mackintosh. And the vogue for white as the right background for fresh and cheerful modern forms stems directly from Whistler and Florence Nightingale. Almost none of the dwelling houses that have been created during the modern period are more livable than those the advanced British architects produced in that adventurous period, before Edwardian gentility and neo-Georgian correctness had, in the name of good taste, abolished both the free plan and the functional, often asymmetric elevation. It is only now, in reaction against the sterile aestheticism of the thirties, that some of the younger British architects have begun to appreciate the virtues of the "new empiricism," which means largely cutting the building to the measure of the user and his wants, his comforts, and his conveniences, as well as to his visual delight, instead of treating it as a private museum in which the client is privileged to be the curator as his justification for being tolerated on the premises at all. Rightly, the British, who invented the concept of comfort, have never, in their best domestic work, defied it, since it does for the muscle what formal beauty of line does for the eye. At their traditional best—say, the interior of Charles Barry's now ancient Reform Club—they charm both the muscle and the eye.

HALF the modern buildings in London that are worth seeing date from before 1939, and not the least interesting specimen is the Piccadilly hotel, built in the mid-thirties, that was my recent headquarters. In that depressed and depressing decade, America acquired hardly one new hotel, while the English hotels that were built or reconditioned during this period have a number of fresh features, including modern furniture and fittings, that have yet to be incorporated in many of our own. My bedroom had a casement window across its entire width, and it had both a steam radiator and a built-in electric radiator where the traditional fireplace would have been, to take the chill off at moments, even in the warm season, when central heat is not justified

TRANSATLANTIC HARVEST

You can reap a bumper crop of healthful relaxation and recreation – plus festive entertainment and a bounteous fare – in first class on the Nieuw Amsterdam Sept. 28, Oct. 26*, Nov. 14 to Southampton, Le Havre, Rotterdam – arriving in Europe during its most delightfully uncrowded season. Other *thrift season* sailings: Maasdam Sept. 22, Oct. 31, Nov. 23; Ryndam Oct. 8, Nov. 17*, Dec. 12*; Veendam Oct. 15; Westerdam Oct. 17, Nov. 14, Dec. 19; Noordam Oct. 3, 29, Dec. 5.

**Stops also at Cobh, Ireland*

Book now with your Travel Agent

"It's good to be on a well-run ship"

Holland-America Line

29 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y. Offices in Principal Cities

CINZANO

WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING VERMOUTHS

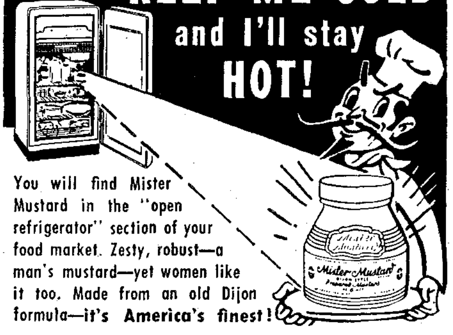
Your first sip tells you why

SWEET FROM ITALY **IMPORTED** **DRY FROM FRANCE**

Sole U. S. Importer: CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N.Y.

Mister Mustard

says: KEEP ME COLD and I'll stay HOT!

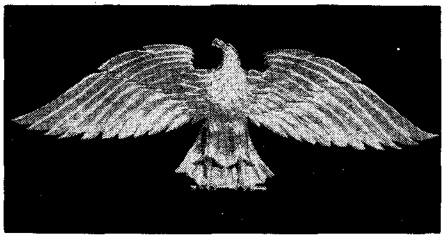


You will find Mister Mustard in the "open refrigerator" section of your food market. Zesty, robust—a man's mustard—yet women like it too. Made from an old Dijon formula—it's **America's finest!**

Write for FREE Recipe Booklet. Dept. N

THE FRANK TEA & SPICE CO., CINCINNATI 2, OHIO

• HAND CARVINGS •



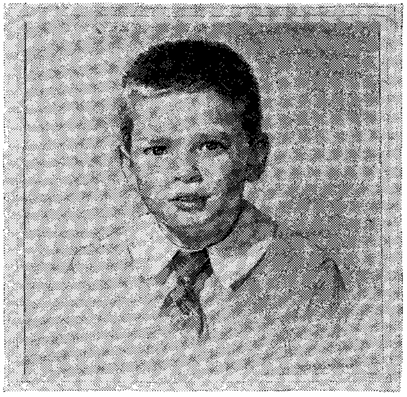
Salem Eagle, 32" x 12" x 1⅝"
Gilded, carved in pine

Eagles suitable for indoor or outdoor decoration hand carved to order from sketches submitted for approval.
For information, photographs and prices write to:

JOHN UPTON
WOOD CARVER
STAR ROUTE WALDOBORO, MAINE

Shelley
ENGLISH FINE BONE
CHINA

SPRING BOUQUET
Traditional English China by Shelley, with a beautiful border of spring flowers in their natural colors.
Trade enquiries to U.S.A. agents:
EDWARD WALKER CO.
225 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK
T. M. JAMES CHINA CO.
6th & WYANDOTTE, KANSAS CITY 6, MISSOURI



PORTRAITS, INC.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA
136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK
LOIS SHAW HELEN APPLETON READ

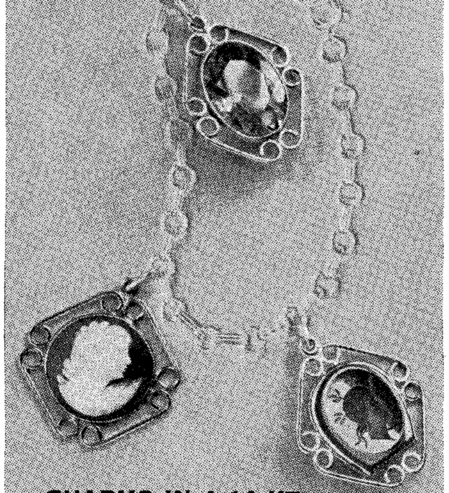
WORN BY GENTLEMEN THE WORLD OVER
Allen Solly
hose
ALSO MADE BY ALLEN SOLLY
PULLOVERS AND WOOL SWEATERS
WOOL POLO SHIRTS
LISLE BEACH SHIRTS
ALLEN SOLLY & CO., LTD. 32 Savile Row, London, Eng.
SOLD IN BETTER STORES. WRITE US FOR NAMES:
2 WEST 46TH STREET, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

but a spot of concentrated heat certainly is. Above the low black glass mantelshelf was a big unframed mirror—where had I seen that before?—and at one side of the writing desk in front of the window was a couch that at night would be converted into a bed—and where had I seen *that*? Then I remembered; it was in the Washington Statler, built half a dozen years later. Once again, as with radar and the jet engine, the British had left us mired in complacency and boasting about know-how. There were other features of my hotel that I would welcome in an American counterpart. One was walls and concrete floors so solid that no sound ever reached me from the corridor or the other rooms; plenty of fancy American hotels still resemble the one in which Mark Twain could hear the young lady in the next room change her mind. Moreover, my room had two doors—an outer one, with a mail slot (through which the mail was delivered promptly, and without ransom), and an inner one, to separate the passage to the bathroom from the room itself. And though every room was equipped with a radio, I never heard a peep from one. That is truly double-doored luxury—the luxury of privacy and silence.

All this suggests that in going in for modern forms the British have no intention of forfeiting their technological thoroughness and solidity. In the interests of cutting costs, however, they have perhaps been over-adventurous in espousing smooth-finished tiled surfaces and untried synthetic materials in such a building as the new and inwardly handsome Ocean Terminal in Southampton. This ignores the testimony of experience that smooth surfaces don't weather well in this climate—or possibly anywhere—and since they don't absorb soot and grime, as most natural materials do, they merely acquire a dirty look that belies their slickness. Yet the British experiments (also born of economy) with lightweight, prefabricated materials in their new schools, which competent critics here regard as their chief postwar achievement in architecture, must be rated successful.

THE most "British" modern building in London is the premises of *Time* and *Life*, in the heart of New Bond Street. Like our own new Chrysler Building, it marks a retreat from the seductions of the steel-and-glass envelope. One might almost define both its virtues and its limitations by saying that there is not a trace of Mies van der Rohe in it. It resembles many other

Regina

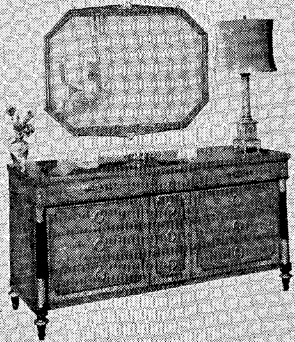


CHARMS IN A 14 KT.
GOLD PICTURE FRAME
Picture one or all on your bracelet... genuine smoky topaz... a true cameo ... an unusual intaglio... a brilliant amethyst. $25* each
*PLUS FEDERAL TAX
BONWIT TELLER New York
JULIUS GARFINCKEL & CO. Washington, D. C.
Regina Jewelry Company, 392 Fifth Ave., New York

Free... fascinating
Write, phone or wire for your copy of this catalog packed with merchandise and ideas for outdoor life and sport in the Fall.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
MADISON AVE. AT 45TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

CONSULATE dresser



At leading furniture and department stores. Send 3-cent stamp to Dept. N for booklet.
UNION-NATIONAL, INC. • JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

London buildings in that it is a mixture of the comfortably solid and the stodgy, and its foursquare exterior of white limestone, six stories high, plus an additional recessed story and terrace on top, is definitely pedestrian. Except that the windows are grouped in wide bays of five, which clearly indicates the use of steel in the skeleton, this building might have been built a hundred and fifty years ago; if it lacks the classic cornice, there is still a fine molding under the windows that has little to do with the stark factualness of the rest of the statement.

An exterior devoid of positive features cannot afford a single false touch. But the doors of the entrance, which makes a slight but not decisive break with the height and width of the show windows, introduce an all-glass note in a façade that renounces openness, and this is a flaw that undermines the forthright, though Philistine, features of the façade itself. The sole distinguishing mark on the exterior, if one excepts Henry Moore's abstract stone frieze above a one-story wing, is a polished metal sculpture, symbolic of "Communications," poised over the glass entrance. Its birdlike form and winglike lightning flashes make it look oddly like a jittery phoenix. The exterior of the Time-Life Building must be put down as a massive example of British understatement and common-sensicality, with no damned aesthetic nonsense about it. That is not, however, quite fair to the architect, Michael Rosenauer, who, on a fairly cramped site, managed to provide a garden court at one side, to efficiently put all the offices, only one room deep, around the perimeter (where they are properly exposed to light and air), and to group the lifts, the stairs, the lavatories, and the storage space in the central area. Thanks to his plan, and thanks to acoustic tiles and solid British workmanship, this building is, like my London hotel room, a temple of peace.

In the interior, the decorators, headed by Sir Hugh Casson and Misha Black, have outdone themselves—perhaps a little overdone themselves. The entrance leads, by way of a too ornate black-and-gold staircase, passing under a pleasant abstract painting by Ben Nicholson, to the reception hall, a magnificent chamber two stories high, with a balcony at one side, executed in a manner that could be called palatial. The effect of this interior would be even more striking if one came upon it suddenly, not through glass doors but through opaque ones. Even so, it is striking enough, and most of its features, including the desks and chairs, are hand-

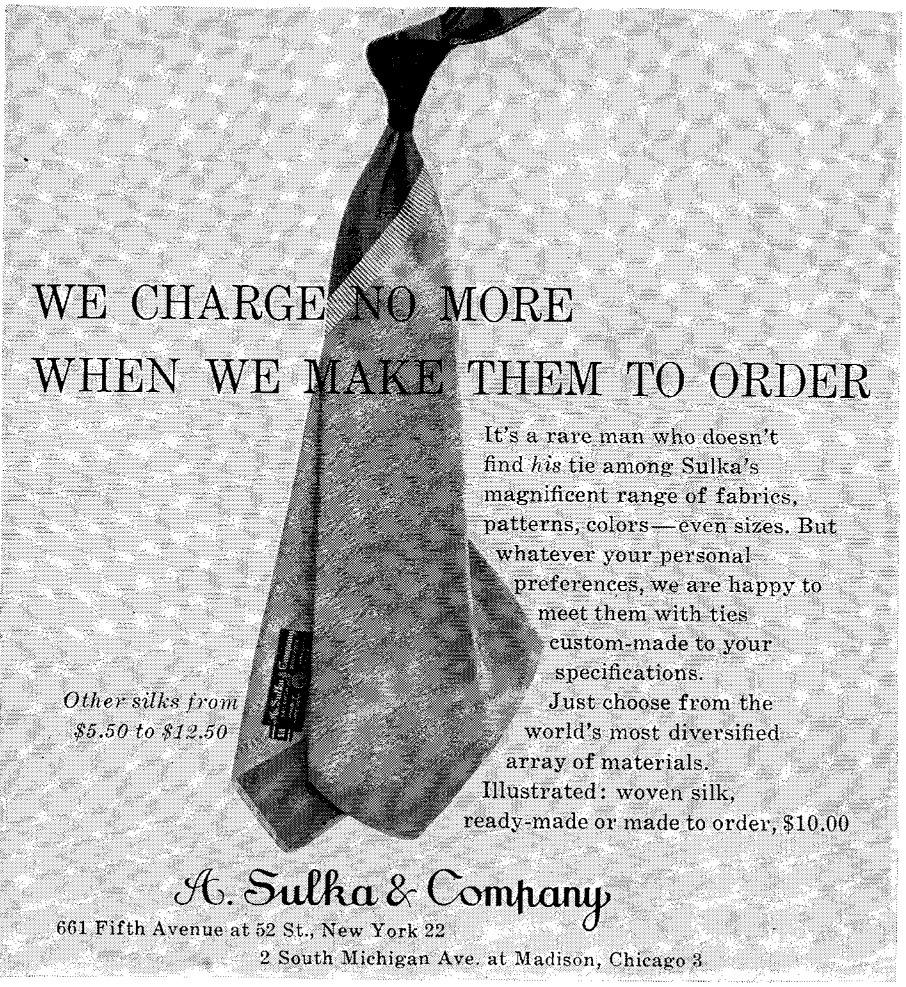
America's Favorite After-Dinner Liqueur
Bénédictine
AND
Brandy
BENEDICTINE
D.O.M.
B AND B
86 Proof
Julius WILE
IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

Let this seal be your guide to quality.

. . brought to perfection in Bénédictine's own bottled B and B.

In the ancient cellars of the Bénédictine Abbey at Fécamp, France, the incomparable Bénédictine is blended with fine cognac to achieve a uniform B and B. Serve either bottled B and B, or, for a sweeter liqueur, Bénédictine by itself.

GET 4 OF THESE BENEDICTINE LIQUEUR GLASSES. Graceful, crystal clear, smartly styled. Send $1.50 to Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., Dept. N, Teterboro, N. J.



WE CHARGE NO MORE
WHEN WE MAKE THEM TO ORDER

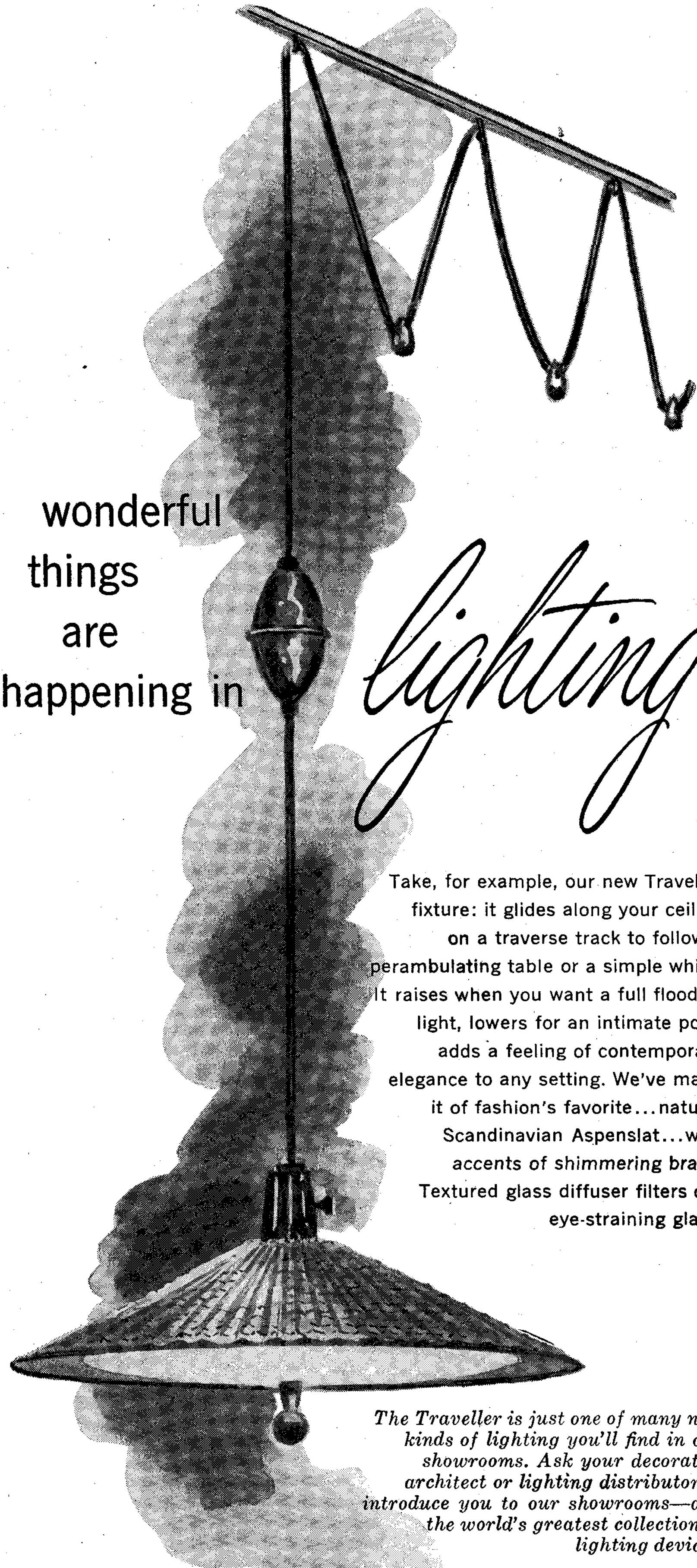
It's a rare man who doesn't find *his* tie among Sulka's magnificent range of fabrics, patterns, colors—even sizes. But whatever your personal preferences, we are happy to meet them with ties custom-made to your specifications.

Just choose from the world's most diversified array of materials.

Illustrated: woven silk, ready-made or made to order, $10.00

Other silks from $5.50 to $12.50

A. Sulka & Company
661 Fifth Avenue at 52 St., New York 22
2 South Michigan Ave. at Madison, Chicago 3



wonderful things are happening in *lighting*

Take, for example, our new Traveller fixture: it glides along your ceiling on a traverse track to follow a perambulating table or a simple whim. It raises when you want a full flood of light, lowers for an intimate pool, adds a feeling of contemporary elegance to any setting. We've made it of fashion's favorite...natural Scandinavian Aspenslat...with accents of shimmering brass. Textured glass diffuser filters out eye-straining glare.

The Traveller is just one of many new kinds of lighting you'll find in our showrooms. Ask your decorator, architect or lighting distributor to introduce you to our showrooms—and the world's greatest collection of lighting devices.

LIGHTOLIER

11 E. 36 ST., NEW YORK
1267 MERCHANDISE MART, CHICAGO

some indeed. Perhaps the best feature is the communications map, all fine gold lines on leather—a map that easily competes, as abstract design, with the Nicholson painting. The walls, chastely panelled in peroba, a fine-grained, pale golden-olive wood from Brazil, which is divided into oblongs by dark striping, and the high-winged barrel chairs, of black leather with light-brown seats, have the virtue of taking a traditional British form, clean-cut and masculine and shipshape, and restating it with dash and distinction. Apart from a bit too much opulence in the stairs and the curtain across one huge window, the only serious letdown is the carpet, a greenery-yallery Grosvenor Gallery sort, partly covered with Victorian flowers. It looks as if it had been sent out for cleaning from a Belgravia mansion and had been delivered to the wrong address. The fittings on the office floors have that perfection of form in cabinets and desks, in doorknobs, in electric-light standards and lamps, that now gives the British the leadership in this department. In fact, the detailing is everywhere superb. All this décor reaches its culminating point in the brilliant soberness of the black-and-brown conference room, which is a symphony in wood and leather.

This is what British pub architecture would be if it were shorn of its vulgarity and if the proper amount of money were spent on good wood, good leather, and good design; I can think of no higher praise. In short, the staid exterior is counterbalanced by a reasonable site plan, good details, and a positive effort to add the joys of art, the sobrieties of craftsmanship, and the delicacies of a refined technology to the task of giving life to *Time* and time to *Life*. The architect and the decorators have, on the whole, done well by their clients from the western shores of the Atlantic. In fact, they have given a new meaning to the old saying "*Ex oriente Lux*"—or is it Luce? —LEWIS MUMFORD

•

LOWER FORMS OF LIFE

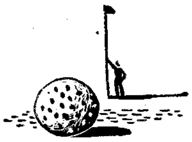
Who has not thought, when scuffing shells
Thick strewn upon the beach,
Of perishable bodies
That lived awhile in each?

The lime-white, spiral, fluted case,
Clean-scoured by wind and tide,
Lies comelier in death than we,
Who wear our bones inside.

—MARY WINTER

TEE AND GREEN

Good Time Had by All



IN retrospect, the choice of the Kittansett Club, in Marion, Massachusetts, as the site for this year's Walker Cup matches seems an extremely happy one. Before play began, though, fears were expressed that, because the course is remote and the tournament coincided with the Labor Day weekend, when even the most golf-minded citizens are likely to have other things to do besides watch golf, the galleries might be embarrassingly small. As it turned out, there was barely enough space in the parking fields for the spectators' cars, and the caterers were overwhelmed during the first day's luncheon interval. (They provided twice as many food trucks the following day.) The three thousand-odd people who attended were rewarded by a grand display of golf over one of the most exacting layouts in the East. The weather was fine, if hot; there was enough wind to put the course at its interesting best; and we defeated the British team, nine matches to three, thereby exploding the curious myth that the British are our masters on seaside links when the wind blows free. Not that there were any gales, but there was a stiff, steady south breeze, starting at around fifteen miles an hour both mornings and increasing to about twenty-five both afternoons. If anything, it seemed to cause less anguish to our players than to theirs.

The best match of the two days was the one in which Ronald White, whom many people consider the best amateur in Great Britain, beat Richard Chapman, the only man ever to carry off the Amateur Championships of the United States, Great Britain, Canada, and France. White won, 1 up, on the thirty-sixth hole, after having been 3 down on the thirtieth. He scored birdies on the thirty-first, thirty-third, and—thanks to a magnificent No. 4-iron shot into the wind that carried to within ten feet of the cup—the thirty-fifth. On the four-hundred-and-fifty-five-yard, par-4 home hole, with the wind across the fairway, he put his second nicely on the green, while Chapman fetched up in a trap about thirty yards short of it. Chapman came out bravely, but he needed two putts, and that was one too many.

The only other singles match the British won was that in which John Morgan, a native of Wales, caught Charles Coe, our 1949 amateur champion, on an off day. Coe, one of the smoothest-swinging amateurs anywhere, couldn't seem to make his irons behave, and he was eleven over par when he bowed out, at the thirty-fourth green.

Harvie Ward, Jr., our top-ranking singles player, was the one man in the field who broke par; he was one under for the thirty-three holes he needed to beat Joseph Carr, the current British champion, 4 and 3. Carr was only three over par when they walked to the clubhouse, and at Kittansett that would ordinarily have been a winning performance.

THE best show in the foursomes was put on by the American pair, Gene Littler and James Jackson, after they had been temporarily disqualified. Jackson forgot to check his clubs before driving from the first tee—something most tournament players do almost instinctively, to make sure they aren't carrying more than the fourteen clubs permitted by the rules. As he stepped up to play his approach to the second green, he found that since he had neglected to remove two practice irons, his bag contained sixteen clubs. The rules call for automatic disqualification, and Isaac Grainger, vice-president of the United States Golf Association, followed the rules, although the British pair in the match, James Wilson and Roy MacGregor, protested violently that they didn't want to win by any such means after coming three thousand miles to play. The British team captain, Lieutenant-Colonel A. A. Duncan, took the case to Totton Heffelfinger, president of the Association, and Joseph Dey, Jr., the executive secretary. Dey dug up Rule 36, Section 5, which stipulates that disqualification can, "in exceptional individual cases," be modified "if the Committee consider such action warranted." The offending team was penalized two holes and everyone was much happier. Even with the penalty, the Americans downed their British opponents, 3 and 2, and were even par in doing so.

—P. W. W., Jr.

•

This is called the Peanut Cactus, because of its habit of growing close to the ground and spreading like the fingers of a hand.—*Arizona Highways.*

Practically named itself, you might say.

The perils of matrimony!

You grope through the bathroom, brushing aside clammy stockings, brassieres and a damp girdle or so.

The basin's full of soggy things. You remove them gingerly and toss them in the tub with a wet smack.

Your wife waits until your face is fully lathered, then says, "Would you let the dog out, dear? I'm busy."

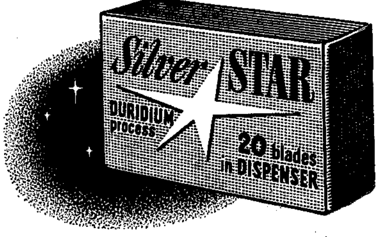
When you're ready to shave again, she's brushing her teeth. You peer over her shoulder, shaving a far-off face.

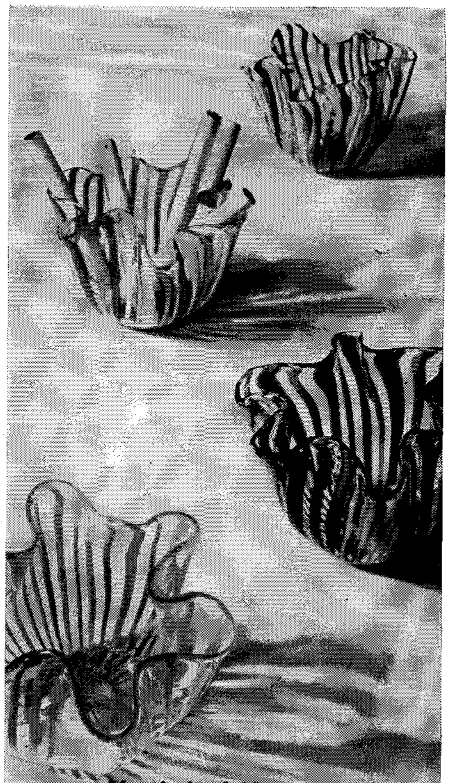
What should you do...lie on the floor and kick and scream? No!...One thing can save your sanity, and it's so much cheaper than psychiatry. That's a SILVER STAR blade.

Nothing soothes the trembling male like this superb blade of imported Swedish steel. Made by the exclusive Duridium process, it's man's answer to matrimony. (20-blade dispenser 98¢)

American Safety Razor Corporation

PRECISION A·S·R PRODUCTS





Venini of Murano
Handmade Glass
Midget bowls
Multi-color, multi-use, $5.00
MAIL AND PHONE ORDERS FILLED PLAZA 1-2400
GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Ave. at 53rd St., New York 22

We beg to
ADVISE
that a shipment of famed
20 year old Martin's FINE & RARE
Scotch Whisky has been landed
and is available at better spirit shops, taverns, hostelries, and gentlemen's clubs.
20 years old. 86.8 proof

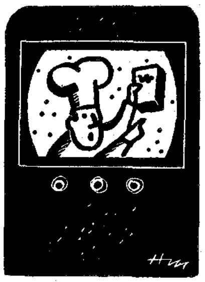
MARTIN'S
FINE & RARE
Blended
Scotch Whisky
20 YEARS OLD
86.8 PROOF - 4/5 QUART
LEITH, SCOTLAND

—Respectfully,
McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC.
New York, N.Y.
importers thereof

TELEVISION

Seasonal Report

WELL, here we are in a new television season, with most of the summer shows departed and a great many of the so-called old favorites back on the tiny screen. I thought it might be instructive to take a look at some of the current dramatic offerings, in order to discover whether there have been any splendid innovations, any wondrous developments, any pushing back of frontiers in this newest of the communicative arts. I'm afraid I must report that matters stand pretty much where they stood last spring, and the spring before that. (Some matters no longer stand; they now show a tendency to lean.) The scenic effects in most plays, for example, are still largely amateurish and ugly. They are the sort of thing talented grade-school children might knock together for their commencement playlet out of whatever happened to be lying around the shop. I saw a little job the other evening called "Private Purkey's Private Peace," one sequence of which purported to take place in a Paris sidewalk café. The scenic wizards in charge of this one set up a table and some iron chairs in front of the cameras, and, for background, a piece of beaverboard with the word "Café" splashed across it.



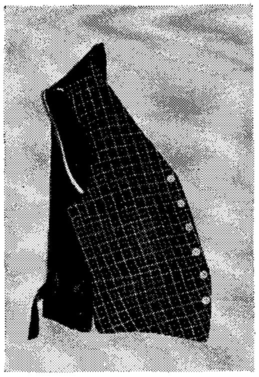
As for lighting, television dramas still remain mostly non-lighted, and in consequence actors occasionally bump into one another in the semi-darkness, knock over pieces of bric-a-brac, and address the wrong characters. They don't have much trouble telling the sexes apart, but if the screen is cluttered up with, say, three or four males, the fellow who is talking has the devil's own time finding the fellow he is supposed to be talking to. The audience, which receives its images, at best, through a slight mist, is often at a loss to know whether Lee is surrendering at Appomattox or Lincoln is being assassinated.

There is no need to go deeply into the matter of television acting as I have seen it so far this season, for television actors, I am told, work dreadfully hard for their living, engage in heartbreaking rehearsal hours, and hardly have time to read their lines, much less memorize them. Nonetheless, it would be awfully agreeable to watch a television drama now and then in which everybody knew all his lines, and, knowing them, enunciated them clearly and with meaning. People are blowing up in their lines all over the tiny screen these nights, and the blowings up, or bloops, follow a familiar pattern. If you watch carefully enough, you can see a bloop coming. It usually starts out in the form of a barely perceptible twitch at one corner of an actor's mouth, three or four lines before the bloop itself. This is generally followed by a panicky stare (two lines before the bloop), and then comes the bloop. Most bloopers, I have noticed, pause for a few seconds—I suppose this is to let the other actors and the audience know that they are blooping—and clear their throats. There ensues a rather indiscriminate use of proper names. "Roger! Mary! George!" the blooper will say. "Don't you see? Can't you understand?" The other actors, themselves in constant terror of blooping, shift uncomfortably for a moment, and then some self-possessed fellow catches hold of the situation and sets it right. "Of course Roger sees, Henry," he says. "He knows that Mother's jewels mean everything to her." "That's it!" cries the blooper. "That's what I've been trying to say. We can't let Mother down," and so on.

I DID see one television drama recently—a play entitled "Two Prisoners" and produced by the Circle Theatre, over N.B.C.—that was an exception to almost everything said above. "Two Prisoners," the work of Frank O'Neill, dealt in a sober and mature way with the problems of an officer returning to the United States after three years in a Korean prisoner-of-war camp. His sense of being permanently separated from his community, of having lost all his ties with it, was depicted with sensitivity and honesty, and the resolution of his problem, which came about through the revelation of suffering on the part of a remarkable girl he had left behind, struck me as extremely valid. William Prince, as the officer, and Louisa Horton, as his lonesome girl, turned in performances that were practically flawless, and the play was directed with taste and dignity by James Sheldon.

A YOUNG man called Liberace (rhymes with "Liberace") plays the piano Monday evenings over N.B.C.

kentucky colonel tattersall vest



with unusual black ground

This handsome new waistcoat has a unique black ground, adds just the right note of casual distinction to sport jackets, flannels. It's made of 100% wool worsted loomed in Scotland and tailored by Rivetz of Boston. Perfectly matched checks of yellow-and-white or red-and-white on black ground. Also tan-and-brown on beige ground; red-and-black or blue-and-black on white ground. Sizes 36 to 46, in regulars and longs. **$15.** Mail orders filled promptly.

Field & Fireside

26 Thirteenth Street • Columbus, Georgia

A Desirably Different New York Hotel

Pre-eminent among the world's finest hotels, the air-conditioned Barclay offers particular visitors a rare blend of quiet exclusiveness and timesaving proximity to Manhattan's business and social centers.

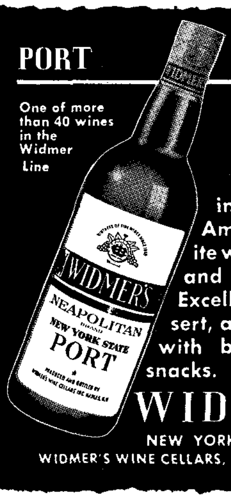
The BARCLAY

111 East 48th St., New York, Just off Park Ave.

William H. Rorke, Manager
Frank W. Regan, President — David J. Martin, Vice President

PORT

One of more than 40 wines in the Widmer Line



An outstanding example of America's favorite wine type. Rich and full-bodied. Excellent with dessert, after dinner or with between-meal snacks.

WIDMER'S

NEW YORK STATE WINES
WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, INC., NAPLES, N.Y.

from seven to seven-thirty. I guess Liberace has to be seen to be believed. He has the curliest black hair imaginable, and it is Simonized like a new Buick Roadmaster. He wears white tie and tails, and sits at a Baldwin piano approximately the size of the U.S.S. Missouri. He smiles continuously except when the music he is playing has a soft or sentimental melody, and at those times his face becomes pained and passionate. Once in a while he winks at the cameras. There is a candelabrum with candles in it on his piano, and heavy draperies and pillars behind him. At intervals, he and the piano swing around and around on some sort of turntable. Three violinists occasionally turn up, encircle the piano, and fiddle away in accompaniment. The cameras spend a good deal of time observing the flashing fingers of Liberace. He plays proficiently and fast—semiclassical numbers, pieces by Rachmaninoff, "How Much Is That Doggie in the Window?," anything. He sings, too, in a pleasant, popular way. At the end of every number, he rises and says, "Thank you very much, thank you, thank you, I thank you, I thank you." He talks about his fan club, and how much he loves television, and how he loves to eat in the Brown Derby. Liberace comes to us on film—from Hollywood, of course.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Times*]

YORK, PA., July 15 (AP)—The York Baseball Club of the Class B Piedmont League today was cleared of "any negligence" in an incident which resulted in an umpire suffering a brain concussion. Umpire Bob Chisholm was struck on the head by a metal chair dropped from the grandstand at York Stadium on July 7 following a night game. He spent several days in a hospital. Frank Summers, league president, said the incident was not one "which could be anticipated by the York Club since it occurred so near the end of the game."

•

Dear Friend:

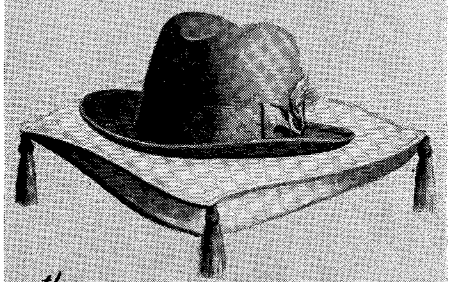
This is the information which I believe will stir your imagination . . . and if you're at all venturesome and inclined to speculate, it may even change your future.

But if you just happen to be ultra conservative in your thinking; lack enthusiasm and sufficient imagination to see the possibilities of a *good* idea—then you might as well stop right here.—*Letter from an oil company.*

A wonderful idea!

"Apparel Oft Proclaims the Man"

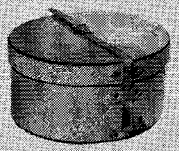
The gentleman of discernment proclaims his good taste in his choice of apparel . . . his automobile . . . his wines. Everything he selects for his personal use expresses individuality and appreciation of the finest.



the **RESISTOL "100"**

. . . is a hat designed for such a man. Its every line bespeaks excellence . . . a blending of the richest Beaver fur felt, skilled hand craftsmanship and superlative detailing make it unquestionably the finest hat in the world.

Designed by Harry Rolnick, internationally famous hat stylist, the Resistol "100" is custom tailored to the individual and employs the exclusive "Self-Conforming" construction that has made Resistol synonymous with comfort.



One Hundred Dollars

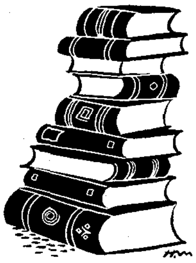
The Resistol "100" is personalized with your name in gold and comes in a cork luggage box. This superb felt may be custom ordered through Resistol dealers from coast to coast or write to our New York office.

Other fine Resistol "Self-Conforming" Hats from Ten to Forty Dollars

Resistol Hats, Inc., 350 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Factory, Garland, Texas

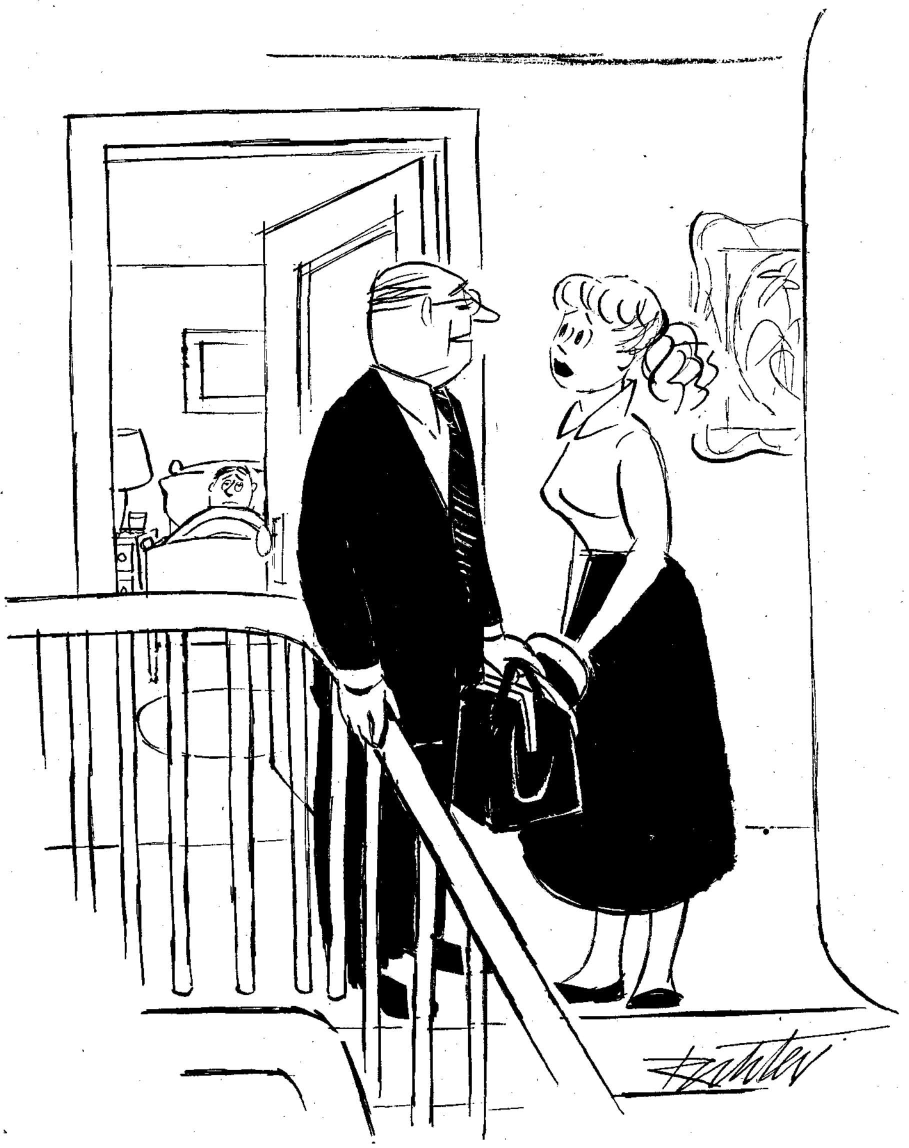
BOOKS

The Doom of Heroes

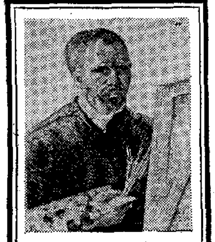


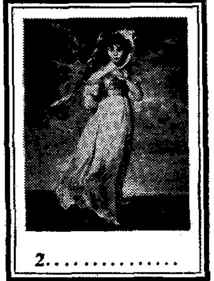
“The Spirit of St. Louis,” by Charles A. Lindbergh (Scribner), is a very long book and throughout most of its length a very exciting one. Of it, in a preface, the author writes, “In general, this book is about flying, and an aviator’s life, in the beginning third of the twentieth century. In particular, it describes the planning and execution of the first nonstop airplane flight between the continents of America and Europe.” That summation is modest, precise, and misleading, for what we are given turns out to be much more than what we are promised. “The Spirit of St. Louis” is, in fact, an ambitious literary tour de force, whose form—it is a narrative told in the first person singular of the present indicative tense, with extended flashbacks—few writers in English have attempted to sustain for over a few pages, much less for several hundred. Once it is joined by the one or two succeeding volumes hinted at in an “afterword,” it may be seen to be the opening section of an important American autobiography. As it stands, it is the scattered fragments of a personal reminiscence and a complete account of the most superb adventure of our time. In both respects, it is a distinct and rather surprising success. We had known Lindbergh the aviator, Lindbergh the scientist, and Lindbergh the man of political action, but we had not known Lindbergh the artful rememberer of things past. It is pleasant to make his acquaintance, and if, even in the first person, even as we suppose ourselves to be shaking his hand, he continues to elude us, at least we have learned in what out-of-the-way corners to look for him. We have learned, too, to suspect that the search may be his as well as ours. Perhaps, for all his rigorous matter-of-factness, he eludes himself. Meanwhile, he makes us feel with almost unbearable acuteness that a man can be condemned by his own nature and from his earliest years to be a hero; that the ordeal by which he becomes heroic is the merest accident of time and circumstance; that prodigious reserves of valor, probity, temperateness, and endurance are required of such a man; and that the doom of the hero is dreadful, not least because it has so little to do with ordinary human preoccupations, like happiness and unhappiness.

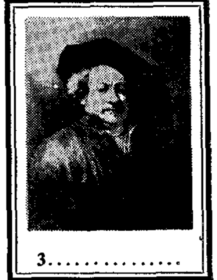
The book opens on an evening in September, 1926, when Lindbergh, flying the mail from St. Louis to Chicago, first considers the possibility of a flight between New York and Paris. It closes at the moment of the landing at Le Bourget, on the evening of May 21, 1927—that moment after which nothing would ever be the same, either for the young man who despises fame and has just performed the one feat certain to secure it or for all those millions of people who, sensing that this is no newspaper hero, run up out of shoddy goods for a week’s use, suddenly and preposterously fall to worshipping him. The note sounded in September is one of boyish bravado, and though the author acknowledges in his preface that the book was begun eleven years after the flight to Paris and was fourteen years in the writing, he manages to recreate the cockiness of that long-since vanished self. “Why shouldn’t I fly from New York to Paris?” he has him ask, presumably of the rising moon. (He is flying a rickety old Army biplane that has trouble enough getting from St. Louis to Chicago.) “I’m almost twenty-five, I have more than four years of aviation behind me, and close to two thousand hours in the air. I’ve barnstormed over half of the forty-eight states. I’ve flown my mail through the worst of nights.” The note sounded in May, as the airmail pilot and his worst of nights disappear forever, is one of innocent caution instead of cockiness, and again it is remarkable that the author, going over his memories for the thousandth time and

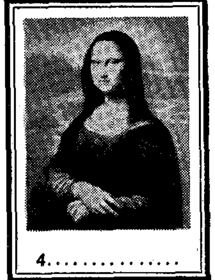


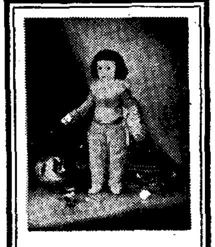
“He’ll be all right, Mrs. Perkins. Keep him in bed a few days, give him one of those pills every three hours, and take some cooking lessons.”

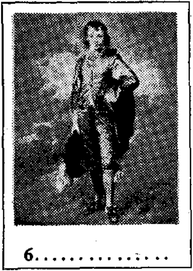

1. . . . .


2. . . . .

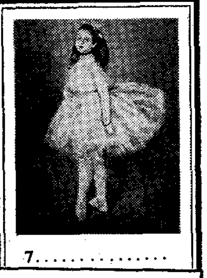

3. . . . .


4. . . . .


5. . . . .


6. . . . .

How Much Do You and Your Family Know About Art?


7. . . . .

TEST YOURSELF: Can you identify the painters of these famous masterpieces?

Here is a simple and successful way—particularly for families with children—to obtain a well-rounded education in the history of art under the guidance of

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

MANY persons, cultivated in every other direction—literature, music, world affairs—have only a smattering of information about art. The reason is obvious: the world's precious masterpieces repose in museums throughout Europe and America, unseen, even unknown, by all but the few who seek them out.

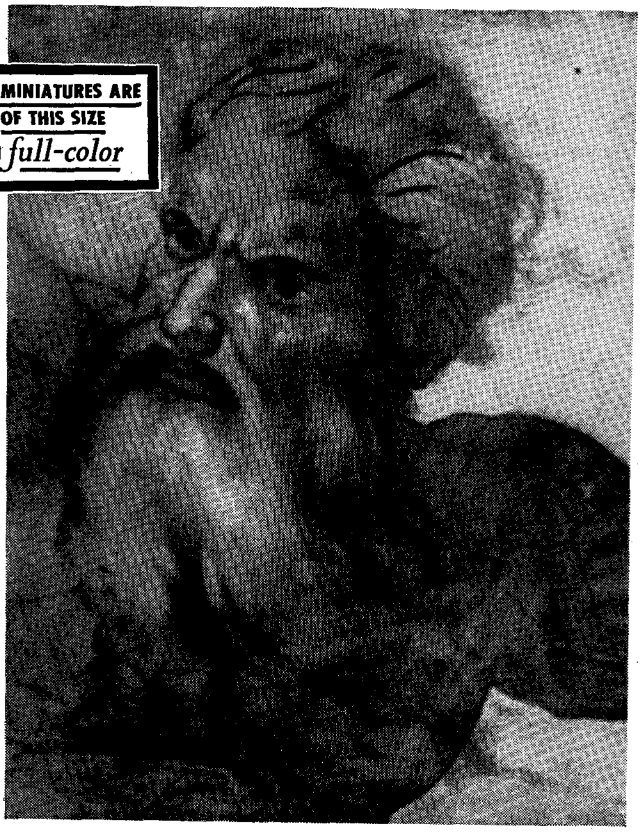
The revolutionary idea of The Metropolitan Museum of Art is to bring the art treasures of the world directly into the homes of cultivated people everywhere, so that they—and their children—may experience the pleasure and the lift of spirit which come with seeing and understanding beautiful works of art.

Once a month the Museum prepares a set of exquisite Miniatures *in full color.* Each set deals with a different artist or school and contains 24 fine Miniatures (of the size shown at right) and a 32-page Album, in which the artists and their works are discussed, and in which the prints *can be affixed* in given spaces. Eventually, the most interesting and representative work of every period, school and great painter, from leading museums here and abroad, will be included. In effect, as it proceeds, the project will be an informal but comprehensive course, in both the history and appreciation of art, for persons of all ages.

BEGIN WITH THE SET BELOW—YOU MAY CANCEL AT ANY TIME

To acquaint yourself visually with the project, we suggest you begin with the Michelangelo set and subscribe for a few months at least. *You have the privilege of canceling at once—or at any time you wish.* Forthcoming sets will present the works of Gauguin, Titian and Giotto. With your first Album, and with every sixth thereafter, you will receive a handsome Portfolio in which the Albums may be kept for constant reference and enjoyment. The price for each set is $1.25, including the Album.

ALL MINIATURES ARE OF THIS SIZE IN *full-color*



HEAD OF GOD, MICHELANGELO

AS A DEMONSTRATION . . . SEND FOR 24 MINIATURES OF THE MOST FAMOUS WORKS OF

Michelangelo

REPRODUCED IN FULL COLOR BY

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

Price for the full set of 24 Miniatures, including a 32-page Album containing explanatory notes about the artist and his work $1.25

PLEASE NOTE: Since The Metropolitan Museum is unequipped to handle the details involved in this project, it has arranged to have the Book-of-the-Month Club, of New York, act as its national distributor. The selection of subjects and the preparation of the color prints remain wholly under the supervision of the Museum. All matters having to do with distribution are handled by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

ANSWERS: 1. *Van Gogh* 2. *Sir Thomas Lawrence* 3. *Rembrandt* 4. *Leonardo* 5. *Goya* 6. *Gainsborough* 7. *Renoir*

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., 345 Hudson St., N. Y. 14, N. Y. 22-9

Please begin my subscription to *The Metropolitan Museum of Art Miniatures* with the set of 24 Miniatures of works by MICHELANGELO, with Album (price, $1.25), and send me subsequent sets when issued. I understand that they are now being prepared by *The Metropolitan Museum of Art* so that I will receive two sets of Miniatures every other month. The set that has been prepared to accompany MICHELANGELO is FIGURE PAINTING BY RENOIR (price, $1.25, with Album) and it will be sent to me with the MICHELANGELO Miniatures. At the same time I will receive, free, a handsome Portfolio in which to keep six Albums. Additional Portfolios will be sent, also without charge, as they are needed during the period of my subscription.

IT IS UNDERSTOOD THAT I MAY CANCEL MY SUBSCRIPTION WHENEVER I WISH

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________ *Zone* ____ *State* ________

DO NOT ENCLOSE MONEY • A BILL WILL BE SENT M17

POSTAGE AND HANDLING CHARGE, WHICH WILL NOT EXCEED 10¢ PER SERIES, WILL BE ADDED

Picture of Satisfaction

This is a typical scene aboard a PAL DC-6B or DC-6—a picture of comfort and well-being that air travelers have learned to expect when they **fly PAL.**

A new experience awaits you when **you** fly PAL to the Orient or India—an experience in comfort, attentive service and reliability unsurpassed in international air travel.

Dependable DC-6B and DC-6 sleeper planes, experienced pilots and delicious complimentary cocktails, snacks and hot meals are added reasons why experienced travelers prefer PAL.

Twice weekly departures from San Francisco to Manila via Honolulu, Wake and Guam, connecting (after brief layover) with PAL flights to Hong Kong, Taipei, Okinawa, Tokyo, Bangkok, Calcutta, Pakistan, Tel Aviv and Europe.

For reservations, consult your Travel Agent or

PAL

PHILIPPINE AIR LINES

ROUTE OF THE Orient-Star

SAN FRANCISCO • NEW YORK
CHICAGO • WASHINGTON, D. C.
LOS ANGELES • HONOLULU

drawing heavily on them rather than on contemporary records, has seemed not to tamper with a single thought: "What will I do after I land at Le Bourget? First, of course, I'll get the Spirit of St. Louis put away in some hangar. Then, I'll send a cable home, giving my time of landing. The speed I've made will surprise everyone back there—nearly three hours ahead of schedule—an average of more than a hundred miles an hour all the way from New York to Paris. After that, I'll find some place to spend the night. Everything else can go until morning. These arrangements would be simple enough back home. They'll be more difficult in a foreign country—in France, when I don't speak a word of French. I didn't get a visa before I took off—I wonder how much trouble that will cause. I'm so far ahead of schedule that I may not find anybody waiting for me on the field. But one of the pilots or mechanics will probably speak a little English."

Roughly a third of "The Spirit of St. Louis" is devoted to Lindbergh's efforts to organize the flight; the remaining two thirds are an hour-by-hour account of the flight. Dropped as if at random among the crucial particulars of plane design, load testing, the flights from the Ryan factory in San Diego to St. Louis and from St. Louis to New York, and at last the long, lonely hop northeastward to the tip of Ireland are glimpses, abruptly proffered and abruptly broken off, of Lindbergh's boyhood, his parents and grandparents, the farm in Minnesota on which he spent his summers, of his schooling and young manhood. These glimpses, which put us in mind of the Hemingway of "Up in Michigan," are the best-written and most vivid parts of the book. Lindbergh's father, like Hemingway's, was a skilled hunter and fisherman. He called his son Boss and he took Boss everywhere with him. "He'd let me walk behind him with a loaded gun at seven, use an axe as soon as I had strength enough to swing it, drive his Ford car anywhere at twelve. Age seemed to make no difference to him. My freedom was complete. All he asked for was responsibility in return." And his father's father, a leading member of the Swedish Riksdag, who had emigrated to Minnesota when he was over fifty—what a man he must have been! The boy never knew him, but he heard the story of how, his arm torn off in an accident in a sawmill, the old man had stubbornly refused to die; instead, he had ordered tools made especially for his remaining hand. The Minnesota of the Swedish grandparents' day had been

Shown on opposite page,

Fieldcrest

TARTAN TOWELS

are featured in these fine stores

approximately **$2.95** Bath Size

ALABAMA
Birmingham..........Loveman's
Mobile........C. J. Gayfer & Co.

CALIFORNIA
Bakersfield..........Weill's, Inc.
Berkeley.......J. F. Hink & Son
Fresno.............Gottschalk's
Glendale...............Reinie's
Long Beach...........Buffums'
Los Angeles...Barker Bros. Corp.
Los Angeles
Broadway Dept. Stores
Los Angeles..Bullock's Downtown
Los Angeles...May Co. Downtown
(also at Wilshire, Crenshaw and Lakewood stores).
Oakland...The H. C. Capwell Co.
Palo Alto.............Walster's
Pasadena..............Bullock's
Pasadena.........F. C. Nash Co.
Sacramento.....Weinstock-Lubin
San Bernardino...The Harris Co.
San Diego............Whitneys
San Francisco.....The Emporium
San Francisco...........Macy's
San Francisco...The White House
San Jose................Hart's
Santa Cruz.Samuel Leask & Sons
San Mateo...Loewe and Zwierlein
Santa Rosa.....Rosenberg's, Inc.
Watsonville.....Charles Ford Co.
Westwood............Bullock's

COLORADO
Denver.....Denver Dry Goods Co.
Pueblo
The Crews-Beggs Dry Goods Co.

CONNECTICUT
Bridgeport............Howlands
Bridgeport.......D. M. Read Co.
Hartford...........G. Fox & Co.
New Haven....Horowitz Brothers
Norwich......Reid & Hughes Co.
Stamford....The C. O. Miller Co.

DELAWARE
Wilmington......Linen Mart, Inc.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington.........Hecht & Co.
Washington.........Lansburgh's
Washington.Woodward & Lothrop

FLORIDA
Coral Gables.Curlee's Dept. Store
Miami.........Richard Store Co.
Orlando....Yowell-Drew-Ivey Co.

GEORGIA
Atlanta.............Rich's, Inc.

ILLINOIS
Champaign.......Robeson's, Inc.
Chicago
Marshall Field & Company
Chicago Heights....The Rau Store
Danville.....Meis Bros. Co., Inc.
Elgin...............Ackemann's
Peoria.........Block & Kuhl Co.
Pekin......Schipper & Block Co.
Springfield....John Bressmer Co.
Waukegan......Globe Dept. Store

INDIANA
Evansville...Schear's Dept. Store
Fort Wayne......Wolf & Desseaur
Hammond...Edward C. Minas Co.
Indianapolis....L. S. Ayres & Co.
Richmond..............Lawler's
South Bend.........Robertson's

IOWA
Burlington....J. S. Schramm Co.
Cedar Rapids.........Craemer's
Council Bluffs..The John Beno Co.
Davenport
Petersen-Harned-Von Maur, Inc.
Des Moines............Younkers
Dubuque.............Stampfers
Ft. Dodge..........Boston Store
Sioux City....Younker-Davidson's

KENTUCKY
Louisville....Kaufman-Straus Co.
Louisville.............Stewart's
Paducah..........Watkins, Inc.

LOUISIANA
Baton Rouge...........Dalton's
New Orleans.....Maison Blanche
Shreveport.....Hearne Dry Goods

MAINE
Portland.........Rines Bros. Co.

MARYLAND
Baltimore.Hochschild Kohn & Co.
Baltimore.............Hutzler's
Baltimore..........The May Co.
Baltimore.........Stewart & Co.

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston...Jordan Marsh Company
Lynn....Burrows & Sanborn, Inc.
Springfield....Albert Steiger, Inc.
Springfield.....Forbes & Wallace
Worcester.......C. T. Sherer Co.

MICHIGAN
Calumet...............Vertin's
Detroit.....The J. L. Hudson Co.
Grand Rapids.Wurzburg Company
Grand Rapids
Paul Steketee & Sons
Lansing....J. W. Knapp Company
Mt. Clemens...Priehs Dept. Store
Muskegon.Grossman's Dept. Store

MINNESOTA
Albert Lea.............Wallace's
Duluth.......Edward F. Wahl Co.
Minneapolis.The Dayton Company
Minneapolis.............Power's
St. Cloud..............Fandels
St. Paul...........The Emporium

MISSOURI
Clayton........Famous-Barr Co.
Joplin....Christman Dry Goods Co.
Kansas City...Emery-Bird-Thayer
St. Louis......Stix, Baer & Fuller
St. Louis.......Famous-Barr Co.

NEW JERSEY
Asbury Park........Tepper Bros.
Newark............Hahne & Co.
Newark....L. Bamberger and Co.
Plainfield.............Tepper's
Red Bank............Sherman's

NEW YORK
Buffalo....The Wm. Hengerer Co.
New York.....Abraham & Straus
New York.......B. Altman & Co.
New York.........Bloomingdales
New York......Fertig's Fifth Ave.
New York..........Gimbel Bros.
New York..James McCreery & Co.
New York........Stern Brothers
New York......John Wanamaker

NORTH CAROLINA
Charlotte......Belk Brothers Co.
Durham..............Ellis-Stone
Greensboro...........Ellis-Stone
Raleigh........Ivey-Taylor Co.
Winston-Salem....The Anchor Co.

OHIO
Akron.........The M. O'Neil Co.
Cincinnati.........H. & S. Pogue
Cincinnati.............Shillito's
Cleveland.....The Halle Bros. Co.
Cleveland...The Higbee Company
Columbus..F. & R. Lazarus & Co.
Dayton......The Rike-Kumler Co.
Hamilton..........Wilmurs, Inc.
Lima..................Gregg's
Lorain.....Smith & Gerhart, Inc.
Middletown....The Central Store
Springfield....Edward Wren Store
Toledo............Lamson Bros.
Toledo................La Salle's

OKLAHOMA
Oklahoma City......Halliburton's
Tulsa................Vandever's

OREGON
Portland........Meier & Frank's

PENNSYLVANIA
Altoona.......Wolf Furniture Co.
Easton...................Orr's
Germantown........C. A. Rowell
Harrisburg.Bowman's Dept. Store
Lancaster........Watt and Shand
Lewistown..........Danks & Co.
Philadelphia.............Gimbels
Philadelphia....John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh......Joseph Horne Co.
Pittsburgh..........Kaufmann's
Scranton....Cleland-Simpson Co.
Wilkes-Barre
Fowler, Dick and Walker, Inc.

RHODE ISLAND
Providence...........Gladding's

TENNESSEE
Chattanooga.....Miller Bros. Co.
Memphis..B. Lowenstein & Bros.

TEXAS
Dallas............A. Harris & Co.
Fort Worth............Leonard's
Fort Worth............Striplings
Galveston.............Eiband's
Houston................Foley's
San Antonio....Wolff & Marx Co.
Waco....R. E. Cox Dry Goods Co.

VIRGINIA
Lynchburg..J. R. Millner Co., Inc.
Martinsville...........Globman's
Newport News
The Broadway Dept. Store Inc.
Norfolk.......W. G. Swartz Co.
Petersburg....Rucker-Rosenstock
Richmond...Miller & Rhoads, Inc.
Richmond...........Thalhimers
Roanoke....S. H. Heironimus Co.

WASHINGTON
Seattle.......Frederick & Nelson
Spokane...........The Crescent
Tacoma...........Rhodes Bros.

WEST VIRGINIA
Charleston......Stone & Thomas
Clarksburg.....Watts-Sartor-Lear
Fairmont............Jones, Inc.
Huntington...Bradshaw-Diehl Co.

WISCONSIN
Appleton...Geenen Dry Goods Co.
Eau Claire.....Farmers Store Co.
La Crosse....Wm. Doerflinger Co.
Madison
Harry S. Manchester, Inc.
Marinette.....Lauerman Brothers
Milwaukee.........Boston Store
Milwaukee.........Gimbel Bros.
Milwaukee...........Schuster's
Sheboygan......H. C. Prange Co.
Superior.................Roth's

Newly-wed or not . . . enjoy

Trousseau Luxury

in tartan towels . . . a Fieldcrest first

All good things come to wives who wait. Just see Fieldcrest's exciting new tartan trousseau, the first time authentic tartans have ever been woven in terry. Now you can have the gayest towels imaginable . . . ensembled with blankets, bedspreads and sheets to harmonize. Fieldcrest tartans are breaking out all over the boudoir. The price? A Scotsman's idea of real value.

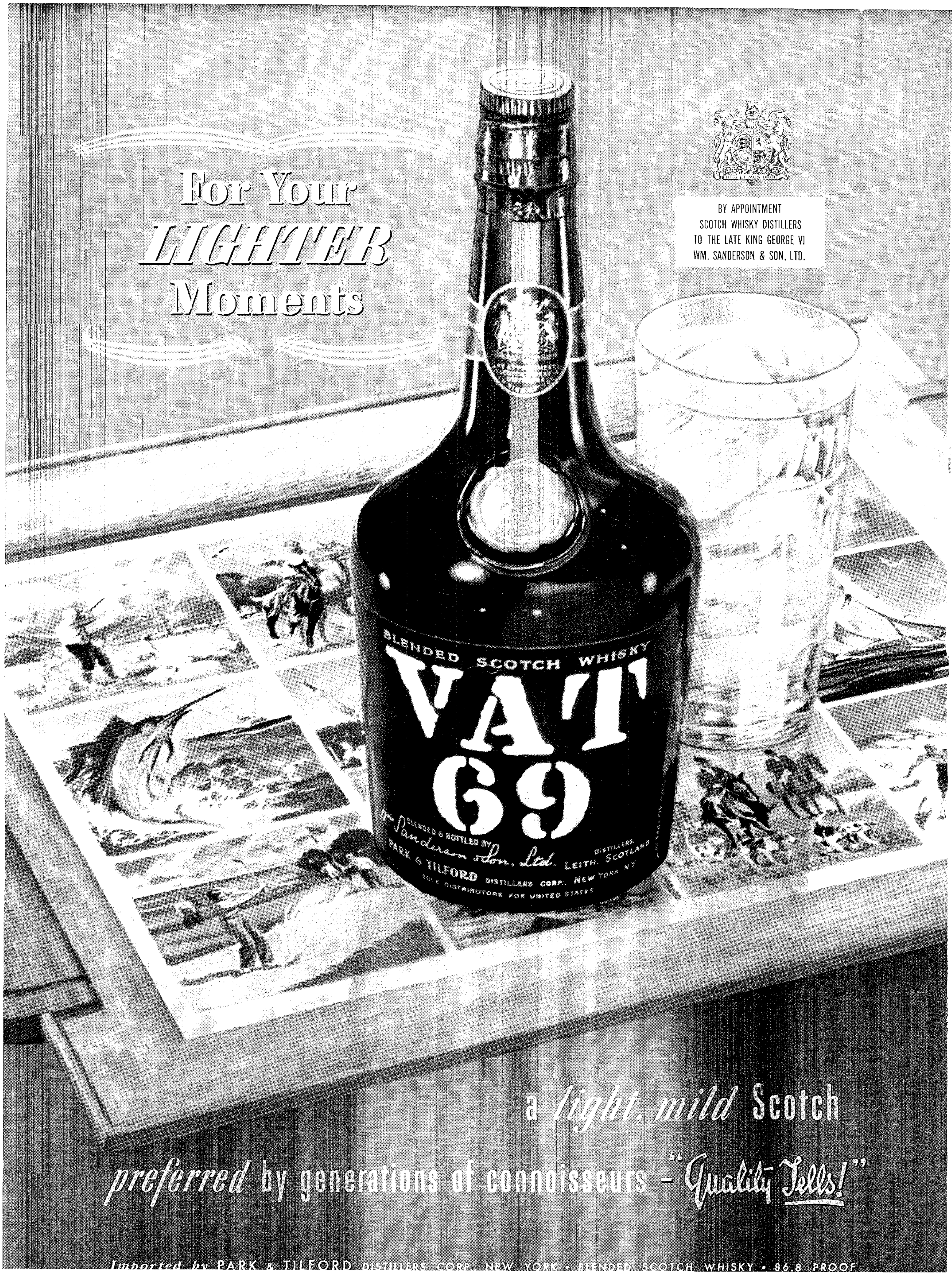
Fieldcrest

TOWELS

Sheets • Towels • Bedspreads
Blankets • Electric Blankets • Hosiery
Karastan Rugs • Synthetic Fabrics

Choose from MacLeod Dress tartan (yellow), Cameron (red) or Henderson (green). Available in bath size, children's size, guest size, terry tip and wash cloth, all with fringed borders. Bath size approximately $2.95.

FIELDCREST MILLS, DIVISION OF MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, INC., 88 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK 13, NEW YORK


For Your
LIGHTER
Moments
BY APPOINTMENT
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI
WM. SANDERSON & SON, LTD.
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT
69
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd.
DISTILLERS,
LEITH, SCOTLAND
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP. NEW YORK N.Y.
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR UNITED STATES
a *light, mild* Scotch
preferred by generations of connoisseurs – "Quality Tells!"
Imported by PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP. NEW YORK • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

pioneer country—the boy with delight heard the story of how his father's mother had put on her best silk dress to pursue a band of drunken Indians and retrieve an axe they had stolen from her.

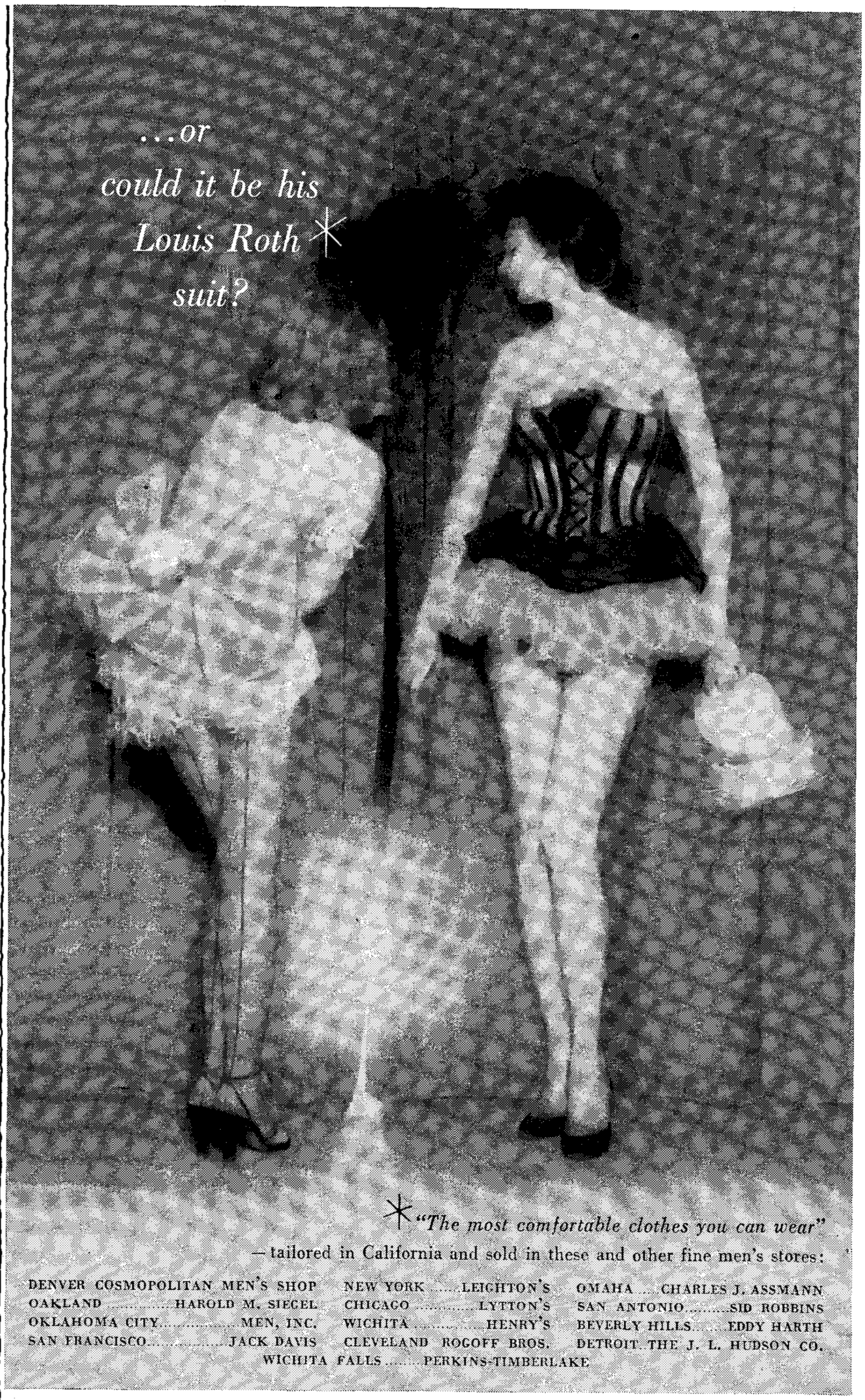
Often the young Charles visited his mother's father, Dr. Land, a dentist in Detroit. "Grandfather is a scientist who invents all sorts of things, from baby rockers to high temperature gas furnaces. . . . The basement and half the rooms on the ground floor of his house are filled with tools, machinery, and chemicals. Here, I live amid turning wheels, the intense heat of muffle furnaces, the precise fashioning of gold and platinum, and talk about the latest discoveries of science."

He grew up among men and women with strong opinions and still stronger wills. They were men and women who had got somewhere in the world, but not at the expense of their own precious singularities. They worked hard and they believed in taking life hard. His father was a congressman. His mother had been a teacher, and after his father's death she went back to teaching. There were any number of doctors in the family circle. Charles enrolled at the University of Wisconsin, intending to become a mechanical engineer. In sophomore year he gave up engineering in favor of flying. Always he had pitted himself against the rare and difficult and therefore, to him, beautiful thing, and to a boy in the twenties the ordeal by flight was the supreme ordeal. Wing walking, parachute jumping, flying the mail when every other plane along the route was grounded—if one weighed the chances and found that it could be done, then it had to be done. He was one bound to ask, "Why shouldn't I fly from New York to Paris?" It never occurred to him to ask, "Why should I?" In the eighteenth hour of the flight, he told himself, "I've got to find some way to keep alert. There's no alternative but death and failure. *No alternative but death and failure.*" Death first and failure second—to us the sequence is absurd, but to the hero it is the only possible sequence. Out over the Atlantic, Lindbergh raced to his doom.

—BRENDAN GILL

VERSE

WHEN, in the spring of 1948, the first issue of *Botteghe Oscure: An International Review of Literature* appeared, it is most unlikely that anyone thought this periodical, in the short space of six years, would become an important factor in what is sometimes called "the total cultural picture." This



✳ *"The most comfortable clothes you can wear"*
—tailored in California and sold in these and other fine men's stores:

DENVER COSMOPOLITAN MEN'S SHOP
OAKLAND .... HAROLD M. SIEGEL
OKLAHOMA CITY .... MEN, INC.
SAN FRANCISCO .... JACK DAVIS
NEW YORK ...... LEIGHTON'S
CHICAGO .... LYTTON'S
WICHITA .... HENRY'S
CLEVELAND ROGOFF BROS.
OMAHA .... CHARLES J. ASSMANN
SAN ANTONIO .... SID ROBBINS
BEVERLY HILLS ...... EDDY HARTH
DETROIT THE J. L. HUDSON CO.
WICHITA FALLS .... PERKINS-TIMBERLAKE

SEPTEMBER SONG?

Yes—but with new lyrics by September guests, who sing the praises of our sea, sun and service.

CHALFONTE–HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Operated by Leeds & Lippincott Co. for 63 years
Write for illustrated folder No. 3

Pink Beach
COTTAGE COLONY
Tucker's Town
South Shore
Bermuda

Complete privacy, inspiring views and the luxurious comfort of your own beach-side cottage assure your experiencing a truly delightful Bermuda holiday. And you'll enjoy congenial company in the friendly atmosphere of the club house with spacious living and dining rooms and its charming cocktail lounge. An excellent table and courteous service complete the ideal vacation picture.

Colorful folder and reservations
from YOUR TRAVEL AGENT *or*
Leonard P. Brickett, *American Representative*
Hotel Roosevelt, New York 17, N. Y.
MUrray Hill 9-3967

The Knack of Using Your Subconscious Mind

SUCH great men as Darwin, Edison, Ford, Westinghouse and Einstein have said that some of their best ideas came from their subconscious mind while their conscious mind was resting or otherwise engaged.

The simple "knack" of using your subconscious mind to solve your most troublesome problems and do your creative thinking is explained in *The Knack of Using Your Subconscious Mind,* by John K. Williams. It is an intensely practical book written in simple, non-technical language. Master this "knack" and you will work more easily than other people—and have more good ideas.

A book for the man or woman in business or any of the professions, for the research scientist, the creative worker, the craftsman, teacher, student, wife and mother. The techniques the author suggests are so simple and effective that it is a pity to go through life without the help your subconscious mind is so ready to give.

112 pages, skillfully condensed for easy reading and reference. Handsomely bound. Price, only $2.50.

At your bookseller's, or clip out this ad, attach it to your letterhead or a sheet of paper with your name and address, and enclose check or money order for $2.50. Your copy will be sent you promptly. THE UPDEGRAFF PRESS, LTD., 74 Harwood Bldg., Scarsdale, New York.

Be a much better Executive

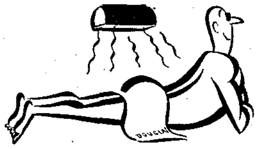
Whether you realize it or not, your personal progress as a business manager or department head is definitely limited by your understanding of how to use TIME in "selling" your ideas to your associates and superiors, and to committees, conferences, boards of directors.

In a 45-page brochure, *Time Out for Mental Digestion,* which is packed with the psychology of influencing people, Robert Rawls shows you:

- **Why you often fail to convince people.**
- **How to avoid giving people "mental indigestion."**
- **How to win over groups of people.**
- **How to cope with people's emotional reactions.**
- **How to use *time* in place of *arguments* to carry people along with you, almost irresistibly.**

Top-flight executives and veteran sales managers agree that this Robert Rawls' "Time Out Technique" is a tremendously important discovery in human relations. Unless you understand how to use it, all the rest of your life you may *just miss* the success that might be yours. A common comment of readers is, "I only wish I could have read this 20 years ago!"

Simply clip out this ad, attach it to your letterhead or a sheet of paper with your name and address, and enclose $1. Your copy of *Time Out for Mental Digestion* will be mailed you promptly.
THE UPDEGRAFF PRESS, LTD.
74 Harwood Bldg. Scarsdale, New York



KEEP THAT TAN. You can still enjoy sunbathing on our Roof or relax under our sun lamps. And a little exercise will keep you feeling as fit as you look.

the Health roof club 480 LEX. (46 St.) • PL 5-8100

journalistic venture, printed in Rome, edited by Marguerite Caetani, Princess di Bassiano (née Chapin, and a native of New York), and named after the street in which the editorial office is situated, was from the beginning, it is true, less dimly lit than its name implied, and Donna Marguerite was not new to journalism, having had editorial experience in France. The new review came out twice a year, in the spring and fall; was well printed on good paper in a rather bulky format (the first numbers ran to three hundred pages); presented poetry and prose in three languages (Italian, French, and English); and paid well for contributions. But the fact that it could be bought only by yearly subscription and only from the publisher defeated many potential readers. Today distribution centers exist in almost every Western European country, including the Scandinavian ones, as well as throughout the United Kingdom, and in the United States any interested person may order a subscription through his bookstore, since *Botteghe Oscure* is now distributed here through Farrar, Straus & Young and the Gotham Book Mart.

The little magazines of the nineteen-twenties liked to think of themselves as combined listening posts and showcases for young or neglected talent. Some characteristics of these little magazines are discernible in the editorial policy of this successor. *Botteghe Oscure* carries no advertising and prints neither reviews nor critical articles of the more analytical kind. The flouting of commercial standards immediately brings up the question of patronage, but if Marguerite Caetani did start as a patron, she is now the proprietress of something that shows every sign of becoming a going concern. And she has succeeded in being a particularly open-minded and non-fanatical editor. She has in no way pushed her contributors in this or that direction; she does not play favorites and is not out to proclaim any creed save that of excellence. Naturally, she makes mistakes of judgment—as what editor does not?—but her errors are far less noticeable than the pervading tone of generous and active enthusiasm. If the length of a contribution presents a problem of space, a smaller type face allows the whole thing to go in. If by chance two verse plays turn up in the course of the six months between issues, both are printed; the most recent number (XI—Spring, 1953) includes not only a one-act play in verse ("This Music Crept by Me on the Water," by Archibald MacLeish), whose scene is the Antilles and whose time is the present, but a four-act poetic drama ("Agamemnon," by William Alfred), which centers on the House of Atreus just after the Trojan War. This issue and the two previous ones contain poems in French by Henri Michaux and René Char, some of the latter translated into English by Denis Devlin and Jackson Mathews; by Stephen Spender, Theodore Roethke, and Robert Horan, in English; and by Tom Scott, in a variety of Scots. And, along with some original poetry in Italian, a translation of Robert Lowell by Rolando Anzilotti shows up with the delightful title "Il Cimitero dei Quaccheri a Nantucket."

The chief value of *Botteghe Oscure* is its quiet and steady pressure against any tendency toward provincialism in either European or American writers. The magazine reflects, besides, the likenesses and differences between the coloration of poetic talent here and abroad, and any cross-currents of influence that may be in motion. The contrast, for example, between Char, now considered by many to be the most important poet in France, and his British and American contemporaries is marked. Char, born in 1907, and an early Surrealist, writes in almost hermetic terms, with a touch of Blake's feeling for the enigmatic aphorism. He celebrates life's more joyful mysteries and has of late years become a poet "of courage, perseverance, and hope." Like Michaux, whose sardonic wit he does not share, he deals with life in terms of the magical, to such an extent that his dispraisers have accused him of poetic somnambulism. The work of these French poets stands in sharp contrast to the topicality and direct dealing with the real world and the world of ideas that have become a feature of poetry in English since Eliot and Auden. Because both tendencies are evidently a part of the imaginative climate of our time, we should be grateful to any literary medium that displays them working side by side, as *Botteghe Oscure* has done for six years and should continue to do for many more.

THE Yale Series of Younger Poets was inaugurated in 1919, backed by the Mary Cady Tew Memorial Fund, to provide a publishing medium for first volumes of poets under forty. "Various Jangling Keys," by Edgar Bogardus, published this spring, is the fiftieth volume in the series, which has been edited by W. H. Auden since 1946. The design of the present volume does the Yale University Press credit, and Mr. Bogardus comes before us as a young poet who has evidently served a full apprenticeship not only to the modern "metaphysical school" but to the poetry of wit in general. Auden remarks, in his preface, on Bogardus's ability to construct a poetic line, and the poems as a whole are examples of a tart and original intelligence, so far perhaps a little overcontrolled technically.

—Louise Bogan

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A Law for the Lion, by Louis Auchincloss (Houghton Mifflin). Eloise Dilworth, a highly conventional, rather girlish thirty-three-year-old woman, is divorced by her husband under scandalous circumstances but, surprisingly, finds nerve enough to face her world on her own terms and without apologies. Mr. Auchincloss handles Eloise's dim, well-bred personality with complete understanding, and gives her and the rest of the people in the story—New York bankers and lawyers, most of them—a color and a shine that make them interesting to read about, although their behavior provokes no particular thought or feeling. This is a very capable, well-made novel.

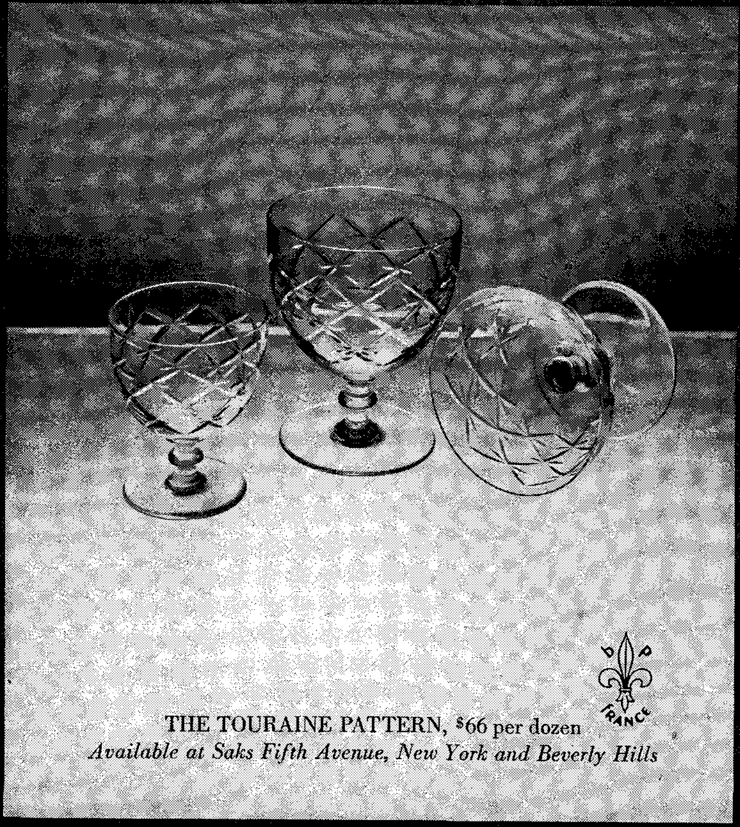
The Deep Sleep, by Wright Morris (Scribner). A curious, bloodless attempt to separate, examine, and ultimately unify all the emotions of all the members of a bereaved family. The family includes the widow of the deceased, his nonagenarian mother, his daughter, and his son-in-law. The dead man's name was Howard Porter, his profession was the law, and he lived near Philadelphia. Mr. Morris, in his anxiety to be dispassionate about the dead man's rather sordid-hearted household, confines his story almost entirely to a casual listing of everyday words and actions as they occur on the day following the death. The atmosphere produced by this method is undoubtedly macabre, but it is also petty and enervating, because even at this crisis in their lives the people in the book are simply dull.

Hornblower and the Atropos, by C. S. Forester (Little, Brown). This latest addition to the Hornblower chronicle, which fills in the gap between "Lieutenant Hornblower" and "Beat to Quarters," deals with the hero's first year as a naval captain, in 1805. Mr. Forester seems to assume—and he is probably right—that the readers of this book are familiar with the other books in the se-

BACCARAT ... Imported from France

... The Crystal of Kings

BACCARAT ... Founded in 1764



THE TOURAINE PATTERN, $66 per dozen
Available at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York and Beverly Hills

BACCARAT

At fine stores ... and at
55 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK 22, BACCARAT

P.M.
*perfect masterpiece

Make any meal a work of art ... with French Style Onion Soup from the Crosse & Blackwell Soup Shelf

FINE FOODS SINCE 1706

At your grocer's now, or write for name of nearest dealer to: Crosse & Blackwell, Baltimore 24, Md.
Crosse & Blackwell
French Style Onion Soup
MADE IN U.S.A.
Cock-a-Leekie
Black Bean Soup with Sherry
Clear Green Turtle Soup
Cream of Onion Soup
Cream of Shrimp Soup
Cream Vichyssoise Soup
Crab Soup à la Maryland

Another superlative performance by "... one of the greatest of modern mystery writers."
— San Francisco Chronicle

THE MAN IN THE QUEUE

By Josephine Tey

First published in 1929 under the name of Gordon Daviot, and out of print for many years, this still fresh and intriguing tale was Miss Tey's first mystery and Inspector Grant's first case. It shows all the artistry of her later work.

The Man in The Queue is the first of a series of reissues of classic mysteries to be known as "Murder Revisited." Watch for other titles in tnis series.

$2.75 at all bookstores

The Macmillan Company
60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N.Y.

HOW TO TRAVEL
—and get paid for it

There's a job waiting for you somewhere—on a ship, with an airline, in overseas branches of American firms, in foreign firms overseas—even exploring if you're adventurous.

The full story of what job you can fill is in Norman Ford's new book *How to Get a Job That Takes You Traveling.* Whether you're male or female, young or old, whether you want a lifetime of paid traveling or just hanker to roam the world for a short year or so, here are the facts you want, complete with names and addresses and full details about the preparations to make, the cautions to observe, the countries to head for.

You learn about jobs in travel agencies (and as tour conductors), in importing and exporting concerns, with mining and construction companies. Here's the story of jobs in the Red Cross and the UN organizations, how doctors get jobs on ships, the almost-sure way for a young girl to land a job as airline hostess, the wonderful travel opportunities if you will teach English to foreigners, and the fabulous travel possibilities for those who know stenography.

"Can a man or woman still work his or her way around the world today?" Norman Ford asks in this book as you might ask today. And he replies in 75,000 words of facts, "The answer is still a very definite Yes!"

To travel and get paid for it, send today for *How to Get a Job That Takes You Traveling* on a money back guarantee if not satisfied.

Mail $1 with your name and address to
HARIAN PUBLICATIONS, 2 Jericho Blvd., GREENLAWN (LONG ISLAND), N. Y.

DIVORCE $1
& MARRIAGE LAWS

96-page book by noted lawyer explains annulment, separation, alimony, property rights, etc. in all 48 states. Simple, easy reading. Helps you understand advice of your attorney. (Also Law of Support. $1.) Mail $1 each to
OCEANA PUBLICATIONS, Dept. C-39
43 West 16th Street, New York 11, N. Y.

ries. At any rate, he hasn't wasted much time on the members of the cast, many of whom remain remote and dim. Perhaps in consequence, most of the episodes—Lord Nelson's funeral, the capture of a Spanish frigate and its crew, the recovery of sunken gold and silver in Turkish waters—fall a little flat. What interests him principally is the details of day-to-day life and deportment in the British Navy at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and on these he is fascinating and absolutely convincing. His prose may not be as spirited as it used to be, but its simplicity and slight formality are quite pleasant.

Lucifer's Dream, by Jean-Louis Curtis (Putnam). Several years ago, M. Curtis, a Frenchman, wrote a distinguished first novel called "The Forests of the Night." This time he has turned out a silly melodrama with tastelessly applied philosophical trimmings. It is about a handsome young man with a yen for luxury who, upon leaving an orphanage all set to become an honest locksmith, is taken up by a coldhearted woman and becomes, instead, a model for dirty photographs, a gigolo, an operator in the black market, and a murderer, at least in the second degree. A few scenes of life among poor crooks in Paris and rich crooks on the Riviera are good, but they aren't good enough. The translation is extremely clumsy.

The Quest, by Elisabeth Langgässer (Knopf). Much of the action of this novel about a group of Germans, most of whom feel miserable or guilty or both, takes place in Berlin and at a Catholic convent in the country, shortly after the Second World War. The author has gone to great pains to surround her characters and their thoughts and behavior with an air of mysterious importance, but her prose—at least in translation—is so dense, so swollen with absurd metaphors and gratuitous details, that it is all but impenetrable.

Earthly Creatures, by Charles Jackson (Farrar, Straus & Young). Ten short stories, produced over the past fifteen years by the author of "The Lost Weekend." Mr. Jackson seems to be concerned chiefly with the particular incidents or the phrases in conversation that bring sudden enlightenment to the retired advertising men, the writers, and the housewives he tells about. Unfortunately, his attitude toward these men and women is so conventional and what happens to them is so pat that, more

World's lightest ...strongest

This attractive precision-built personal portable is the favorite of international correspondents. A half million of these featherweights have proven their utter dependability 'round the world. Full size keyboard, in over 70 languages. Pica or Elite. For name of your nearest dealer, write to:

Paillard Products, Inc.
100 Sixth Avenue, N. Y. 13

$64.50 plus tax

HERMES Rocket

"A little masterpiece... all of it will be read again and again."
—N.Y. Times Book Review

"Every page is a delight."*
*BRENDAN GILL, The New Yorker

PERIOD PIECE
by GWEN RAVERAT
Illustrated by the author

$3.75 at all bookstores NORTON

FOR LEASE
SARASOTA, FLORIDA

Attractive, comfortable house on Lido Beach. Large living room with fireplace, very large living and dining porch with jalousies. Three bedrooms, all with twin beds, two tiled baths. Heat in every room. All electric kitchen. One block from Casino and beautiful bathing beach. Convenient to shopping center, hotels—ten minute drive to city. Completely furnished, all appliances, silver and linen. Heat, electricity and outside care. $2500. for season (Nov. 1 to May 1). If desired can be leased for complete school year. References required.

T.W.B. P.O. Box 1673
Sarasota, Florida

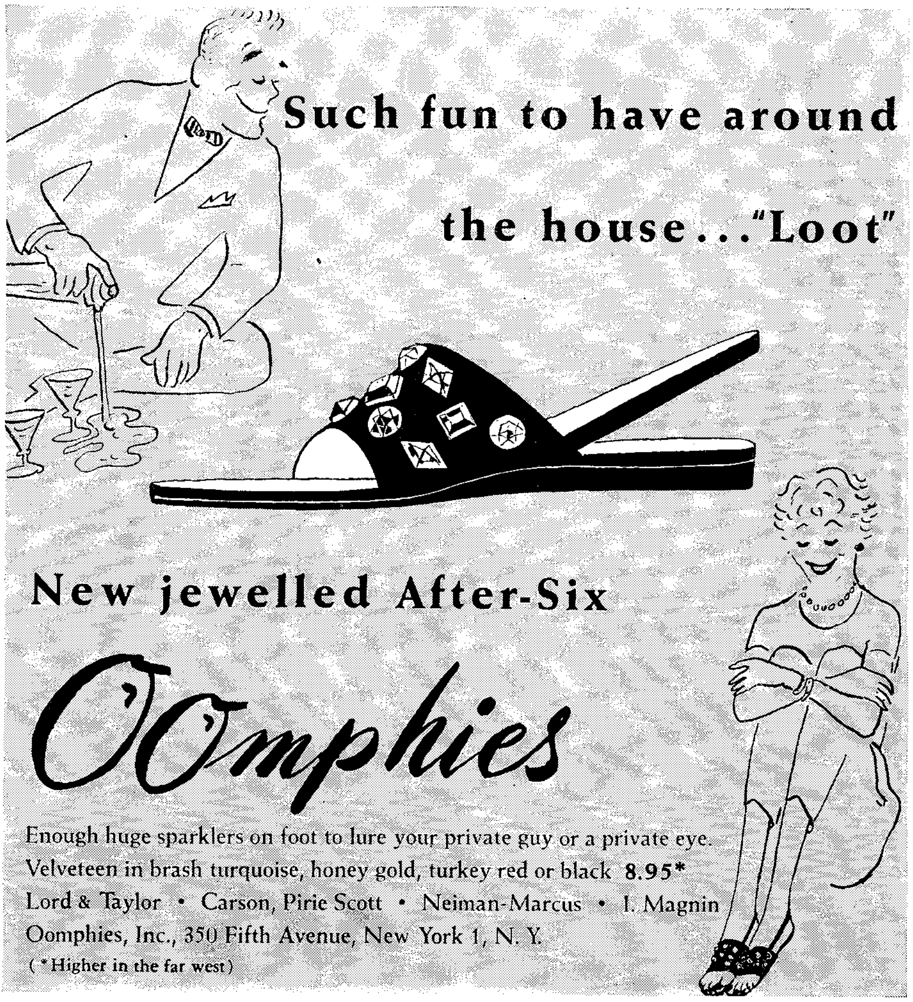
often than not, the reader sees the point well ahead of time and is left tapping his foot, waiting for the moment of revelation.

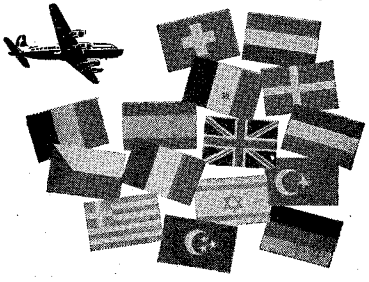
GENERAL

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE HUMAN FEMALE, by Alfred C. Kinsey and others (Saunders). The compilers describe this volume as part of a fact-finding survey that attempts "to discover what people do sexually." They do not claim that it is a book in any ordinary sense, and the ordinary reader can no more appraise its contents justly than he can appraise those of a manual on prestressed concrete. Much of the volume consists of tables and charts, whose validity only a master of statistics would be fit to dispute or endorse. The question of whether such a volume ought to be made the object of a press campaign that reduces it, willy-nilly, to the level of a "Forever Amber" is interesting but academic and has nothing to do with the intrinsic value of the survey. In any case, thanks to skillful public relations and a rather touching manifestation of national prurience, Dr. Kinsey and his associates have a thumping best-seller on their hands. It costs eight dollars, is eight hundred and forty-two pages long, and has an index running from "abdominal muscles" to "Zuni."

CHEKHOV: A LIFE, by David Magarshack (Grove). Big, calm, thorough, and written in a plain but pleasant route-march style, this is by far the most nearly definitive biographical study of the progenitor of the atmospheric story and the plotless play that has so far come to us. In addition to five serious plays, Chekhov, despite crushing debt, chronic disease, a dead-weight family, and a demanding medical practice, produced almost a thousand stories and sketches, most of which are still unavailable in any translation, and a book-length report on the prison colony at Sakhalin, and, unlike many of his predecessors, Mr. Magarshack has had both the patience and the capacity to root out, read, and reflect upon not only the artist's every published word but the even more extensive, and inaccessible, library of memoirs by friends, colleagues, and relatives. Moreover, he has had the privilege, until recently denied even to Russian students, of reading all of Chekhov's collected letters. The result of this industry, it need hardly be said, is a work of unusual scholarly value. It is also—and this is perhaps more immediately re-

Cherry Heering
Denmark's liqueur delight since 1818
All your guests will enjoy it —anytime!
Cherry Heering over ice cream —try it!
49 PROOF. SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.


Such fun to have around the house..."Loot"
New jewelled After-Six
Oomphies
Enough huge sparklers on foot to lure your private guy or a private eye.
Velveteen in brash turquoise, honey gold, turkey red or black 8.95*
Lord & Taylor • Carson, Pirie Scott • Neiman-Marcus • I. Magnin
Oomphies, Inc., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.
(*Higher in the far west)



TO EUROPE
and around Europe

Enjoy the finer service on
THIS GREAT
SWISSAIR EUROPEAN NETWORK

The anticipatory attention which is traditionally Swissair, is literally a pattern of service wherever you go over this precision network. New tourist rates save approximately 20%. To principal cities of Europe . . . and the Near East. Fly Swissair, the route of precision accuracy.

CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR:
THE AIRLINE OF SWITZERLAND
SWISSAIR
TO EVERYWHERE
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES
SAN FRANCISCO

Drake Room
Preferred by the town's
most interesting people for
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS
DINNER • SUPPER
Addison Bailey in songs without words
at the piano during dinner and supper
Air-Conditioned
HOTEL Drake
440 Park Avenue, at 56th Street
Bing & Bing, Inc.
Management

happy choice in BERMUDA
THE Castle Harbour
HOTEL . . . Golf, Beach and Yacht Club
Bermuda's largest Seaside Resort, 180-acre estate . . . largest private beach, pool, all sports . . . adjoins championship Mid-Ocean golf course . . . 300 outside rooms with sweeping views . . . shops.

Richard M. Toohill, *Gen. Mgr.*
Beautiful color folders are available
See *your Travel Agent or*
William P. Wolfe Organization, Rep.
Dept. N.Y., 500 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 36, N. Y.
Also Boston, Phila., Cleveland, Chi. & Toronto

warding—a striking likeness of what has all too often in the past been a strikingly unphotogenic man.

TOLSTOY: A LIFE OF MY FATHER, by Alexandra Tolstoy (Harper). The author of this book, who is Tolstoy's youngest daughter, knew her father only after the great change had come in his life. When he renounced the world and, from his Olympian heights, took to preaching the love of God, the love of man, and the chilly doctrine of salvation through abstinence, she was his closest companion and amanuensis, and the only member of the large family group at Yasnaya Polyana who sided with him. Her book is more than a memoir of that difficult last phase, though; she also tells the whole story of his development from an aristocratic and dissolute young Army officer into a world-renowned literary artist, and she tells it with skill and feeling. The Tolstoys were all great diarists and correspondents, and from their writings the author has obtained a good deal of fresh material. Her first-hand account of the old man's terminal years and the grotesque circumstances of his death is not only valuable but moving in the extreme. Many fine photographs.

THE CHALLENGE TO AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY, by John J. McCloy (Harvard). The former High Commissioner for Germany, who is often mentioned as a possible successor to Mr. Dulles as Secretary of State, delivered the Godkin Lectures at Harvard this year and then worked them over for publication in this slim volume. Mr. McCloy is not a dazzling thinker but he is a clear and eminently well-intentioned one; without saying anything new, he gives a compact and lucid account of our position in the world and expresses with some vigor his fear that we are committing too large a share of our destiny to the military. There are many statements of the case as good as his—though probably not many that are much better—but, in any event, this revelation of the way his own mind works is reassuring to citizens who may wake up some morning to find that the author has been made a high policy-maker in the Eisenhower administration.

SAGEBRUSH CASINOS: THE STORY OF LEGAL GAMBLING IN NEVADA, by Oscar Lewis (Doubleday). An examination of the Nevada experiment, which is now in its twenty-third year, by a generally sympathetic reporter from California. Gambling, the author tells us, comes naturally to most Nevadans, since their state was settled and developed, and is to some extent still dominated, by men—miners, promoters, and speculators—accustomed to win or lose a fortune overnight, and except for one uneasy period (from 1915 to 1931), all the more formal games of chance have always been legally available to them. He also discusses matters like the importance of gambling as a source of revenue to the state (license fees and taxes paid by the casinos reached a record total of nearly two million dollars in 1952), the moral health of the industry (robust), and the possibility that other states will be tempted to follow Nevada's example (slight). Mr. Lewis is a great one for the tarnished phrase and the pointless anecdote and for worrying the obvious, but he has done a good job of reporting, and if his book is not as diverting as it might have been, it is a commendably thorough and instructive study.

THE BOAT, by Walter Gibson (Houghton Mifflin). At midnight, March 1, 1942, the Rooseboom, a Javanese-manned Dutch steamer en route from Padang to Ceylon with some five hundred passengers, most of them British military and civilian evacuees from Singapore, was torpedoed by a Japanese submarine. It sank in a matter of minutes. Most of the passengers and crew were killed or mortally injured by the explosion, and all but one of the lifeboats—a twenty-eight-foot dory built to hold twenty-eight people—were destroyed. Into this boat, during the next few hours, climbed eighty survivors, while fifty-five others managed, at least for a time, to cling to the gunwales and lifelines. An inventory of supplies at dawn revealed forty-eight tins of beef, two tins of rice, forty-eight tins of condensed milk, and six quarts of water. Twenty-six days later, the boat drifted onto the beach of a tiny Mentawian island called Sipora. Of the hundred and thirty-five survivors of the wreck, four were still alive. They were two Javanese sailors, a Chinese girl, and a sergeant in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the author of this haunting tale of murder, suicide, cannibalism, heroism, and endurance.

DOWN IN THE HOLLER: A GALLERY OF OZARK FOLK SPEECH, by Vance Randolph and George P. Wilson (University of Oklahoma Press). An informal, not to say boisterous, romp through the words, phrases, and dead-reckoning syntax common to the Anglo-Saxon aborigines of southern Missouri, northern Arkansas, and eastern Oklahoma. In addition, Mr. Randolph, a naturalized Ozarkian, and his collaborator, who is the editor of the *Publication of the American Dialect Society*, discuss, with equal authority and gusto, the hillman's linguistic taboos, his labyrinthine humor, and the tin ear that characterizes most writers who have attempted to reproduce his speech. A delightful book, though, of course, a little special.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

VANISHING POINT, by Patricia Wentworth (Lippincott). Miss Maud Silver, who has been the principal adornment of most of the author's previous mysteries, is called on this time to account for the disappearance of two elderly English spinsters of such total insignificance that it is hard to see why anybody would want to do away with either of them. However, dark and intricate forces are at work under the placid surface of the village of Hazel Green (what cunning and sinister brain, for instance, could have thought up the idea of exporting stolen gems in the bodies of dead spiders?), and Miss Silver, abetted as usual by her young friend Frank Abbott, of the Yard, knows her moments of perplexity before the malefactor is brought to bay. Altogether a reasonably neat puzzle, with a decent note of romance for those whose interests lie that way.

DEATH OF A CORINTHIAN, by Edwin Lanham (Harcourt, Brace). Like the Mary Celeste, Greg Matthews' yawl, Tern, is found under full sail some miles from shore but with nobody on board. The characters who eventually show up, all of them more or less nautical, include Matthews' beautiful wife and subsequent widow, who obviously has something heavy on her mind; several of her past and present admirers, among them the hero; and a pretty girl, who turns out to be about the only person around with very much sense. The marine terminology may be a little too much for people who can't tell a yawl from a ketch.

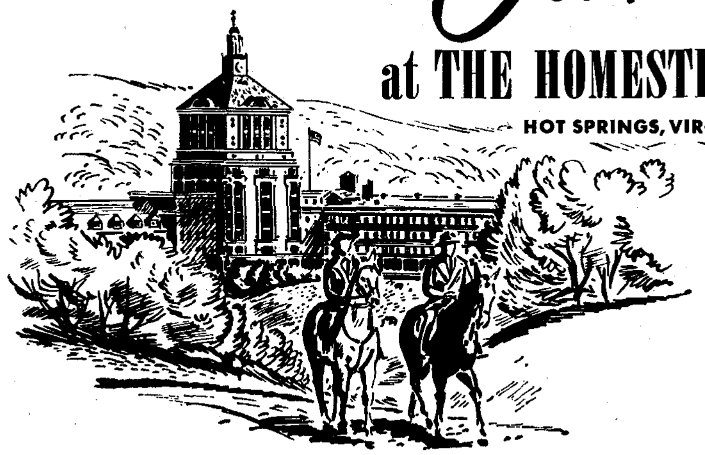
STAND UP AND DIE, by Richard and Frances Lockridge (Lippincott). In this one, Captain Heimrich (in case you've forgotten, he's the Lockridge sleuth who punctuates practically all his sentences with "now" or "naturally," as opposed to Captain Weigand, who just says "right") is con-

One of the world's classic vacations

Autumn

at THE HOMESTEAD

HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA



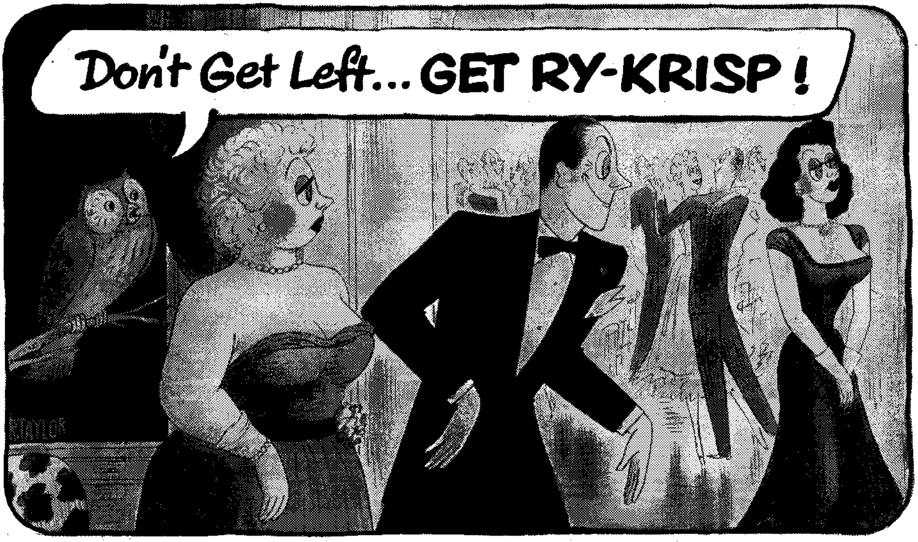
High in the beautiful Virginia Alleghanies, The Homestead's 17,000-acre estate captures the full brilliance of Autumn.

At The Homestead this means golf on championship courses . . . tennis on superbly groomed courts . . . horseback rides and carriage drives over quiet trails . . . against a background of lovely scenery.

With the distinguished Virginia Hot Springs social scene, and The Homestead's world-famous service, it is a most satisfying vacation.

Write The Homestead for rates and folders.

The HOMESTEAD
HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA
N. Y. Office—The Chatham—PL 8-2490
Washington Office—Barr Bldg.—RE 7-1764


Don't Get Left... GET RY-KRISP!

Make Your Bread RY-KRISP

Famous Reducing Plan on every package

Filling, far more hunger-satisfying than soft, quickly eaten breads. Whole-grain-rich in proteins, minerals and B-vitamins. Delicious!

COMPARE THE CALORIES:

Ry-Krisp, 1 double-square wafer....	21
Bread, 1 slice....................	63
Plain roll or bun	118
Biscuit or muffin.................	129

JUG END BARN
POPULAR CLUB—HOTEL RESORT
Fall Fun in the Berkshires!
FAMOUS FOR FINE FOOD
Tennis, Golf, Saddle Horses, Other Sports.
Dancing • Entertainment
125 Miles from New York
Write or Phone for Booklet N
GT. BARRINGTON 3, MASS. Phone 434

For good living, stay at the
De Witt Clinton
ALBANY, N.Y.
they all speak well of it
a Knott Hotel
John J. Hyland
Manager

An Introduction to Great American Music

THREE COMPLETE WORKS

BY 3 OF AMERICA'S GREATEST COMPOSERS

ALL YOURS for only $1.00

Roy HARRIS

SYMPHONY NO. 3: *First recording on long-playing records!* ". . . the first truly great orchestral work to be produced in America," *Serge Koussevitsky.* ". . . as representative of our times as the best works of Shostakovich and Prokofieff," *O. Thompson.*

Roger H. SESSIONS

THE BLACK MASKERS: *First recording on long play!* An expressionistic suite dedicated to Ernest Bloch. Sessions' music is ". . . tremendously vigorous, moves forward with a relentless drive. Probably closest in intent to the music of Beethoven," *Mark A. Schubart.*

William SCHUMAN

AMERICAN FESTIVAL OVERTURE: *First recording on long-play!* A lively overture by one of our greatest composers—a winner of the Pulitzer Prize for Music.

Walter Hendl
Conductor

ALL THREE ON ONE HIGH-FIDELITY 12" LONG-PLAYING RECORD $1.00

Regularly $4.95

Manufactured for the AMERICAN RECORDING SOCIETY by RCA Victor Custom Record Division

We Are Happy to Send You This Record to Introduce Our Recordings of "200 Years of American Music" . . . A Program Inaugurated by a Grant from the ALICE M. DITSON FUND OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

Since the last war a great musical awakening has electrified the music-loving world — a sudden realization that the foremost music being written today is *American music* — and that American composers have been writing enjoyable melodies, important music *for the past 200 years!*

And now an outstanding musical organization has embarked on a program of creating high fidelity recordings of 200 years of American music! Every form of musical expression is included in this program—symphonic, choral, instrumental and chamber works, folk-music, theatre music . . . music born of the love of liberty and the love of fun, the love of good living and the love of God. Whatever your tastes—here is music for you!

HOW THIS MUSIC CAME TO BE RECORDED

Recently the directors of the renowned Alice M. Ditson Fund of Columbia University awarded a substantial grant which made possible the founding of the American Recording Society, whose sole purpose is to record and release each month a new high-fidelity, full-frequency recording of American music, on Long Playing records. These records have already won for the Society an *Award of Merit* from the National Association for American Composers and Conductors "for outstanding service to American Music."

ARE THE RECORDS EXPENSIVE?

No, to the contrary. These recordings, which are pressed for the Society by the custom department of RCA Victor, are priced below most L.P.'s of comparable quality—only $4.35 for 10" records and $4.95 for 12" records. The A.R.S. Philharmonic Orchestra engages the finest available artists and conductors . . . and all recordings are made with the *latest high-fidelity equipment,* and pressed in limited quantities directly from silver-sputtered masters.

WHAT SOME A.R.S. MEMBERS SAY:

". . . excellent, both as music and from the technique of recordings."
K.M., Troy, N. Y.

". . . could not refrain from dashing off this note to report my enthusiastic satisfiaction in the performance as well as in the technical excellence of the reproduction."
D.H., New York, N. Y.

"They equal the top records on the market and surpass most."
G.M., Germantown, Tenn.

HOW THE SOCIETY OPERATES

Your purchase of the superb Long Playing record offered above for only $1.00 does not obligate you to buy any additional records from the Society—ever! However, we will be happy to extend to you the courtesy of an Associate Membership. Each month, as an Associate Member, you will be offered an A.R.S. recording at the special Club price. If you do not wish to purchase any particular record, you merely return the special form provided for that purpose.

FREE RECORDS OFFERED

With each two records purchased at the regular club price you will receive an additional record of comparable quality *absolutely free.* We urge you to mail the coupon at once since this offer is limited.

NOTE: These exclusive A.R.S. recordings are not available anywhere else—at any price!

AMERICAN RECORDING SOCIETY
100 Avenue of the Americas, New York 13, N. Y.

AMERICAN RECORDING SOCIETY, Dept. 790
100 Ave. of the Americas, New York 13, N. Y.

ALL 3 for $1.00

HARRIS — SESSIONS — SCHUMAN

Please send me the 12" record described above. for $1.00. As an Associate Member in the Society, I will receive the Society's publication which will give me advance notice of each new monthly Society Long-Playing selection, which I may purchase at the special Membership price of $4.95 for 12" records, $4.35 for 10" records, plus a few cents for U.S. tax and shipping. However, I need not purchase any Society records—but with each two I do purchase, you will send me an additional record absolutely free.

☐ Bill me only $1.00, plus shipping
☐ I enclose $1.00. You pay shipping

Name......................................
Address...................................
City........................Zone....State......

NY-9 Canadian Add.: 1184 CASTLEFIELD AVE.
TORONTO 10, ONTARIO

fronted with a rather nasty problem involving a young lady, who gets chopped up on a country lane, and her grandmother, who is eliminated in a much less messy and far more scientific fashion in her bed. There are a good many suspects, including a young Marine, who provides the customary heart interest; quite a lot of subsidiary violence; and a solution that, not altogether naturally, backs into the files of the London *Lancet.*

MURDER IN BRIGHT RED, by Frances Crane (Random House). Charley Pryor, once a notable athlete and war hero but now a drunken nuisance, is shot at a country-club dance, and it soon appears that almost everybody around had an excellent reason for wishing him dead. On the other hand, his brother Jim, who is not quite right in the head, is hardly capable of seriously annoying anybody, so when he, too, is killed, the motive is rather more difficult to fix. Pat and Jean Abbott, who take on the case to clear the name of a beautiful young airline hostess, are the victims of a conspiracy of silence and obstruction, which assumes the extreme form of pushing them down a well and wrecking their car, but they manage to bring the crimes home to the culprit, who, of course, made that one fatal little mistake to which the ungodly are so often prone. A bit untidy, but it should entertain the ladies of the parish.

•

Mrs. David M. Little, Jr. (Mary Scudder) has moved to Stamford, Connecticut. She has two children and her husband is practising anesthesia.—*Shipley Alumnae News.*

That's what every father holds in reserve.

•

"You are the waif and woof of the verile fabric which is America," Judge Herbert J. Steffes, Municipal Court, Milwaukee, told attorneys attending a regional meeting of the Wisconsin Bar Association in Racine, Saturday.—*Racine Journal-Times.*

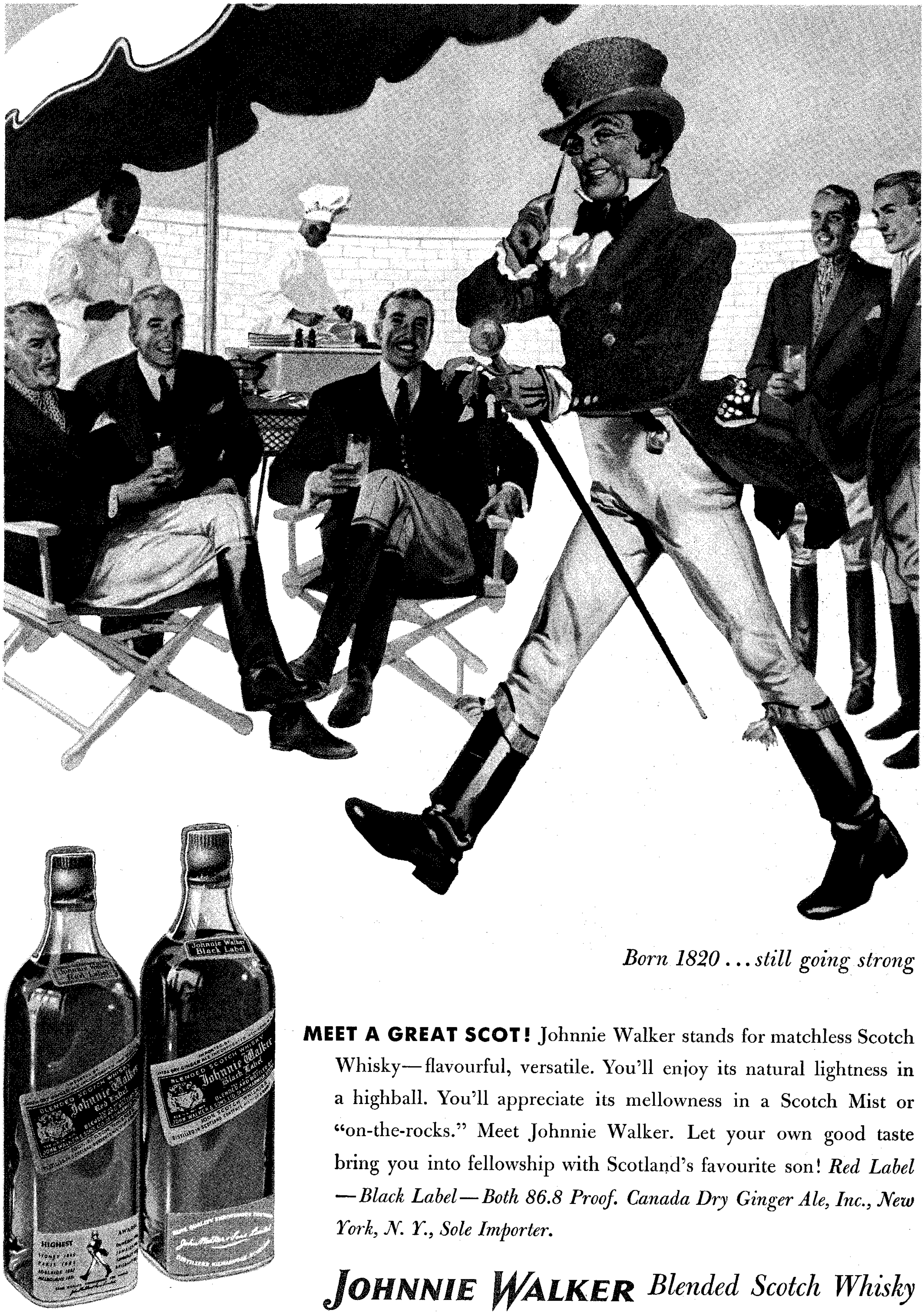
We're a stranger here ourself.

•

BAWLS WE DOUBT EVER GOT BAWLED

[*From the Manchester Guardian Weekly*]

What is one to say to a man who bawls "Have a drink, Mac! I've taken a fancy to you with your creased pants. Why don't you come up the Huallaga with me in a balsa (raft)—there's tons of gold up there two hundred miles from Tingo Maria, where the whirlpools drop it"?

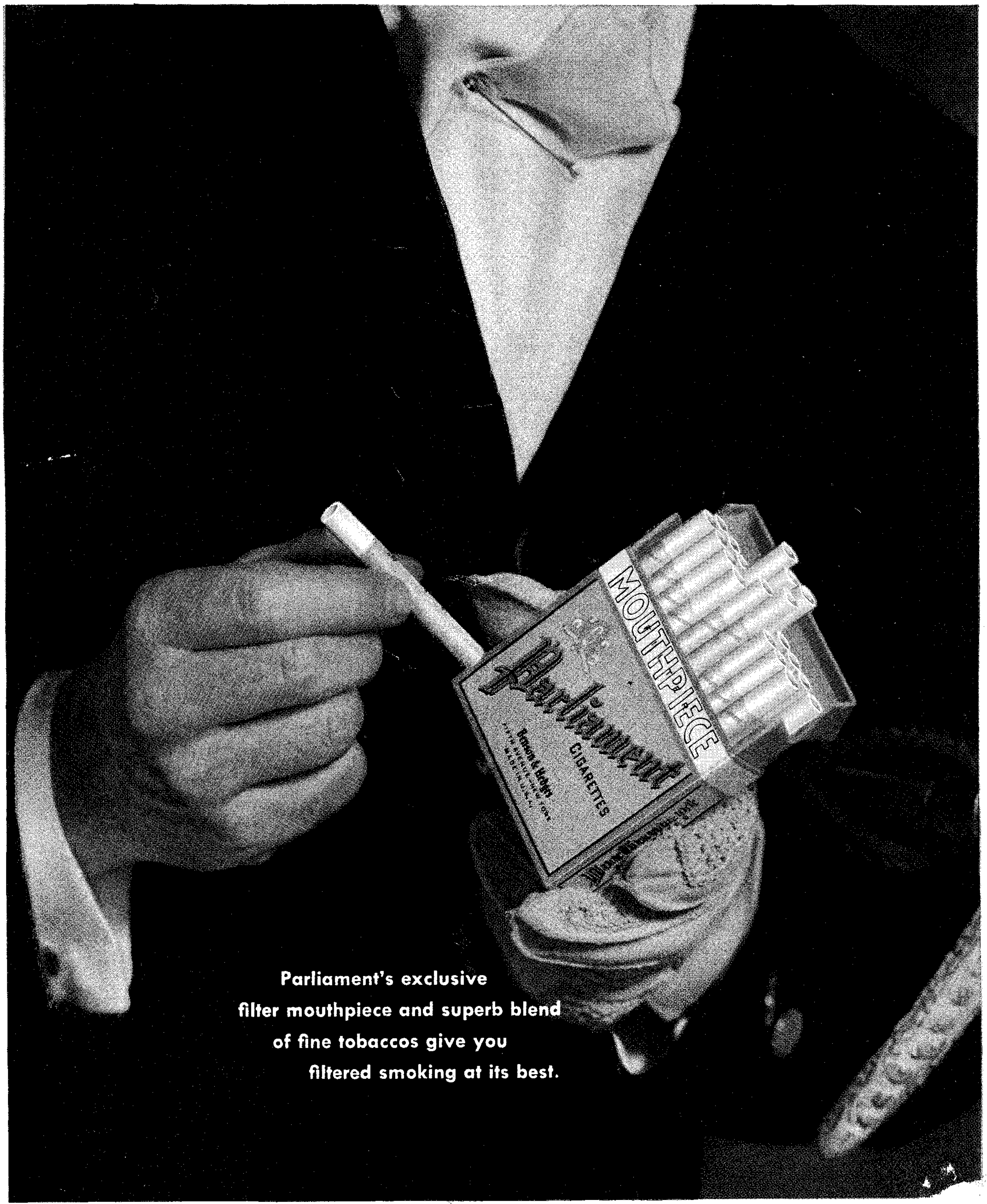

Johnnie Walker Black Label
Blended Scotch Whisky
Johnnie Walker Red Label
Johnnie Walker Black Label
Highest Awards

Born 1820 . . . still going strong

MEET A GREAT SCOT! Johnnie Walker stands for matchless Scotch Whisky—flavourful, versatile. You'll enjoy its natural lightness in a highball. You'll appreciate its mellowness in a Scotch Mist or "on-the-rocks." Meet Johnnie Walker. Let your own good taste bring you into fellowship with Scotland's favourite son! *Red Label—Black Label—Both 86.8 Proof. Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., Sole Importer.*

JOHNNIE WALKER *Blended Scotch Whisky*

You're So Smart to Smoke Parliaments


MOUTHPIECE
Parliament
CIGARETTES
Benson & Hedges
Parliament's exclusive
filter mouthpiece and superb blend
of fine tobaccos give you
filtered smoking at its best.

THE HALLMARK OF QUALITY A PRODUCT OF **Benson & Hedges** FIFTH AVENUE, NE RK